

HISTORY
OF
THE REIGN
OF
PHILIP THE SECOND,
KING OF SPAIN,
VOLUME THE THIRD.
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL & CRITICAL MISCELLANIES.



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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
THE MOORS OF SPAIN	1
Conquest of Spain by the Arabs	1
Hostility between the Two Races	2
The Country recovered by the Spaniards	2
Effect of the Struggle on the National Character	2
Religious Intolerance of the Spaniards	3
Attempts to convert the Moslems	3
Policy of Ximenes	3
Suppression of the Mahometan Worship	4
Outward Conformity to Christianity	4
Moors abandon their National Habits	4
Their Condition under Philip the Second	5
Their Industry and Commerce	5
Treatment by the Government	6
Ordinance of 1563	8
Stringent Measures called for by the Clergy	9
Prepared by the Government	9
Severity of the Enactments	10
Approval of them by Philip	11

	PAGE
<i>Proclamation at Granada</i>	12
Indignation of the Moriscoes	12
Representations to Deza	12
Appeal to the Throne	13
Rejection of their Prayers	14

CHAPTER II.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	14
The Edict enforced	14
Plans for Resistance by the Moriscoes	15
Their Descent on Granada	16
Failure of the Attempt	16
General Insurrection	17
Election of a King	17
Character of Aben-Humeya	18
His Coronation	18
His Preparations for Defence	19
The Christian Population	19
Unsuspicious of their Danger	19
Attacked by the Moors—Panic	20
General Massacre	21
Horrible Cruelties	21
Fate of the Women and Children	22
Fierceness of Aben-Farax	23
Deposed from his Command	23

CHAPTER III.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	24
Consternation in the Capital	24
Mutual Fears of the Two Races	24
Garrison of the Alhambra strengthened	25
Troops mustered by Mondejar	25
Civic Militia—Feudal Levies	25
Warlike Ecclesiastics	26
March of the Army	26
Pass of Tablate	27

	PAGE
<i>Bridge crossed by a Friar</i>	27
The Army follows	28
The Moriscoes withdraw	28
Entrance into the Alpujarras	28
Night Encampment at Lanjaron	29
Relief of Orgiba	29
Mondejar pursues his March	30
Gloom of the Mountain Scenery	30
Defile of Alfajarali	30
Sudden Attack	30
Bravery of the Andalusian Knights	31
Precipitate Retreat of the Moriscoes	31
Capture of Bubion	31
Humanity of Mondejar	31
Sufferings of the Army	32
Capture of Jubiles	33
Prisoners protected by Mondejar	33
Massacred by the Soldiers	33
Christian Women sent to Granada	34
Welcomed by the Inhabitants	34

CHAPTER IV.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	35
Mondejar's Policy	35
Aben-Humeya at Paterna	35
Offers to Surrender	36
Flight to the Sierra Nevada	36
Disposition of the Moorish Prisoners	37
Attack on Las Guájaras	38
Evacuated by the Garrison	38
Massacre ordered by Mondejar	38
Cruelty of the Count of Tendilla	39
Attempt to capture Aben-Humeya	39
His Escape	40
Heroism of Aben-Aboo	40
The Marquis of Los Velez	40
His Campaign in the Alpujarras	41
Cruelties committed by the Troops	41

	PAGE
Celebration of a religious <i>Fête</i>	42
Licentiousness of the Soldiery	42
Contrast between Mondejar and Los Velcz	43
Accusations against the former	44
Decision arrived at in Madrid	44
Effect on the Army	45
Moorish Prisoners in Granada	45
Rumours circulated in the Capital	45
Night Attack on the Prisoners	46
Fearful Struggle and Massacre	46
Apathy of the Government	47
Renewal of the Insurrection	47.

CHAPTER V.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	48
Don John of Austria	48
Birth and Early History	49
Placed under the Care of Quixada	49
Secresy in regard to his Origin	50
The young Geronimo at Yuste	50
Testamentary Depositions of the Emperor	51
The Boy presented to the Regent	51
Curious Scene	52
Meeting appointed with the King	53
Philip acknowledges his Brother	53
Assigns him an Establishment	54
Royal Triumvirate at Alcalá	54
Chivalrous Character of Don John	55
His adventurous Disposition	55
He is entrusted with the Command of a Fleet	56
His Cruise in the Mediterranean	56
He is selected for the Command in Granada	57
Restrictions on his Authority	57
His Reception at Granada	57
Answers to Petitioners	58
Discussions in the Council of War	59
New Levies summoned	59

	PAGE
Increased Power of Aben-Humeya	60
Forays into the Christian Territory	60
Movements of Los Velez	61
Extension of the Rebellion	61
Successful Expedition of Requesens	61
Moriscoes lay Siege to Seron	62
Surrender and Massacre of the Garrison	62
Decree for removing the Moriscoes from Granada	63
Their Consternation and Grief	63
Expulsion from the City	64
Farewell to their ancient Home	64
Distribution through the Country	64
Ruinous Effects on Granada	65
Character of the Transaction	66

CHAPTER VI.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	66
State of the Troops under Los Velez	66
Encounter with Aben-Humeya	67
Flight of the Morisco Prince	67
Desertions from the Spanish Camp	68
Mondejar recalled to Court	68
His Character	68
Exterminating Policy of the Government	69
Sensual Tyranny of Aben-Humeya	69
Treachery towards Diego Alguazil	70
Plan of Revenge formed by Alguazil	70
Conspiracy against Aben-Humeya	71
His Assassination	72
He is succeeded by Aben-Aboo	72
Energy of the new Chief	73
Repulse at Orgiba	73
The Place evacuated by the Garrison	74
Continual Forays	74
Conflicts in the <i>Vega</i>	75
Don John's desire for Action	75
Philip yields to his Entreaties	76
Preparations for the Campaign	76

	PAGE
Surprise of Guejar	76
Mortification of Don John	77
Mendoza the Historian	77

CHAPTER VII.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	79
Philip's Instructions to his Brother	80
Don John takes the Field	80
Discontent of Los Velez	80
His Meeting with Don John	81
He retires from the War	81
Investment of Galera	82
Description of the Place	82
Munitions and Garrison	83
Establishment of Batteries	84
The Siege opened	84
First Assault	84
Spaniards repulsed	85
Mines opened in the Rock	86
Second Assault	86
Explosion of the Mine	87
Troops rush to the Attack	87
Struggle at the Ravelin	87
Bravery of the Morisco Women	87
Ill Success of Padilla	87
Failure of the Attack	88
Insubordination of the Troops	88
Severe Loss of the Spaniards	88
Bloody Determination of Don John	89
Prudent Advice of Philip	89
Condition of the Besieged	89
Preparations for a last Attack	90
Cannonade and Explosions	91
Third Assault	91
Irresistible Fury of the Spaniards	91
Struggle in the Streets and Houses	92
Desperation of the Inhabitants	92
Inhumanity of the Conqueror	92

	PAGE
Wholesale Massacre	92
The Town demolished	94
Tidings communicated to Philip	94
Reputation gained by Don John	94

CHAPTER VIII.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES	95
Seron reconnoitred	95
Sudden Attack by the Moriscoes	95
Army thrown into Confusion	96
Indignation of Don John	96
Death of Quixada	97
His Character	98
Dofia Magdalena de Ulloa	98
Rapid Successes of Don John	98
Negotiations opened with El Habaqui	99
Merciless Pursuit of the Rebels	99
Guerilla Warfare	99
Conferences at Fondon	100
Aben-Abou consents to treat	100
Arrangement concluded	100
Submission tendered by El Habaqui	101
Dissatisfaction with the Treaty	102
Vacillation of Aben-Abou	102
El Habaqui engages to arrest him	103
Fate of El Habaqui	103
Mission of Palacios	104
His Interview with Aben-Abou	104
Spirited Declaration of that Chief	104
Stern Resolve of the Government	104
War of Extermination	105
Expedition of the Duke of Arcos	105
March across the Plain of Calaluz	106
Engagement with the Moriscoes	106
The Rebellion crushed	106
Edict of Expulsion	106
Removal of the Moriscoes	107
Don John's Impatience to Resign	108

	PAGE
His Final Dispositions	108
Hiding-place of Aben-Abou	109
Plot formed for his Capture	109
His Interview with El Senix	109
His Murder	110
His Body brought to Granada	110
His Head placed in a Cage	110
Remarks on his Career	111
Wasted Condition of the Country	112
The scattered Moriscoes	112
Cruelly treated by the Government	112
Their Industry and Cheerfulness	113
Increase of their Numbers	113
They preserve their National Feeling	114
Mutual Hatred of the Two Races	114
Expulsion of the Moriscoes from Spain	114
Works of Marmol and Circourt	114

CHAPTER IX.

WAR WITH THE TURKS	116
Sultan Selim the Second	116
Determines on the Conquest of Cyprus	116
Spirit of Pius the Fifth	117
His Appeal to Philip	117
King's Entrance into Seville	117
Determines to join the League	118
Capture of Nicosia	118
Vacillating Conduct of Venice	118
Meeting of Deputies at Rome	119
Treaty of Confederation	119
Ratified and proclaimed	120
Turkish Fleet in the Adriatic	120
Papal Legate at Madrid	120
Concessions to the Crown	121
Fleets of Venice and Rome	121
Preparations in Spain	121
Enthusiasm of the Nation	122
Don John's Departure	122

	PAGE
<i>His Reception at Naples</i>	123
<i>His noble Appearance</i>	123
<i>Accomplishments and Popularity</i>	123
<i>Presentation of the Consecrated Standard</i>	124
<i>Arrival at Messina</i>	124
<i>Grand Naval Spectacle</i>	124
<i>Strength and Condition of the Fleets</i>	125
<i>Discretion of the Generalissimo</i>	125
<i>Communications from the Pope</i>	126
<i>Departure from Messina</i>	126

CHAPTER X.

WAR WITH THE TURKS	126
<i>Arrival at Corfu</i>	127
<i>Council of War</i>	127
<i>Resolution to give Battle</i>	127
<i>Arbitrary Conduct of Veniero</i>	128
<i>Passage across the Sea of Iona</i>	128
<i>Fall of Famagosta</i>	128
<i>The Enemy in Sight</i>	129
<i>Preparations for Combat</i>	129
<i>Final Instructions of Don John</i>	129
<i>Approach of the Turkish Fleet</i>	130
<i>Its Form and Disposition</i>	130
<i>Change in the order of Battle</i>	131
<i>Last Preparation of the Christians</i>	131
<i>Battle of Lepanto</i>	132
<i>Left Wing of the Allies turned</i>	132
<i>Right Wing, under Doria, broken</i>	132
<i>Don John and Ali Pasha engaged</i>	133
<i>Superior Fire of the Spaniards</i>	133
<i>Bird's-eye View of the Scene</i>	134
<i>Venetians victorious on the Left</i>	134
<i>Continued Struggle in the Centre</i>	135
<i>Turkish Admiral boarded</i>	135
<i>Death of Ali Pasha</i>	135
<i>Victory of the Christians</i>	136

	PAGE
Flight of Uluch Ali	137
Chase and Escape	137
Allies take Shelter in Petala	137

CHAPTER XI.

WAR WITH THE TURKS	137
Losses of the Combatants	137
Turkish Armada annihilated	138
Roll of Slaughter and Fame	138
Exploits of Farnese	138
Noble Spirit of Cervantes	139
Sons of Ali Pasha Prisoners	139
Generously treated by Don John	139
His Conduct towards Veniero	140
Operations suspended	141
Triumphant Return to Messina	141
Celebrations in Honour of the Victory	141
Tidings despatched to Spain	142
Philip's reception of them	142
Acknowledgments to his Brother	143
Don John's Conduct criticised	144
Real Fruits of the Victory	145
Delay in resuming Operations	145
Death of Pius the Fifth	145
Philip's Distrust	146
Permits his Brother to Sail	146
Turks decline to accept Battle	147
Anniversary of Lepanto	147
Allies disband their Forces	147
Perfidy of Venice	147
The League dissolved	148
Tunis taken by Don John	148
He provides for its Security	149
Returns to Naples	149
His Mode of Life there	150
His Schemes of Dominion	150
Tunis retaken by the Moslems	150

	PAGE
Don John's Mission to Genoa	151
He prepares a fresh Armament	151
His Disappointment and Return to Madrid	151

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF SPAIN	153
Internal Administration	153
Revolutions under Isabella and Charles V.	153
Absolute Power of the Crown	154
Contrast between Charles and Philip	154
The latter wholly a Spaniard	154
The Royal Councils	155
Principal Advisers of the Crown	155
Character of Ruy Gomez de Silva	155
Figueroa, Count of Feria	157
Cardinal Espinosa	157
Two Parties in the Council	159
Balance held by Philip	159
His Manner of transacting Business	159
His Assiduity	160
His Mode of dividing the Day	161
His Love of Solitude	161
Extent of his Information	161
Partial Confidence in his Ministers	162
His Frugality	162
His magnificent Establishment	162
His fatal Habit of Procrastination	163
Remonstrances of his Almoner	164
Habits of the great Nobles	164
Manners of the Court	165
Degeneracy of the Nobles	165
Splendour of their Households	165
Loss of Political Power	166
Depressed Condition of the Commons	166

	PAGE
Petitions of the Cortes	166
Their Remonstrance against Arbitrary Government	167
Their Regard for the National Interests	167
Erroneous Notions respecting Commerce	168
Sumptuary Laws	168
Encouragement of Bull-Fights	169
Various Subjects of Legislation	169
Schools and Universities	170
Royal Pragmatics	170
Philip's Replies to the Cortes	170
Freedom of Discussion	171
Standing Army	171
Guards of Castile	171

CHAPTER II.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF SPAIN	172
Philip the Champion of the Faith	172
Endowments of the Church	172
Alienations in Mortmain	172
Disputed Prerogatives	173
Appointments to Benefices	173
The Clergy dependent on the Crown	174
The Escorial	174
Motives for its Erection	174
Site selected	175
Convent founded	175
Royal Humility	176
Building commenced	176
Philip's Interest in it	177
His Architectural Taste	177
His Oversight of the Work	177
He governs the World from the Escorial	178
The Edifice endangered by Fire	178
Materials used in its Construction	179
Artists employed	179
Philip's Fondness for Art	180
Completion of the Escorial	180

	8	PAGE
The Architects		180
Character of the Structure		181
Its Whimsical Design		181
Its Magnitude		181
Interior Decorations		182
Ravages it has undergone		182
Its present Condition		182
Anne of Austria		183
Her Reception in Spain		183
Her Marriage with Philip		184
Her Residence at the Escorial		184
Her Character and Habits		185
Her Death		185

HISTORY

OF

PHILIP THE SECOND.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOORS OF SPAIN.

Conquest of Spain by the Arabs.—Slow Recovery by the Spaniards.—Efforts to convert the Moslems.—Their Homes in the Alpujarras.—Their Treatment by the Government.—The Minister Espinosa.—Edict against the Moriscos.—Their ineffectual Remonstrance.

1566, 1567.

It was in the beginning of the eighth century, in the year 711, that the Arabs, filled with the spirit of conquest which had been breathed into them by their warlike apostle, after traversing the southern shores of the Mediterranean, reached the borders of those straits that separate Africa from Europe. Here they paused for a moment, before carrying their banners into a strange and unknown quarter of the globe. It was but for a moment, however, when, with accumulated strength, they descended on the sunny fields of Andalusia, met the whole Gothic array on the banks of the Guadalete, and, after that fatal battle, in which King Roderick fell with the flower of his nobility, spread themselves, like an army of locusts, over every part of the Peninsula. Three years sufficed for the conquest of the country,—except that small corner in the north, where a remnant of the Goths contrived to maintain a savage independence, and where the rudeness of the soil held out to the Saracens no temptation to follow them.

It is much the same story that was repeated, more than three centuries later, by the Norman conquerors in England. The battle of Hastings was to that kingdom what the battle of the Guadalete was to Spain; though the Norman barons, as they rode over the prostrate land, dictated terms to the vanquished of a sterner character than those granted by the Saracens.

But whatever resemblance there may be in the general outlines of the two conquests, there is none in the results that followed. In England the Norman and the Saxon, springing from a common stock, could not permanently be kept asunder by the barrier which at first was naturally interposed between the conqueror and the conquered; and in less, probably, than three centuries after

the invasion, the two nations had imperceptibly melted into one; so that the Englishman of that day might trace the current that flowed through his veins to both a Norman and a Saxon origin.

It was far otherwise in Spain, where difference of race, of religion, of national tradition, of moral and physical organization, placed a gulf between the victors and the vanquished too wide to be overleaped. It is true, indeed, that very many of the natives, accepting the liberal terms offered by the Saracens, preferred remaining in the genial clime of the south to sharing the rude independence of their brethren in the Asturias, and that, in the course of time, intermarriages, to some extent, took place between them and their Moslem conquerors. To what extent cannot now be known. The intercourse was certainly far greater than that between our New-England ancestors and the Indian race which they found in possession of the soil,—that ill-fated race, which seems to have shrunk from the touch of civilization, and to have passed away before it like the leaves of the forest before the breath of winter. The union was probably not so intimate as that which existed between the old Spaniards and the semi-civilized tribes that occupied the plateau of Mexico, whose descendants, at this day, are to be there seen filling the highest places, both social and political, and whose especial boast it is to have sprung from the countrymen of Montezuma.

The very anxiety shown by the modern Spaniard to prove that only the *sangre azul*—"blue blood"—flows through his veins, uncontaminated by any Moorish or Jewish taint, may be thought to afford some evidence of the intimacy which once existed between his forefathers and the tribes of Eastern origin. However this may be, it is certain that no length of time ever served, in the eye of the Spaniard, to give the Moslem invader a title to the soil; and after the lapse of nearly eight centuries,—as long a period as that which has passed since the Norman conquest,—the Arabs were still looked upon as intruders, whom it was the sacred duty of the Spaniards to exterminate or to expel from the land.

This, then, was their mission. And it is interesting to see how faithfully they fulfilled it; and during the long period of the Middle Ages, when other nations were occupied with base feudal quarrels or border warfare, it is curious to observe the Spaniard intent on the one great object of reclaiming his country from the possession of the infidel. It was a work of time; and his progress, at first almost imperceptible, was to be measured by centuries. By the end of the ninth century it had reached as far as the Ebro and the Douro. By the middle of the eleventh, the victorious banner of the Cid had penetrated to the Tagus. The fortunes of Christian Spain trembled in the balance on the great day of Navas de Tolosa, which gave a permanent ascendancy to the Castilian arms; and by the middle of the thirteenth century the campaigns of James the First of Aragon, and of St. Ferdinand of Castile, stripping the Moslems of the other southern provinces, had reduced them to the petty kingdom of Granada. Yet on this narrow spot they still continued to maintain a national existence, and to bid defiance for more than two centuries longer to all the efforts of the Christians. The final triumph of the latter was reserved for the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was on the second of January, 1492, that, after a war which rivalled that of Troy in its duration, and surpassed it in the romantic character of its incidents, the august pair made their solemn entry into Granada; while the large silver cross which had served as their banner through the war, sparkling in the sunbeams on the red towers of the Alhambra, announced to the Christian world that the last rood of territory in the Peninsula had passed away for ever from the Moslem.

The peculiar nature of the war in which the Spaniard for eight centuries had thus been engaged, exercised an important influence on the national character. Generation after generation had passed their lives in one long,

uninterrupted crusade. It had something of the same effect on the character of the nation that the wars for the recovery of Palestine had on the Crusaders of the Middle Ages. Every man learned to regard himself as in an especial manner the soldier of Heaven,—for ever fighting the great battle of the Faith. With a mind exalted by this sublime conviction, what wonder that he should have been ever ready to discern the immediate interposition of Heaven in his behalf—that he should have seen again and again the patron saint of his country, charging on his milk-white steed at the head of his celestial chivalry, and restoring the wavering fortunes of the fight? In this exalted state of feeling, institutions that assumed elsewhere only a political or military aspect wore here the garb of religion. Thus the orders of chivalry, of which there were several in the Peninsula, were founded on the same principles as those of Palestine, where the members were pledged to perpetual war against the infidel.

As a consequence of these wars with the Moslems, the patriotic principle became identified with the religious. In the enemies of his country the Spaniard beheld also the enemies of God; and feelings of national hostility were still further embittered by those of religious hatred. In the palmy days of the Arabian empire, these feelings, it is true, were tempered by those of respect for an enemy who, in the various forms of civilization, surpassed not merely the Spaniards, but every nation in Christendom. Nor was this respect wholly abated under the princes who afterwards ruled with imperial sway over Granada, and who displayed, in their little courts, such a union of the courtesies of Christian chivalry with the magnificence of the East, as shed a ray of glory on the declining days of the Moslem empire in the Peninsula.

But as the Arabs, shorn of their ancient opulence and power, descended in the scale, the Spaniards became more arrogant. The feelings of aversion with which they had hitherto regarded their enemies, were now mingled with those of contempt. The latent fire of intolerance was fanned into a blaze by the breath of the fanatical clergy, who naturally possessed unbounded influence in a country where religious considerations entered so largely into the motives of action as they did in Spain. To crown the whole, the date of the fall of Granada coincided with that of the establishment of the Inquisition,—as if the hideous monster had waited the time when an inexhaustible supply of victims might be afforded for its insatiable maw.

By the terms of the treaty of capitulation, the people of Granada were allowed to remain in possession of their religion and to exercise its rights; and it was especially stipulated that no inducements or menaces should be held out to effect their conversion to Christianity.* For a few years the conquerors respected these provisions. Under the good Talavera, the first archbishop of Granada, no attempt was made to convert the Moslems, except by the legitimate means of preaching to the people and of expounding to them the truths of revelation. Under such a course of instruction the work of proselytism, though steadily, went on too slowly to satisfy the impatience of some of the clergy. Among others, that extraordinary man, Cardinal Ximenes, archbishop of Toledo, was eager to try his own hand in the labour of conversion. Having received the royal assent, he set about the affair with characteristic ardour, and with as little scruple as to the means to be employed as the most zealous propagandist could have desired. When reasoning and expostulation failed, he did not hesitate to resort to bribes, and, if need were, to force. Under these combined influences the work of proselytism went on apace. Thousands were added daily to the Christian fold; and the more orthodox Mussulmans trembled at the prospect of a general defection of their countrymen. Exasperated

* "Que ningún Moro ni Mora serán apremiados á ser Christianos contra su voluntad; y que si alguna doncella, ó casada, ó vinda, por razón de algunos amores se quisiere tornar Christiana, tampoco será recibida, hasta ser interrogada." See the original treaty as given *in extenso* by Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos* (Madrid, 1797), tom. i. pp. 83-98.

by the unscrupulous measures of the prelate, and the gross violation they involved of the treaty, they broke out into an insurrection, which soon extended along the mountain ranges in the neighbourhood of Granada.

Ferdinand and Isabella, alarmed at the consequences, were filled with indignation at the high-handed conduct of Ximenes. But he replied, that the state of things was precisely that which was most to be desired. By placing themselves in an attitude of rebellion, the Moors had renounced all the advantages secured by the treaty, and had, moreover, incurred the penalties of death and confiscation of property! It would be an act of grace in the sovereigns to overlook their offence, and grant an amnesty for the past, on condition that every Moor should at once receive baptism or leave the country.* This precious piece of casuistry, hardly surpassed by anything in ecclesiastical annals, found favour in the eyes of the sovereigns, who, after the insurrection had been quelled, lost no time in proposing the terms suggested by their minister as the only terms of reconciliation open to the Moors. And, as but few of that unhappy people were prepared to renounce their country and their worldly prospects for the sake of their faith, the result was, that in a very short space of time, with but comparatively few exceptions, every Moslem in the dominions of Castile consented to abjure his own faith and receive that of his enemies.†

A similar course of proceeding was attended with similar results in Valencia and other dominions of the crown of Aragon, in the earlier part of Charles the Fifth's reign; and before that young monarch had been ten years upon the throne, the whole Moorish population—*Moriscoes*, as they were henceforth to be called—were brought within the pale of Christianity,—or, to speak more correctly, within that of the Inquisition.‡

Such conversions, it may well be believed, had taken too little root in the heart to bear fruit. It was not long before the agents of the Holy Office detected, under the parade of outward conformity, as rank a growth of infidelity as had existed before the conquest. The blame might in part, indeed, be fairly imputed to the lukewarmness of the Christian labourers employed in the work of conversion. To render this more effectual, the government had caused churches to be built in the principal towns and villages occupied by the *Moriscoes*, and sent missionaries among them to wean them from their errors and unfold the great truths of revelation. But an act of divine grace could alone work an instantaneous change in the convictions of a nation. The difficulties of the preachers were increased by their imperfect acquaintance with the language of their hearers; and they had still further to overcome the feelings of jealousy and aversion with which the Spaniard was naturally regarded by the Mussulman. Discouraged by these obstacles, the missionary became indifferent to the results. Instead of appealing to the understanding, or touching the heart, of his hearer, he was willing to accept his conformity to outward ceremony as the evidence of his conversion. Even in his own performance of the sacred rites, the ecclesiastic showed a careless indifference, that proved his heart was little in the work; and he scattered the purifying waters of baptism in so heedless a way over the multitude, that it was not uncommon for a *Morisco* to assert that none of the consecrated drops had fallen upon him.§

* "Y que pues habian sido rebeldes, y por ello merecian pena de muerte y perdimento de bienes, el perdon que les concediese fuese condicional, con que se tornasen Christianos, ó dexasen la tierra."—*Ibid.* p. 122.

† The reader curious in the matter will find a full account of it in the History of Ferdinand and Isabella, part II. chapters 6, 7.

‡ *Advertimientos de Don Geronimo Corella sobre la Conversion de los Moriscos del Reyno de Valencia*, MS.

§ "Sin tratar de instruir á cada uno en particular ni de examinar los ni saber su voluntad los baptizaron á manadas y de modo que algunos de ellos, segun es fama, pusieron pleito que no les avia tocado el agua que en comun les hechavan."—*Ibid.*

The representations of the clergy at length drew the attention of the government. It was decided that the best mode of effecting the conversion of the Moslems was by breaking up those associations which connected them with the past,—by compelling them, in short, to renounce their ancient usages, their national dress, and even their language. An extraordinary edict to that effect, designed for Granada, was accordingly published by Charles in the summer of 1526; and all who did not conform to it were to be arraigned before the Inquisition. The law was at once met, as might have been expected, by remonstrances from the men of most consideration among the Moriscos, who, to give efficacy to their petition, promised the round sum of eighty thousand gold ducats to the emperor in case their prayers should be granted. Charles, who in his early days did not always allow considerations of religion to supersede those of a worldly policy, lent a favourable ear to the petitioners; and the monstrous edict, notwithstanding some efforts to the contrary, was never suffered to go into operation during his reign.*

Such was the state of things on the accession of Philip the Second. Granada, Malaga, and the other principal cities of the south, were filled with a mingled population of Spaniards and Moriscos, the latter of whom,—including many persons of wealth and consideration,—under the influence of a more intimate contact with the Christians, gave evidence, from time to time, of conversion to the faith of their conquerors. But by far the larger part of the Moorish population was scattered over the mountain-range of the Alpujarras, south-east of Granada, and among the bold sierras that stretch along the southern shores of Spain. Here, amidst those frosty peaks, rising to the height of near twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and readily descried, from their great elevation, by the distant voyager on the Mediterranean, was many a green, sequestered valley, on which the Moorish peasant had exhausted that elaborate culture which, in the palmy days of his nation, was unrivalled in any part of Europe.† His patient toil had constructed terraces from the rocky soil, and, planting them with vines, had clothed the bald sides of the sierra with a delicious verdure. With the like industry he had contrived a network of canals along the valleys and lower levels, which, fed by the streams from the mountains, nourished the land with perpetual moisture. The different elevations afforded so many different latitudes for agricultural production; and the

* Marmol, *Rebelion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. pp. 133-155.—Bleda, *Coronica de los Moros de España* (Valencia, 1618), p. 656.—*Advertinientos de Coella*, MS.—Ferrerias, *Hist. Générale d'Espagne*, tom. ix. pp. 65, 68.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 55.

The last writer says that, besides the largess to the emperor, the Moriscos were canny enough to secure the good-will of his ministers by a liberal supply of doubloons to them also.—“Sirvieron al Emperador con ochenta mil ducados. Aprovechóles esto, y buena suma de doblones que dieron a los privados para que Carlos suspendiese la execucion deste acuerdo.”

† Calderon, in his “*Amar despues de la Muerte*,” has shed the splendours of his muse over the green and sunny spots that glitter like emeralds amidst the craggy wilds of the Alpujarras.

“Porque entre puntas y puntas
Hay valles que la hermocean,
Campos que la fertilizan,
Jardines que la deleitan.
Toda ella esta poblada
De villages y de aldeas;
Tal, que, quando el sol se pone
A las vislumbres que deja,
Parecen riscos nacidos
Cónceavos entre las peñas,
Que rodaron de la cumbre
Aunque á la faldá no llegan ”

fig, the pomegranate, and the orange grew almost side by side with the hemp of the north and the grain of more temperate climates. The lower slopes of the sierra afforded extensive pastures for flocks of merino sheep;* and the mulberry-tree was raised in great abundance for the manufacture of silk, which formed an important article of export from the kingdom of Granada.

Thus, gathered in their little hamlets among the mountains, the people of the Alpujarras maintained the same sort of rugged independence which belonged to the ancient Goth when he had taken shelter from the Saracen invader in the fastnesses of the Asturias. Here the Moriscos, formed into communities which preserved their national associations, still cherished the traditions of their fathers, and perpetuated those usages and domestic institutions that kept alive the memory of ancient days. It was from the Alpujarras that, in former times, the kings of Granada had drawn the brave soldiery who enabled them for so many years to bid defiance to their enemies. The trade of war was now at an end. But the hardy life of the mountaineer gave robustness to his frame, and saved him from the effeminacy and sloth which corrupted the inhabitants of the capital. Secluded among his native hills, he cherished those sentiments of independence which ill suited a conquered race; and, in default of a country which he could call his own, he had that strong attachment to the soil which is akin to patriotism, and which is most powerful among the inhabitants of a mountain region.

The products of the husbandman furnished the staples of a gainful commerce with the nations on the Mediterranean, and especially with the kindred people on the Barbary shores. The treaty of Granada secured certain commercial advantages to the Moors, beyond what were enjoyed by the Spaniards.† This, it may be well believed, was looked upon with no friendly eye by the latter, who had some ground, moreover, for distrusting the policy of an intercourse between the Moslems of Spain and those of Africa, bound together as they were by so many ties—above all, by a common hatred of the Christians. With the feelings of political distrust were mingled those of cupidity and envy, as the Spaniard saw the fairest provinces of the south still in the hands of the accursed race of Ishmael, while he was condemned to earn a scanty subsistence from the comparatively ungenial soil of the north.

In this state of things, with the two races not merely dissimilar, but essentially hostile to one another, it will readily be understood how difficult it must have been to devise any system of legislation by which they could be brought to act in harmony as members of the same political body. That the endeavours of the Spanish government were not crowned with success would hardly surprise us, even had its measures been more uniformly wise and considerate.

The government caused the Alpujarras to be divided into districts, and placed under the control of magistrates, who, with their families, resided in the places assigned as the seats of their jurisdiction. There seem to have been few other Christians who dwelt among the Moorish settlements in the sierra, except, indeed, the priests who had charge of the spiritual concerns of the

* Señor de Gayangos, correcting a blunder of Casiri on the subject, tells us that the Arabic name of the Alpujarras was *Al-busherât*, signifying "mountains abounding in pastures."—See that treasure of Oriental learning, the *History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain* (London, 1843), vol. ii. p. 515.

† Such was the exemption from certain duties paid by the Christians in their trade with the Barbary coast—a singular and not very politic provision.—"Que si los Moros que entraron debaxo de estas capitulaciones y conciertos, quisieren ir con sus mercaderías á tratar y contratar en Berbería, se les dará licencia para poderlo hacer libremente, y lo mesmo en todos los lugares de Castilla y de la Andalucía, sin pagar portazgos, ni los otros derechos que los Christianos acostumbran pagar."—Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 93.

natives. As the conversion of these latter was the leading object of the government, they caused churches to be erected in all the towns and hamlets; and the curates were instructed to use every effort to enlighten the minds of their flocks, and to see that they were punctual in attendance on the rites and ceremonies of the Church. But it was soon too evident that attention to forms and ceremonies was the only approach made to the conversion of the heathen; and that below this icy crust of conformity the waters of infidelity lay as dark and deep as ever. The result, no doubt, was to be partly charged on the clergy themselves, many of whom grew languid in the execution of a task which seemed to them to be hopeless.* And what task, in truth, could be more hopeless than that of persuading a whole nation at once to renounce their long-established convictions, to abjure the faith of their fathers, associated in their minds with many a glorious recollection, and to embrace the faith of the very men whom they regarded with unmeasured hatred? It would be an act of humiliation not to be expected even in a conquered race.

In accomplishing a work so much to be desired, the Spaniards, if they cannot be acquitted of the charge of persecution, must be allowed not to have urged persecution to anything like the extent which they had done in the case of the Protestant Reformers. Whether from policy or from some natural regard to the helplessness of these benighted heathen, the bloodhounds of the Inquisition were not as yet allowed to run down their game at will; and, if they did terrify the natives by displaying their formidable fangs, the time had not yet come when they were to slip the leash and spring upon their miserable victims. It is true there were some exceptions to this more discreet policy. The Holy Office had its agents abroad, who kept watch upon the Moriscoes; and occasionally the more flagrant offenders were delivered up to its tender mercies.† But a more frequent source of annoyance arose from the teasing ordinances from time to time issued by the government, which could have answered no other purpose than to irritate the temper and sharpen the animosity of the Moriscoes. If the government had failed in the important work of conversion, it was the more incumbent on it, by every show of confidence and kindness, to conciliate the good-will of the conquered people, and enable them to live in harmony with their conquerors, as members of the same community. Such was not the policy of Philip, any more than it had been that of his predecessors.

During the earlier years of his reign, the king's attention was too closely occupied with foreign affairs to leave him much leisure for those of the Moriscoes. It was certain, however, that they would not long escape the notice of a prince who regarded uniformity of faith as the corner-stone of his government. The first important act of legislation bearing on these people was in 1560, when the Cortes of Castile presented a remonstrance to the throne against the use of negro slaves by the Moriscoes, who were sure to instruct them

* Such is the opinion expressed by the author of the "*Advertimientos*," whose remarks—having particular reference to Valencia—are conceived in a spirit of candour, and of charity towards the Moslems, rarely found in a Spaniard of the sixteenth century.—"*De donde*," he says, "*colige claramente que el no sanar estos enfermos hasta agora no se puede imputar á ser incurable la enfermedad, si no á averse errado la cura, y tambien se vee que hasta oy no estan bastamente descargados delante de Dios nuestro Señor aquellos á quien toca este negocio, pues no han puesto los medios que Christo nuestro Señor tiene ordenados para la cura de este mal.*"—MS.

† "*Forzandoles con injurias y penas pecuniarias y justiciando á algunos de ellos.*"—*Ibid.*

Mendoza, speaking of a somewhat later period, just before the outbreak, briefly alludes to the fact that the Inquisition was then beginning to worry the Moriscoes more than usual:—"Porque la Inquisicion los comenzó á apretar mas de lo ordinario."—*Guerre de Granada* (Valencia, 1776), p. 20.

in their Mahometan tenets, and thus to multiply the number of infidels in the land.* A royal *pragmatic* was accordingly passed, interdicting the use of African slaves by the Moslems of Granada. The prohibition caused the greatest annoyance; for the wealthier classes were in the habit of employing these slaves for domestic purposes, while in the country they were extensively used for agricultural labour.

In 1563 another ordinance was published, reviving a law which had fallen into disuse, and which prohibited the Moriscoes from having any arms in their possession, but such as were duly licensed by the captain-general and were stamped with his escutcheon.† The office of captain-general of Granada was filled at this time by Don Íñigo Lopez de Mendoza, count of Tendilla, who soon after, on his father's death, succeeded to the title of marquis of Mondejar. The important post which he held had been hereditary in his family ever since the conquest of Granada. The present nobleman was a worthy scion of the illustrious house from which he sprung.‡ His manners were blunt, and not such as win popularity; but he was a man of integrity, with a nice sense of honour and a humane heart,—the last of not too common occurrence in the iron days of chivalry. Though bred a soldier, he was inclined to peace. His life had been passed much among the Moriscoes, so that he perfectly understood their humours; and, as he was a person of prudence and moderation, it is not improbable, had affairs been left to his direction, that the country would have escaped many of those troubles which afterwards befell it.

It was singular, considering the character of Mendoza, that he should have recommended so ill-advised a measure as that relating to the arms of the Moriscoes. The ordinance excited a general indignation in Granada. The people were offended by the distrust which such a law implied of their loyalty. They felt it an indignity to be obliged to sue for permission to do what they considered it was theirs of right to do. Those of higher condition disdained to wear weapons displaying the heraldic bearings of the Mendozas instead of their own. But the great number, without regard to the edict provided themselves secretly with arms, which, as it reached the ears of the authorities, led to frequent prosecutions. Thus a fruitful source of irritation was opened; and many, to escape punishment, fled to the mountains, and there too often joined the brigands who haunted the passes of Alpujarras, and bade defiance to the feeble police of the Spaniards.§

These impolitic edicts, as they were irritating to the Moriscoes, were but preludes to an ordinance of so astounding a character as to throw the whole country into a state of revolution. The apostasy of the Moriscoes,—or, so to speak more correctly, the constancy with which they adhered to the faith of their fathers,—gave great scandal to the old Christians, especially to the clergy, and above all to its head, Don Pedro Guerrero, archbishop of Granada. This prelate seems to have been a man of an uneasy, meddlesome spirit, and possessed of a full share of the bigotry of his time. While in Rome, shortly before this period, he had made such a representation to Pope Pius

* Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 135.

† Ibid. tom. ii. p. 338.—*Ordenanzas de Granada*, fol. 375, ap. Circourt, *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne* (Paris, 1846), tom. ii. p. 267.

The penalty for violating the above ordinance was six years' hard labour in the galleys. That for counterfeiting the stamp of the Mendoza arms was death. *Vae victis!*

‡ The name of Mendoza, which occupied for so many generations a prominent place in arms, in politics, and in letters, makes its first appearance in Spanish history as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century.—Mariana, *Historia de España*, tom. i. p. 676.

§ M. de Circourt, in his interesting volumes, has given a minute account—much too minute for these pages—of the first developments of the insurrectionary spirit of the Moriscoes, in which he shows a very careful study of the subject.—*Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. ii. pp. 268 et seq.

the Fourth as drew from that pontiff a remonstrance, addressed to the Spanish government, on the spiritual condition of the Moriscos. Soon after, in the year 1567, a memorial was presented to the government, by Guerrero and the clergy of his diocese, in which, after insisting on the manifold backslidings of the "New Christians," as the Moriscos were termed, they loudly called for some efficacious measures to arrest the evil. These people, they said, whatever show of conformity they might make to the requisitions of the Church, were infidels at heart. When their children were baptized, they were careful, on returning home, to wash away the traces of baptism, and, after circumcising them, to give them Moorish names. In like manner, when their marriages had been solemnized with Christian rites, they were sure to confirm them afterwards by their own ceremonies, accompanied with the national songs and dances. They continued to observe Friday as a holy day; and what was of graver moment, they were known to kidnap the children of the Christians, and sell them to their brethren on the coast of Barbary, where they were circumcised, and nurtured in the Mahometan religion. This last accusation, however improbable, found credit with the Spaniards, and sharpened the feelings of jealousy and hatred with which they regarded the unhappy race of Ishmael.*

The memorial of the clergy received prompt attention from the government, at whose suggestion, very possibly, it had been prepared. A commission was at once appointed to examine into the matter; and their report was laid before a junta, consisting of both ecclesiastics and laymen, and embracing names of the highest consideration for talent and learning in the kingdom. Among its members we find the Duke of Alva, who had not yet set out on his ominous mission to the Netherlands. At its head was Diego de Espinosa, at that time the favourite minister of Philip, or at least the one who had the largest share in the direction of affairs. He was a man after the king's own heart, and, from the humble station of *colegial mayor* of the college of Cuenca in Salamanca, had been advanced by successive steps to the high post of president of the Council of Castile and of the Council of the Indies. He was now also bishop of Sigüenza, one of the richest sees in the kingdom. He held an important office in the Inquisition, and was soon to succeed Valdés in the unenviable post of grand inquisitor. To conclude the catalogue of his honours, no long time was to elapse before, at his master's suggestion, he was to receive from Rome a cardinal's hat. The deference shown by Philip to his minister, increased as it was by this new accession of spiritual dignity, far exceeded what he had ever shown to any other of his subjects.

Espinosa was at this time in the morning, or rather, the meridian of his power. His qualifications for business would have been extraordinary, even in a layman. He was patient of toil, cheerfully doing the work of others as well as his own. This was so far fortunate that it helped to give him that control in the direction of affairs which was coveted by his aspiring nature. He had a dignified and commanding presence, with but few traces of that humility which would have been graceful in one who had risen so high by his master's favour as much as by his own deserts. His haughty bearing gave offence to the old nobility of Castile, who scornfully looked from the minister's present elevation to the humble level from which he had risen. It was regarded with less displeasure, it is said, by the king, who was not unwilling to see the pride of the ancient aristocracy rebuked by one whom he had himself raised from the dust.†

* Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. ix. p. 524.—Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 142.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 55.

† Such was the judgment of the acute Venetian who, as one of the train of the minister Tiepolo, obtained a near view of what was passing in the court of Philip the Second.—"Levato di bassissimo stato dal re, e posto in tanta grandezza in pochi anni, per esser

Their mortification, however, was to be appeased ere long by the fall of the favourite—an event as signal and unexpected by the world, and as tragical to the subject of it, as the fall of Wolsey.

The man who was qualified for the place of grand inquisitor was not likely to feel much sympathy for the race of unbelievers. It was unfortunate for the Moriscoes that their destinies should be placed in the hands of such a minister as Espinosa. After due deliberation, the junta came to the decision that the only remedy for the present evil was to lay the axe to the root of it; to cut off all those associations which connected the Moriscoes with their earlier history, and which were so many obstacles in the way of their present conversion. It was recommended that they should be interdicted from employing the Arabic either in speaking or writing, for which they were to use only the Castilian. They were not even to be allowed to retain their family names; but were to exchange them for Spanish ones. All written instruments and legal documents, of whatever kind, were declared to be void and of no effect unless in the Castilian. As time must be allowed for a whole people to change its language, three years were assigned as the period at the end of which this provision should take effect.

They were to be required to exchange their national dress for that of the Spaniards; and, as the Oriental costume was highly ornamented, and often very expensive, they were to be allowed to wear their present clothes one year longer if of silk, and two years if of cotton, the latter being the usual apparel of the poorer classes. The women, moreover, both old and young, were to be required, from the passage of the law, to go abroad with their faces uncovered, —a scandalous thing among Mahometans.

Their weddings were to be conducted in public, after the Christian forms; and the doors of their houses were to be left open during the day of the ceremony, that any one might enter and see that they did not have recourse to unhallowed rites. They were further to be interdicted from the national songs and dances with which they were wont to celebrate their domestic festivities. Finally, as rumours—most absurd ones—had got abroad that the warm baths which the natives were in the habit of using in their houses were perverted to licentious indulgences, they were to be required to destroy the vessels in which they bathed, and to use nothing of the kind thereafter.

These several provisions were to be enforced by penalties of the sternest kind. For the first offence the convicted party was to be punished with imprisonment for a month, with banishment from the country for two years, and with a fine varying from six hundred to ten thousand maravedis. For a second offence the penalties were to be doubled; and for a third, the culprit, in addition to former penalties, was to be banished for life. The ordinance was closely modelled on that of Charles the Fifth, which, as we have seen, he was too politic to carry into execution.*

Such were the principal provisions of a law which, for cruelty and absurdity, has scarcely a parallel in history. For what could be more absurd than the attempt by an act of legislation to work such a change in the long-established habits of a nation—to efface those recollections of the past, to which men ever cling most closely under the pressure of misfortune—to blot out by a single stroke of the pen, as it were, not only the creed, but the nationality of a

huomo da bene, libero et schietto, et perchè S. M. vuol tener bassi li grandi di Spagna, conoscendo l'altierissima natura loro.—Gachard, *Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens sur Charles-Quint et Philippe II.* (Bruxelles, 1855), p. 175.

* This remarkable ordinance may be found in the *Nueva Recopilacion* (ed. 1640), lib. viii. tit. 2, leyes 13–18.

The most severe penalties were those directed against the heinous offence of indulging in warm baths. For a second repetition of this, the culprit was sentenced to six years' labour in the galleys and the confiscation of half his estates.

people—to convert the Moslem, at once, both into a Christian and into a Castilian! It would be difficult to imagine any greater outrage offered to a people than the provision compelling women to lay aside their veils—associated as these were in every Eastern mind with the obligations of modesty; or that in regard to opening the doors of the houses, and exposing those within to the insolent gaze of every passer; or that in relation to the baths—so indispensable to cleanliness and comfort, especially in the warm-climate of the South.

But the masterpiece of absurdity, undoubtedly, is the stipulation in regard to the Arabic language; as if by any human art a whole population, in the space of three years, could be made to substitute a foreign tongue for its own; and that, too, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, partly arising from the total want of affinity between the Semitic and the European languages, and partly from the insulated position of the Moriscoes, who, in the cities, had separate quarters assigned to them, in the same manner as the Jews, which cut them off from intimate intercourse with the Christians. We may well doubt, from the character of this provision, whether the Government had so much at heart the conversion of the Moslems as the desire to entangle them in such violations of the law as should afford a plausible pretext for driving them from the country altogether. One is strengthened in this view of the subject by the significant reply of Otadin, professor of theology at Alcalá, who, when consulted by Philip on the expediency of the ordinance, gave his hearty approbation of it, by quoting the appalling Spanish proverb, "The fewer enemies, the better."* It was reserved for the imbecile Philip the Third to crown the disasters of his reign by the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Yet no one can doubt that it was a consummation earnestly desired by the great body of the Spaniards, who looked, as we have seen, with longing eyes to the fair territory which they possessed, and who regarded them with the feelings of distrust and aversion with which men regard those on whom they have inflicted injuries too great to be forgiven.

Yet there were some in the junta with whom the proposed ordinance found no favour. Among these, one who calls to mind his conduct in the Netherlands may be surprised to find the duke of Alva. Here, as in that country, his course was doubtless dictated less by considerations of humanity than of policy. Whatever may have been his reasons, they had little weight with Espinosa, who probably felt a secret satisfaction in thwarting the man whom he regarded with all the jealousy of a rival.†

What was Philip's own opinion on the matter, we can but conjecture from our general knowledge of his character. He professed to be guided by the decision of the "wise and learned men" to whom he had committed the subject. That this decision did no great violence to his own feelings, we may infer from the promptness with which he signed the ordinance. This he did on the 17th of November, 1566, when the pragmatic became a law.

It was resolved, however, not to give publicity to it at once. It was committed to the particular charge of one of the members of the junta, Diego Deza, auditor of the Holy Office, and lately raised by Espinosa to the important post of president of the chancery of Granada. This put him at once at the head of the civil administration of the province, as the Marquis of Mondejar was at the head of the military. The different views of policy enter-

* "De los enemigos los menos."—Circourt gives a version of the whole of the professor's letter, with his precious commentary on this text. (*Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. ii. p. 278.) According to Ferreras, Philip highly relished the maxim of his ghostly counsellor.—*Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. ix. p. 525.

† Cabrera, throwing the responsibility of the subsequent troubles on Espinosa and Deza, sarcastically remarks that "two cows had the ordering of an affair which had been better left to men with helmets on their heads."—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. vii. cap. 21.

tained by the two men led to a conflict of authority which proved highly prejudicial to affairs. Deza, who afterwards rose to the dignity of cardinal, was a man whose plausible manners covered an inflexible will. He showed, notwithstanding, an entire subserviency to the wishes of his patron, Espinosa, who committed to him the execution of his plans.

The president resolved, with more policy than humanity, to defer the publication of the edict till the ensuing first of January, 1667, the day preceding that which the Spaniards commemorated as the anniversary of the surrender of the capital. This humiliating event, brought home at such a crisis to the Moriscoes, might help to break their spirits, and dispose them to receive the obnoxious edict with less resistance.

On the appointed day the magistrates of the principal tribunals, with the corregidor of Granada at their head, went in solemn procession to the Albaicin, the quarter occupied by the Moriscoes. They marched to the sound of kettle-drums, trumpets, and other instruments; and the inhabitants, attracted by the noise, and fond of novelty, came running from their houses to swell the ranks of the procession on its way to the great square of *Bab el Bonat*. This was an open space, of large extent, where the people of Granada, in ancient times, used to assemble to celebrate the coronation of a new sovereign; and the towers were still standing from which the Moslem banners waved, on those days, over the heads of the shouting multitude. As the people now gathered tumultuously around these ancient buildings, the public crier, from an elevated place, read, in audible tones and in the Arabic language, the royal ordinance. One may imagine the emotions of shame, sorrow, and indignation with which the vast assembly, consisting of both sexes, listened to the words of an instrument, every sentence of which seemed to convey a personal indignity to the hearers—an outrage on all those ideas of decorum and decency in which they had been nurtured from infancy; which rudely rent asunder all the fond ties of country and kindred; which violated the privacy of domestic life, deprived them of the use of their own speech, and reduced them to a state of utter humiliation unknown to the meanest of their slaves. Some of the weaker sort gave way to piteous and passionate exclamations, wringing their hands in an agony of grief. Others, of sterner temper, broke forth into menaces and fierce invective, accompanied with the most furious gesticulations. Others, again, listened with that dogged, determined air which showed that the mood was not the less dangerous that it was a silent one. The whole multitude was in a state of such agitation that an accident might have readily produced an explosion which would have shaken Granada to its foundations. Fortunately there were a few discreet persons in the assembly, older and more temperate than the rest, who had sufficient authority over their countrymen to prevent a tumult. They reminded them that in their fathers' time the emperor Charles the Fifth had consented to suspend the execution of a similar ordinance. At all events, it was better to try first what could be done by argument and persuasion. When these failed, it would be time enough to think of vengeance.*

One of the older Moriscoes, a man of much consideration among his countrymen, was accordingly chosen to wait on the president and explain their views in regard to the edict. This he did at great length, and in a manner which must have satisfied any fair mind of the groundlessness of the charges brought

* Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. pp. 147-151.—Circourt, *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. ii. p. 283.—Ferrerias, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. ix. p. 535.

Dr. Salazar de Mendoza considers that nothing but a real love of rebellion could have induced the Moriscoes to find a pretext for it in a measure so just and praiseworthy, and every way so conducive to their own salvation as this ordinance.—“Tomaron por achaque esta accion tan justificada y meritoria del Rey, y para sus almas tan provechosa y saludable.”—*Monarquía de España*, tom. ii. p. 187.

against the Moslems, and the cruelty and impracticability of the measures proposed by the government. The president, having granted to the envoy a patient and courteous hearing, made a short and not very successful attempt to vindicate the course of the administration. He finally disposed of the whole question by declaring that "the law was too just and holy, and had been made with too much consideration, ever to be repealed; and that, in fine, regarded as a question of interest, his majesty estimated the salvation of a single soul as of greater price than all the revenues he drew from the Moriscos."* An answer like this must have effectually dispelled all thoughts of a composition, such as had formerly been made with the emperor.

Defeated in this quarter, the Moriscos determined to lay their remonstrance before the throne. They were fortunate in obtaining, for this purpose, the services of Don Juan Henriquez, a nobleman of the highest rank and consideration, who had large estates at Beza, in the heart of Granada, and who felt a strong sympathy for the unfortunate natives. Having consented, though with much reluctance, to undertake the mission, he repaired to Madrid, obtained an audience of the king, and presented to him a memorial on behalf of his unfortunate subjects. Philip received him graciously, and promised to give all attention to the paper. "What I have done in this matter," said the king, "has been done by the advice of wise and conscientious men, who have given me to understand that it was my duty."†

Shortly afterwards, Henriquez received an intimation that he was to look for his answer to the president of Castille. Espinosa, after listening to the memorial, expressed his surprise that a person of the high condition of Don Juan Henriquez should have consented to take charge of such a mission. "It was for that very reason I undertook it," replied the nobleman, "as affording me a better opportunity to be of service to the king." "It can be of no use," said the minister; "religious men have represented to his majesty that at his door lies the salvation of these Moors; and the ordinance which has been decreed, he has determined shall be carried into effect."‡

Baffled in this direction, the persevering envoy laid his memorial before the councillors of state, and endeavoured to interest them in behalf of his clients. In this he met with more success; and several of that body, among whom may be mentioned the duke of Alva and Luis de Avila, the grand commander of Alcántara, whom Charles the Fifth had honoured with his friendship, entered heartily into his views. But it availed little with the minister, who would not even consent to delay the execution of the ordinance until time should have been given for further inquiry, or to confine the operation of it, at the outset, to one or two of the provisions, in order to ascertain what would probably be the temper of the Moriscos.§ Nothing would suit the peremptory humour of Espinosa but the instant execution of the law in all its details.

Nor would he abate anything of this haughty tone in favour of the captain-general, the marquis of Mondejar. That nobleman, with good reason, had felt himself aggrieved that, in discussions so materially affecting his own government, he should not have been invited to take a part. From motives of expediency, as much as of humanity, he was decidedly opposed to the passage of the ordinance. It was perhaps a knowledge of this that had ex-

* "Y al fin concluyó con decirle resolutamente, que su Magestad queria mas fe que farda, y que preciaba mas salvar una alma, que todo quanto le podian dar le renta los Moriscos nuevamente convertidos."—Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 163.

† "Que él habia consultado aquel negocio con hombres de ciencia y conciencia, y le decian que estaba obligado á hacer lo que hacia."—*Ibid.* p. 175.

‡ "Que el negocio de la premática estaba determinado, y su Magestad resoluta en que se cumpliese."—*Ibid.* ubi supra.

§ *Ibid.* p. 176.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. vii. cap.

cluded him from a seat in the junta. His representations made no impression on Espinosa; and when he urged that, if the law were to be carried into effect, he ought to be provided with such a force as would enable him to quell any attempt at resistance, the minister made light of the danger, assuring him that three hundred additional troops were as many as the occasion demanded. Espinosa then peremptorily adjourned all further discussion, by telling the captain-general that it would be well for him to return at once to Granada, where his presence would be needed to enforce the execution of the law.*

It was clear that no door was left open to further discussion, and that, under the present government, no chance remained to the unfortunate Moriscos of buying off the law by the payment of a round sum, as in the time of Charles the Fifth. All negotiations were at an end. They had only to choose between implicit obedience and open rebellion. It was not strange that they chose the latter.

CHAPTER II.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES.

Resistance of the Moriscos—Night Assault on Granada—Rising in the Alpujarras—Election of a King—Massacre of the Christians.

1568.

THE same day on which the ordinance was published in the capital, it was proclaimed in every part of the kingdom of Granada. Everywhere it was received with the same feelings of shame, sorrow, and indignation. Before giving way to these feelings by any precipitate action, the Moriscos of the Alpujarras were discreet enough to confer with their countrymen in the Albaicin, who advised them to remain quiet until they should learn the result of the conferences going on at Madrid.

Before these were concluded, the year expired after which it would be penal for a Morisco to wear garments of silk. By the president's orders it was proclaimed by the clergy, in the pulpits throughout the city, that the law would be enforced to the letter. This was followed by more than one edict relating to other matters, but yet tending to irritate still further the minds of the Moriscos.†

All hope of relieving themselves of the detested ordinance having thus

* "A estas y otras muchas razones que el marques de Mondejar daba, Don Diego de Espinosa le respondió, que la voluntad de su Magestad era aquella, y que se fuese al reyno de Granada, donde serio de mucha importancia su persona, atropellando como siempre todas las dificultades que le ponian por delante."—Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 163

† An ordinance was passed at this time that the Moriscos who had come from the country to reside with their families in Granada should leave the city and return whence they came, under pain of death.—(Marmol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 169.) By another ordinance, the Moriscos were required to give up their children between the ages of three and fifteen, to be placed in schools and educated in the Christian doctrine and the Castilian tongue. (Ibid. p. 170.) The *Nueva Recopilacion* contains two laws passed about this time, making it a capital offence to hold any intercourse with Turks or Moors who might visit Granada, even though they came not as corsairs, but for purposes of traffic. (Lib. viii. tit. 26, leyes 16, 18.) Such a law proves the constant apprehensions in which the Spaniards lived of a treasonable correspondence between their Morisco subjects and the foreign Moslems.

vanished, the leaders of the Albaicin took counsel as to the best mode of resisting the government. The first step seemed to be to get possession of the capital. There was at this time in Granada a Morisco named Farax Aben-Farax, who followed the trade of a dyer. But though he was engaged in this humble calling, the best blood of the Abencerrages flowed in his veins. He was a man of a fierce, indeed ferocious nature, hating the Christians with his whole heart, and longing for the hour when he could avenge on their heads the calamities of his countrymen. As his occupation carried him frequently into the Alpujarras, he was extensively acquainted with the inhabitants. He undertook to raise a force there of eight thousand men, and bring them down secretly by night into the *vega*, where, with the aid of his countrymen in the Albaicin, he might effect an entrance into the city, overpower the garrison in the Alhambra, put all who resisted to the sword, and make himself master of the capital. The time fixed upon for the execution of the plan was Holy Thursday, in the ensuing month of April, when the attention of the Spaniards would be occupied with their religious solemnities.

A secret known to so many could not be so well kept, and for so long a time, but that some information of it reached the ears of the Christians. It seems to have given little uneasiness to Deza, who had anticipated some such attempt from the turbulent spirit of the Moriscos. The captain-general, however, thought it prudent to take additional precautions against it; and he accordingly distributed arms among the citizens, strengthened the garrison of the Alhambra, and visited several of the great towns on the frontiers, which he placed in a better posture of defence. The Moriscos, finding their purpose exposed to the authorities, resolved to defer the execution of it for the present. They even postponed it to as late a date as the beginning of the following year, 1569. To this they were led, we are told, by a prediction found in their religious books, that the year of their liberation would be one that began on a Saturday. It is probable that the wiser men of the Albaicin were less influenced by their own belief in the truth of the prophecy, than by the influence it would exert over the superstitious minds of the mountaineers, among whom it was diligently circulated.*

Having settled on the first of January for the rising, the Moslems of Granada strove, by every outward show of loyalty, to quiet the suspicions of the government. But in this they were thwarted by the information which the latter obtained through more trustworthy channels. Still surer evidence of their intentions was found in a letter which fell by accident into the hands of the marquis of Mondejar. It was addressed by one of the leaders of the Albaicin to the Moslems of the Barbary coast, invoking their aid by the ties of consanguinity and of a common faith. "We are sorely beset," says the writer, "and our enemies encompass us all around like a consuming fire. Our troubles are too grievous to be endured. Written," concludes the passionate author of the epistle, "in nights of tears and anguish, with hope yet lingering,—such hope as still survives amidst all the bitterness of the soul."†

But the Barbary powers were too much occupied by their petty feuds to give much more than fair words to their unfortunate brethren of Granada. Perhaps they distrusted the efficacy of any aid they could render in so unequal a contest as that against the Spanish monarchy. Yet they allowed their subjects to embark as volunteers in the war; and some good service was rendered by the Barbary corsairs, who infested the coasts of the Mediterranean, as well as by the *monfis*,—as the African adventurers were called,—who took part with their

* Marmol *Rebelion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. pp. 223-233.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada* (Valencia, 1776), p. 43.—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 724.

† "Escrita en noches de angustia y de lagrimas corrientes, sustentadas con esperanza, y la esperanza se deriva de la amargura."—Marmol, *Rebelion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 219.

brethren in the Alpujarras, where they made themselves conspicuous by their implacable ferocity against the Christians.

Meanwhile the hot blood of the mountaineers was too much inflamed by the prospect of regaining their independence to allow them to wait patiently for the day fixed upon for the outbreak. Before that time arrived, several acts of violence were perpetrated,—forerunners of the bloody work that was at hand. In the month of December, 1568, a body of Spanish alguazils, with some other officers of justice, were cut off in the neighbourhood of Granada, on their way to that city. A party of fifty soldiers, as they were bearing to the capital a considerable quantity of muskets,—a tempting prize to the unarmed Moriscoes,—were all murdered, most of them in their beds, in a little village among the mountains where they had halted for the night.* After this outrage Aben-Farax, the bold dyer of Granada, aware of the excitement it must create in the capital, became convinced it would not be safe for him to postpone his intended assault a day longer.

At the head of only a hundred and eighty followers, without waiting to collect a larger force, he made his descent, on the night of the twenty-sixth of December, a week before the appointed time, into the *vega* of Granada. It was a dreadful night. A snow-storm was raging wildly among the mountains, and sweeping down in pitiless fury on the plains below.† Favoured by the commotion of the elements, Aben-Farax succeeded, without attracting observation, in forcing an entrance through the dilapidated walls of the city, penetrated at once into the Albaicin, and endeavoured to rouse the inhabitants from their slumbers. Some few came to their windows, it is said, but, on learning the nature of the summons, hastily closed the casements and withdrew, telling Aben-Farax that “it was madness to undertake the enterprise with so small a force, and that he had come before his time.”‡ It was in vain that the enraged chief poured forth imprecations on their perfidy and cowardice, in vain that he marched through the deserted streets, demolishing crucifixes and other symbols of Christian worship which he found in his way, or that he shouted out the watchword of the faithful, “There is but one God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God!” The uproar of the tempest, fortunately for him, drowned every other noise; and no alarm was given till he stumbled on a guard of some five or six soldiers, who were huddled round a fire in one of the public squares. One of these Farax despatched; the others made their escape, raising the cry that the enemy was upon them. The great bell of St. Salvador rang violently, calling the inhabitants to arms. Dawn was fast approaching; and the Moorish chief, who felt himself unequal to an encounter in which he was not to be supported by his brethren in the Albaicin, thought it prudent to make his retreat. This he did with colours flying and music

* Marnol, *Rebellion de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 235.

† “La furia horrible de los torbellinos

Cada momento mas se vee yr creciendo;

Cubre la blanca nieve los caminos,

Tambien los hombres luego va cubriendo.”

So sings, or rather says, the poet-chronicler Rufo, whose epic of *feur* and twenty cantos shows him to have been much more of a chronicler than a poet. Indeed, in his preface, he avows that strict conformity to truth which is the cardinal virtue of the chronicler.—See the *Austriada* (Madrid, 1584).

‡ “Pocos sois, i venis presto.”—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 47.

Hita gives a *cancion* in his work, the burden of which is a complaint that the mountaineers had made their attack too late instead of too early:—

“Pocos sois, y venis tarde.”

(*Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 32.) The difference is explained by the circumstance that the author of the verses—probably Hita himself—considers that Christmas Eve, not New Year's Eve, was the time fixed for the assault.

playing, all in as cool and orderly a manner as if it had been only a holiday parade.

Meantime the citizens, thus suddenly startled from their beds, gathered together, with eager looks, and faces white with fear, to learn the cause of the tumult; and their alarm was not diminished by finding that the enemy had been prowling round their dwellings, like a troop of mountain wolves, while they had been buried in slumber. The marquis of Mondañar called his men to horse, and would have instantly given chase to the invaders, but waited until he had learned the actual condition of the Albaicín, where a population of ten thousand Moriscos, had they been mischievously inclined, might, notwithstanding the timely efforts of the government to disarm them, have proved too strong for the slender Spanish garrison in the Alhambra. All, however, was quiet in the Moorish quarter; and, assured of this, the captain-general sallied out, at the head of his cavalry and a small corps of foot, in quest of the enemy. But he had struck into the mountain-passes south of Granada; and Mendoza, after keeping on his track, as well as the blinding tempest would permit, through the greater part of the day, at nightfall gave up the pursuit as hopeless, and brought back his wayworn cavalcade to the city.*

Aben-Farax and his troop, meanwhile, traversing the snowy skirts of the Sierra Nevada, came out on the broad and populous valley of Lecrin, spreading the tidings everywhere, as they went, that the insurrection was begun, that the Albaicín was in movement, and calling on all true believers to take up arms in defence of their faith. The summons did not fall on deaf ears. A train had been fired which ran along the mountain regions to the south of Granada, stretching from Almería and the Murcian borders on the east to the neighbourhood of Vélez Málaga on the west. In three days the whole country was in arms. Then burst forth the fierce passions of the Arab,—all that unquenchable hate which seventy years of oppression had nourished in his bosom, and which now showed itself in one universal cry for vengeance. The bloody drama opened with the massacre of nearly every Christian man within the Moorish borders,—and that too with circumstances of a refined and deliberate cruelty, of which, happily, few examples are to be found in history.

The first step, however, in the revolutionary movement had been a false one, inasmuch as the insurgents had failed to secure possession of the capital, which would have furnished so important a *point d'appui* for future operations. Yet, if contemporary chroniclers are correct, this failure should rather be imputed to miscalculation than to cowardice. According to them, the persons of most consideration in the Albaicín were many of them wealthy citizens, accustomed to the easy, luxurious way of life so well suited to the Moorish taste. They had never intended to peril their fortunes by engaging personally in so formidable a contest as that with the Castilian crown. They had only proposed to urge their simple countrymen in the Alpujarras to such a show of resistance as should intimidate the Spaniards, and lead them to mitigate, if not indeed to rescind, the hated ordinance.† If such was their calculation, as the result showed, it miserably failed.

As the Moriscos had now proclaimed their independence, it became necessary to choose a sovereign in place of the one whose authority they had cast aside. The leaders in the Albaicín selected for this dangerous pre-eminence a young man who was known to the Spaniards by his Castilian name of Don Fernando de Valor. He was descended in a direct line from the ancient house

* Marmol, *Rebelión de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 238.—Mendoza, *Guerre de Granada*, pp. 45-52.—Miniana, *Hist. de España*, p. 367.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 726.—Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. ix. pp. 573-575.

† “Creyendo que lo uno y lo otro sería parte para que por bien de paz se diese nueva orden en lo de la prematia, sin aventurar ellos sus personas y haciendas.”—Marmol, *Rebelión de los Moriscos*, tom. i. p. 239.

of the Omeiyas,* who for nearly four centuries had sat with glory on the throne of Cordova. He was but twenty-two years of age at the time of his election, and, according to a contemporary who had seen him, possessed a comely person and engaging manners. His complexion was of a deep olive; his beard was thin; his eyes were large and dark, with eyebrows well defined, and nearly approaching each other. His deportment was truly royal; and his lofty sentiments were worthy of the princely line from which he was descended.† Notwithstanding this flattering portrait from the pen of a Castilian, his best recommendation, to judge from his subsequent career, seems to have been his descent from a line of kings. He had been so prodigal in his way of life that, though so young, he had squandered his patrimony, and was at this very time under arrest for debt. He had the fiery temperament of his nation, and had given evidence of it by murdering, with his own hand, a man who had borne testimony against his father in a criminal prosecution. Amidst his luxurious self-indulgence he must be allowed to have shown some energy of character and an unquestionable courage. He was attached to the institutions of his country; and his ferocious nature was veiled under a bland and plausible exterior, that won him golden opinions from the multitude.‡

Soon after his election, and just before the irruption of Aben-Farax, the Morisco prince succeeded in making his escape from Granada, and, flying to the mountains, took refuge among his own kindred, the powerful family of the Valoris, in the village of Beznar. Here his countrymen gathered round him, and confirmed by acclamation the choice of the people of Granada. For this the young chieftain was greatly indebted to the efforts of his uncle, Aben-Jahuar, commonly called El Zaguer, a man of much authority among his tribe, who, waiving his own claims to the sceptre, employed his influence in favour of his nephew.

The ceremony of the coronation was of a martial kind, well suited to the rough fortunes of the adventurer. Four standards, emblazoned with the Moslem crescent, were spread upon the ground, with their spear-heads severally turned towards the four points of the compass. The Moorish prince, who had been previously arrayed in a purple robe, with a crimson scarf or shawl, the insignia of royalty, enveloping his shoulders, knelt down on the banners, with his face turned towards Mecca, and, after a brief prayer, solemnly swore to live and die in defence of his crown, his faith, and his subjects. One of the principal attendants, prostrating himself on the ground, kissed the foot-prints of the newly-elected monarch, in token of the allegiance of the people. He was then raised on the shoulders of four of the assistants, and borne aloft amidst the waving of banners and the loud shouts of the multitude, "Allah exalt Muley-Mohammed-Aben-Humeya, lord of Andalucia and Granada!"§

* Beni Umeyyah, in the Arabic, according to an indisputable authority, my learned friend Don Páscual de Gayangos. See his *Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain*, *passim*.

† "Era mancocho de veinte y dos años, de poca barba, color moreno, verdunegro, cejijunto, ojos negros y grandes, gentil hombre de cuerpo: mostraba en su talle y garbo ser de sangre real, como en verdad lo era, teniendo los pensamientos correspondientes."—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 13.

‡ Few will be disposed to acquiesce in the savage tone of criticism with which the learned Nic. Antonio denounces Hita's charming volumes as "Milesian tales, fit only to amuse the lazy and the listless." (*Bibliotheca Nova*, tom. i. p. 536.) Hita was, undoubtedly, the prince of romancers; but fiction is not falsehood; and when the novelist, who served in the wars of the Alpujarras, tells us of things which he professes to have seen with his own eyes, we may surely cite him as an historical authority.

§ "Usava de blandura general; queria ser tenido por Cabeza, i no por Rei: la crueldad, la codicia cubierta engañó á muchos en los principios."—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 129.

§ *Ibid.* p. 40.

The ceremonies of the coronation make, of course, a brave show in Rufo's epic. One stanza will suffice:—

Such were the simple forms practised in ancient times by the Spanish-Arabian princes, when their empire, instead of being contracted within the rocky girdle of the mountains, stretched over the fairest portions of the Peninsula.*

The first act of Aben-Humeya was to make his appointments to the chief military offices. El Zaguer, his uncle, he made captain-general of his forces. Aben-Farax, who had himself aspired to the diadem, he removed to a distance, by sending him on an expedition to collect such treasures as could be gathered from the Christian churches in the Alpujarras. He appointed officers to take charge of the different *tahas*, or districts, into which the country was divided. Having completed these arrangements, the new monarch—the *reyezuelo*, or “little king,” of the Alpujarras, as he was contemptuously styled by the Spaniards—transferred his residence to the central part of his dominions, where he repeated the ceremony of his coronation. He made a rapid visit to the most important places in the sierra, everywhere calling on the inhabitants to return to their ancient faith, and to throw off the hated yoke of the Spaniards. He then established himself in the wildest parts of the Alpujarras, where he endeavoured to draw his forces to a head, and formed the plan of his campaign. It was such as was naturally suggested by the character of the country, which, broken and precipitous, intersected by many a deep ravine and dangerous pass, afforded excellent opportunities for harassing an invading foe, and for entangling him in those inextricable defiles, where a few mountaineers acquainted with the ground would be more than a match for an enemy far superior in discipline and numbers.

While Aben-Humeya was thus occupied in preparing for the struggle, the work of death had already begun among the Spanish population of the Alpujarras; and Spaniards were to be found, in greater or less numbers, in all the Moorish towns and hamlets that dotted the dark sides of the sierras, or nestled in the green valleys at their base. Here they dwelt side by side with the Moriscoes, employed probably less in the labours of the loom, for which the natives of this region had long been famous, than in that careful husbandry which they might readily have learned from their Moorish neighbours, and which, under their hands, had clothed every spot with verdure, making the wilderness to blossom like the rose.† Thus living in the midst of those who professed the same religion with themselves, and in the occasional interchange, at least, of the kind offices of social intercourse, which sometimes led to nearer domestic ties, the Christians of the Alpujarras dwelt in blind security, little dreaming of the mine beneath their feet.

But no sooner was the first note of insurrection sounded, than the scene changed as if by magic. Every Morisco threw away his mask, and, turning

“Entonces con aplauso le pusieron
Al nuevo Rey de purpura un vestido,
Y a manera de beca le cifieron
Al cuello y ombros un cendal brufido,
Quatro vanderas a sus pies tendieron,
Una házia el Levante esclarecido,
Otra a do el sol se cubre en negro velo,
Y otras dos a los polos dos del cielo.”

La Anstrada, fol. 24.

* “Tal era la antigua ceromonia con que eligian los reyes de la Andalucia, i despues los de Granada.”—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 40.

† “Que en la agricultura tienen
Tal estudio, tal destreza,
Que á preñeces de su hazada
Hacen fecundas las piedras.”

Calderon, Amar despues de la Muerte, Jornada ii.

on the Christians, showed himself in his true aspect, as their avowed and mortal enemy.

A simultaneous movement of this kind, through so wide an extent of country, intimates a well-concerted plan of operations; and we may share in the astonishment of the Castilian writers, that a secret of such a nature, and known to so many individuals, should have been so long and faithfully kept, —in the midst, too, of those who had the greatest interest in detecting it, —some of them, it may be added, spies of the Inquisition, endowed, as they seem to have been, with almost supernatural powers for scenting out the taint of heresy.† It argues an intense feeling of hatred in the Morisco, that he could have been so long proof against the garrulity that loosens the tongue, and against the sympathy that so often, in similar situations, unlocks the heart, to save some friend from the doom of his companions. But no such instance, either of levity or lenity, occurred among this extraordinary people. And when the hour arrived, and the Christians discerned their danger in the menacing looks and gestures of their Moslem neighbours, they were as much astounded by it as the unsuspecting traveller on whom, as he heedlessly journeys through some pleasant country, the highwayman has darted from his covert by the roadside.

The first impulse of the Christians seems to have been very generally to take refuge in the churches; and every village, however small, had at least one church, where the two races met together to join in the forms of Christian worship. The fugitives thought to find protection in their holy places and in the presence of their venerated pastors, whose spiritual authority had extended over all the inhabitants. But the wild animal of the forest, now that he had regained his freedom, gave little heed to the call of his former keeper, —unless it were to turn and rend him.

Here crowded together, like a herd of panic-stricken deer with the hounds upon their track, the terrified people soon found the church was no place of security, and they took refuge in the adjoining tower, as a place of greater strength, and affording a better means of defence against an enemy. The mob of their pursuers then broke into the church, which they speedily despoiled of its ornaments, trampling the crucifixes and other religious symbols under their feet, rolling the sacred images in the dust, and desecrating the altars by the sacrifice of swine, or by some other act denoting their scorn and hatred of the Christian worship.‡

They next assailed the towers, the entrances to which the Spaniards had barricaded as strongly as they could; though, unprovided as they were with means of defence, except such arms as they had snatched in the hurry of their flight, they could have little hope of standing a siege. Unfortunately, these towers were built more or less of wood, which the assailants readily set on fire, and thus compelled the miserable inmates either to surrender or to perish in the flames. In some instances they chose the latter; and the little garrison—men, women, and children—were consumed together on one common funeral pile. More frequently they shrank from this fearful death, and sur-

* "Tres años tuvo en silencio
Esta traición encubierta
Tanto número de gentes,
Cosa, que admira y cleva."—*Ibid.* ubi supra.

† "Una cosa mui de notar califica los principios desta rebelion, que gente de mediana condicion mostrada á guardar poco secreto i hablar juntos, callasen tanto tiempo, i tantos hombres, en tierra donde hai Alcaldes de corte i Inquisidores, cuya profesion es descubrir delitos."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 36.

‡ Bleda, Cronica de España, p. 680.—"Roharon la iglesia, hicieron pedazos los retablos y imagines, destruyeron todas las cosas sagradas, y no dexaron maldad ni sacrilegio que no cometieron."—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. i. p. 275.

rendered at the mercy of their conquerors,—such mercy as made them soon regret that they had not stayed by the blazing rafters.

The men were speedily separated from the women, and driven with blows and imprecations, like so many cattle, to a place of confinement. From this loathsome prison they were dragged out, three or four at a time, day after day, the longer to protract their sufferings; then, with their arms pinioned behind them, and stripped of their clothing, they were thrown into the midst of an infuriated mob, consisting of both sexes, who, armed with swords, hatchets, and bludgeons, soon felled their victims to the ground, and completed the bloody work.

The mode of death was often varied to suit the capricious cruelty of the executioners. At Guecoja, where the olive grew abundantly, there was a convent of Augustine monks, who were all murdered by being thrown into caldrons of boiling oil.* Sometimes the death of the victim was attended with circumstances of diabolical cruelty, not surpassed by anything recorded of our North-American savages. At a place called Pitres de Ferreyra, the priest of the village was raised by means of a pulley to a beam that projected from the tower, and was then allowed to drop from a great height upon the ground. The act was repeated more than once in the presence of his aged mother, who, in an agony of grief, embracing her dying son, besought him “to trust in God and the blessed Virgin, who through these torments would bring him into eternal life.” The mangled carcase of the poor victim, broken and dislocated in every limb, was then turned over to the Moorish women, who, with their scissors, bodkins, and other feminine implements, speedily despatched him.†

The women, indeed, throughout this persecution, seem to have had as rabid a thirst for vengeance as the men. Even the children were encouraged to play their part in the bloody drama; and many a miserable captive was set up as a target to be shot at with the arrows of the Moorish boys.

The rage of the barbarians was especially directed against the priests, who had so often poured forth anathemas against the religion which the Moslems loved, and who, as their spiritual directors, had so often called them to account for offences against the religion which they abhorred. At Coadba the priest was stretched out before a brazier of live coals until his feet, which had been smeared with pitch and oil, were burned to a cinder. His two sisters were compelled to witness the agonies of their brother, which were still further heightened by the brutal treatment which he saw them endure from their tormentors.‡

Fire was employed as a common mode of torture, by way of retaliation, it may be, for similar sufferings inflicted on the Infidel by the Inquisition. Sometimes the punishments seemed to be contrived so as to form a fiendish parody on the exercises of the Roman Catholic religion. In the town of Filix the pastor was made to take his seat before the altar, with his two sacristans, one on either side of him. The bell was rung, as if to call the people together to worship. The sacristans were each provided with a roll containing the names of the congregation, which they were required to call over, as usual, before the services, in order to see that no one was absent. As each Morisco answered to his name, he passed before the priest, and dealt him a blow with his fist, or the women plucked his beard and hair, accompanying the act

* “*Quemaron por voto un convento de Frailes Augustinos, que se recogieron a la Torre echandoles por un horado de lo alto azote hirviendo: sirviendose de la abundancia que Dios les dió en aque'la tierra, para ahogar sus Frailes.*”—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 60.

† Marmol, Rebellion de Granada, tom. i. p. 271.—Ferrerias, Hist. d'Espagne, tom. ix. p. 582.

‡ “*Y para darle mayor tormento traxeron alli dos hermanas doncellas que tenia, para que le viesen morir, y en su presencia las vituperaron y maltrataron.*”—Marmol, Rebellion de Granada, tom. i. p. 316.

with some bitter taunt expressive of their mortal hate. When every one had thus had the opportunity of gratifying his personal grudge against his ancient pastor, the executioner stepped forward, armed with a razor, with which he scored the face of the ecclesiastic in the detested form of the cross, and then, beginning with the fingers, deliberately proceeded to sever each of the joints of his wretched victim!*

But it is unnecessary to shock the reader with more of these loathsome details, enough of which have already been given, not merely to prove the vindictive temper of the Morisco, but to suggest the inference that it could only have been a long course of cruelty and oppression that stimulated him to such an awful exhibition of it.† The whole number of Christians who, in the course of a week, thus perished in these massacres—if we are to receive the accounts of Castilian writers—was not less than three thousand!‡ Considering the social relations which must to some extent have been established between those who had lived so long in the neighbourhood of one another, it might be thought that, on some occasions, sympathy would have been shown for the sufferers, or that some protecting arm would have been stretched out to save a friend or a companion from the general doom. But the nearest approach to such an act of humanity was given by a Morisco, who plunged his sword in the body of a Spaniard in order to save him from the lingering death that otherwise would await him.§

Of the whole Christian population very few of the men who fell into the hands of the Moslems escaped with life. The women were not always spared. The Morisco women, especially, who had married Christian husbands and embraced Christianity, which they refused to abjure, became the objects of vengeance to their own sex. Sad to say, even the innocence and helplessness of childhood proved no protection against the fury of persecution. The historians record the names of several boys, from ten to twelve or thirteen years of age, who were barbarously murdered because they would not renounce the religion in which they had been nurtured for that of Mahomet. If they were too young to give a reason for their faith, they had at least learned the lesson that to renounce it was a great sin; and, when led out like lambs to the slaughter, their mothers, we are told, stifling the suggestions of natural affection in obedience to a higher law, urged their children not to shrink from the trial,

* "Liegó un herage á él con una navaja, y le persinó con ella, hendiendole el rostro de alto abaxo, y por través; y luego le despedazó coyuntura por coyuntura, y miembro á miembro."—*Ibid.* p. 348.

Among other kinds of torture which they invented, says Mendoza, they filled the curate of Manena with gunpowder, and then blew him up.—*Guerra de Granada*, p. 60.

† Of all the Spanish historians no one discovers so insatiable an appetite for these horrors as Ferreras, who has devoted nearly fifty quarto pages to an account of the diabolical cruelties practised by the Moriscos in this persecution—making, altogether, a momentous contribution to the annals of Christian martyrology. One may doubt, however, whether the Spaniards are entirely justified in claiming the crown of martyrdom for all who perished in this persecution. Those, undoubtedly, have a right to it who might have saved their lives by renouncing their faith; but there is no evidence that this grace was extended to all; and we may well believe that the Moriscos were stimulated by other motives besides those of a religious nature,—such motives as would naturally operate on a conquered race, burning with hatred of their conquerors and with the thirst of vengeance for the manifold wrongs which they had endured.

‡ "Murieron en pocos mas de quatro dias, con muertes exquesisas y no imaginados tormentos, mas de tres mil martires."—*Vanderhammen*, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 70.

§ "Se adelantó un Moro, que solia ser grande amigo suyo, y haciendose encontradizo con él, en el umbral de la puerta, le atravesó una espada por el cuerpo, diciendole: Toma, amigo, que mas vale que te mate yo que otro."—*Marmol*, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 377.

nor to purchase a few years of life at the price of their own souls.* It is a matter of no little gratulation to a Catholic historian, that, amongst all those who perished in these frightful massacres, there was not one of any age or either sex who could be tempted to secure personal safety by the sacrifice of religious convictions.† On the contrary, they employed the brief respite that was left them in fortifying one another's courage, and in bearing testimony to the truth in so earnest a manner that they might almost seem to have courted the crown of martyrdom. Yet among these martyrs there were more than one, it is admitted, whose previous way of life showed but a dim perception of the value of that religion for which they were thus prepared to lay down their lives.‡

The chief blame of these indiscriminate proscriptions has been laid on Aben-Farax, the famous dyer of Granada, whose appetite for blood seems to have been as insatiable as that of any wild beast in the Alpujarras. In executing the commission assigned to him by Aben-Humeya, he was obliged to visit all parts of the country. Wherever he came, impatient of the slower movements of his countrymen in the work of destruction, he caused the prisons to be emptied, and the wretched inmates to be butchered before his eyes. At Ugijar he thus directed the execution of no less than two hundred and forty Christians, laymen and ecclesiastics.§ His progress through the land was literally over the dead bodies of his victims.

Fierce as he was, Aben-Humeya had some touches of humanity in his nature, which made him revolt at the wholesale murders perpetrated by his lieutenant. He was the more indignant when, on hastening to Ugijar to save the lives of some of the captives, his friends, he found that he had come too late, for the man of blood had been there before him. He soon after summoned his officer into his presence, not with the impolitic design of taxing him with his cruelties, but to call him to a reckoning for the treasure he had pillaged from the churches; and dissatisfied, or affecting to be so, with his report, he at once deposed Aben-Farax from his command. The ferocious chief submitted without a murmur. He descended into the common file, and no more appears on the scene. He was one of those miscreants who are thrown on the surface by the turmoil of a revolution, and, after floating there for a while, disappear from sight, and the wave of history closes over them for ever.

* Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. ix. p. 617.

† "Fue gran testimonio de nuestra fé i de compararse con la del tiempo de los Apostoles; que en tanto numero de gente como murió a manos de infieles ninguno hubo que quisiese renegar."—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 61.

‡ "Todos estuvieron tan constantes en la fe, que si bien fueron combidados con grandes riquezas y bienes á que la deixasen, con ninguno se pudo acabar; aunque entre los martyrizados hubo muchas mugeres, niños, y hombres que havian vivido descompuestamente."—Salazar de Mendoza, *Monarquia de España*, tom. ii. p. 139.

§ "Murieron este dia en Uxizar docientos y quarenta Christianos clerigos y legos, y entre ellos seis canonigos de aquella iglesia, que es colegial."—Marin, *Rebellen de Granada*, tom. i. p. 297.

CHAPTER III.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES.

Panic in Granada—Mustering of Troops—Mondejar takes the Field—Bold Passage at Tablate—Retreat of the Moriscoes—Combat at Alfajaral—Perilous March—Massacre at Jubiles—The Liberated Christians.

1568, 1569.

As day after day brought tidings to the people of Granada of the barbarities perpetrated in the Alpujarras, the whole city was filled with grief and consternation. The men might be seen gathered together in knots in the public squares; the women ran about from house to house, telling the tale of horrors which could hardly be exaggerated in the recital. They thronged to the churches, where the archbishop and the clergy were all day long offering up prayers to avert the wrath of heaven from Granada. The places of business were abandoned. The shops and booths were closed.* As men called to mind the late irruption of Aben-Farax, they were filled with apprehensions that the same thing would be attempted again; and rumours went abroad that the mountaineers were plotting another descent on the city, and, with the aid of their countrymen in the Albaicin, would soon deluge the streets with the blood of the Christians. Under the influence of these fears, some took refuge in the fortress of the Alhambra; others fled into the country. Many kept watch during the long night, while those who withdrew to rest started from their slumbers at the least noise, supposing it to be the war-cry of the Moslem, and that the enemy was at the gates.

Nor was the alarm less that was felt by the Moriscoes in the city, as it was certainly better founded,—for the Moriscoes were the weaker party of the two. They knew the apprehensions entertained of them by the Christians, and that, when men have the power to relieve themselves of their fears, they are not apt to be very scrupulous as to the means of doing so. They were afraid to venture into the streets by day, and at night they barricaded their houses as in a time of siege.† They well knew that a single act of imprudence on their part, or even the merest accident, might bring the Spaniards upon them, and lead to a general massacre. They were like the traveller who sees the avalanche trembling above him, which the least jar of elements, or his own unwary movements, may dislodge from its slippery basis, and bring down in ruin on his head. Thus the two races, inhabitants of the same city, were like two hostile camps, looking on each other with watchful and malignant eyes, and ready at any moment to come into deadly conflict.

In this stage of things the Moriscoes, anxious to allay the apprehensions of the Spaniards, were profuse in their professions of loyalty, and in their assurances that there was neither concert nor sympathy between them and their countrymen in the Alpujarras. The government, to give still greater confidence to the Christians, freely distributed arms among them, thus enabling them, as far as possible, to provide for their own security. The inhabitants enrolled themselves in companies. The citizen was speedily converted into the soldier, and every man, of whatever trade or profession,—the mechanic,

* "Estavan las casas yermas i tiendas cerradas, suspenso el trato, mudadas las horas de oficios divinos i humanos; atentos los Religiosos i ocupados en oraciones i plegarias, como se suele en tiempo i punto de grandes peligros."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 54.

Mendoza paints the panic of Granada with the pencil of Tacitus.

† Circourt, Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne, tom. ii. p. 322.

the merchant, the lawyer,—took his turn of military service. Even the advocates, when attending the courts of justice, appeared with their weapons by their side.*

But what contributed above all to revive the public confidence was the care of the government to strengthen the garrison in the Alhambra by the addition of five hundred regular troops. When, by these various means, the marquis of Mondéjar saw that tranquillity was restored to the capital, he bestowed all his thoughts on an expedition into the Alpujarras, desirous to crush the insurrection in its bud, and to rescue the unfortunate captives, whose fate there excited the most dismal apprehensions amongst their friends and relatives in Granada. He sent forth his summons accordingly to the great lords and the cities of Andalusia, to furnish him at once with their contingents for carrying on the war. The feudal principle still obtained in this quarter, requiring the several towns to do military service for their possessions, by maintaining, when called upon, a certain number of troops in the field, at their own expense for three months, and at the joint expense of themselves and the government for six months longer.† The system worked well enough in those ancient times, when a season rarely passed without a foray against the Moslems. But since the fall of Granada, a long period of inactivity had followed, and the citizen, rarely summoned to the field, had lost all the essential attributes of the soldier. The usual term of service was too short to supply the experience and the discipline which he needed; and far from entering on a campaign with the patriotic or the chivalrous feeling that gives dignity to the profession of arms, he brought with him the mercenary spirit of a trader, intent only on his personal gains, and eager, as soon as he had enriched himself by a lucky foray, or the sack of some ill-fated city, to return home, and give place to others, as inexperienced and possessed of as little subordination as himself ‡

But, however deficient this civic militia might be in tactics, the men were well provided with arms and military accoutrements; and, as the motley array of troops passed over the *vega*, they made a gallant show, with their gay uniforms and bright weapons glancing in the sun, while they proudly displayed the ancient banners of their cities, which had waved over many a field of battle against the infidel.§

But no part of the warlike spectacle was so brilliant as that afforded by the chivalry of the country; the nobles and cavaliers who, with their retainers and household troops, had taken the field with as much alacrity on the present occasion as their fathers had ever shown when roused by the cry that the enemy was over the borders. || They were much inferior in numbers to the

* “En un punto se mudaron todos los oficios y tratos en soldadesca, tanto que los relatores, secretarios, letrados, procuradores de la Audiencia entraban con espadas en los estrados, y no dexaban de parecer muy bien en aquella coyuntura.”—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 358.

† “Servian tres meses pagados por sus pueblos enteramente, i seis meses adelante pagavan los pueblos la mitad, i otra mitad el Rei.”—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 53.

‡ Mendoza, with a few vigorous touches, has sketched, or rather sculptured in bold relief, the rude and rapacious character of the Andalusian soldiery.—“Mal pagada i por esto no bien disciplinada; mantenida del robo, i a trueco de alcanzar o conservar este mucha libertad, poca verguenza, i menos honra.”—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 108.

§ “Toda gonto lucida y bien arreada á punto de guerra, que cierto representaban la pompa y nobleza de sus ciudades.”—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 396.

|| “Muchos capitanos fuertes,
muchos lucidos soldados,
ricos banderas tendidas,
y su estandarte dorado.”

Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 61.

militia of the towns. But inferiority of numbers was more than compensated by excellence of discipline, by their perfect appointments, and by that chivalrous feeling which made them discard every mercenary consideration in the pursuit of glory. Such was the feeling of Luis Paer de Castillejo, the ancient regidor of Córdoba. When offered an independent command, with the emoluments annexed to it, he proudly replied: "I want neither rank nor pay. I, my sons, my kindred, my whole house, will always be found ready to serve our God and our king. It is the title by which we hold our inheritance and our patent of nobility."*

With such loyal and high-mettled cavaliers to support him, Mondejar could not feel doubtful of the success of his arms. They had, however, already met with one reverse; and he received tidings that his advance-guard, sent to occupy a strong pass that led into the mountains, had been driven from its position, and had sustained something like a defeat. This would have been still more decisive, had it not been for the courage of certain ecclesiastics, eight in number—four of them Franciscans, and four of the Society of Jesus—who, as the troops gave way, threw themselves into the thick of the fight, and by their example shamed the soldiers into making a more determined resistance. The present war took the form of a religious war; and many a valiant churchman, armed with sword and crucifix, bore his part in it as in a crusade.

Hastening his preparations, the captain-general, without waiting for further reinforcements, marched out of Granada on the second of January, 1569, at the head of a small body, which did not exceed in all two thousand foot and four hundred horse. He was speedily joined by levies from the neighbouring towns—from Jaen, Loja, Alhama, Antequera, and other places—which in a few days swelled his little army to double its original size. The capital he left in the hands of his son, the count of Tendilla; a man of less discretion than his father, of a sterner and more impatient temper, and one who had little sympathy for the Morisco. By his directions, the peasantry of the *vegas* were required to supply the army with twenty thousand pounds of bread daily.† The additional troops stationed in the city, as well as those who met there, as in a place of rendezvous, on their way to the sierra, were all quartered on the inhabitants of the Albaicin, where they freely indulged in the usual habits of military licence. The Moriscoes still retained much of that jealous sensibility which leads the natives of the East to seclude their wives and daughters from the eye of the stranger. It was in vain, however, that they urged their complaints in the most respectful and deprecatory terms before the governor. The haughty Spaniard only answered them with a stern rebuke, which made the Moriscoes too late repent that they had not profited by the opportunity offered them by Aben-Farax of regaining their independence.‡

Leaving Granada, the captain-general took the most direct route, leading along the western slant of the Sierra Nevada, that mountain-range which, with its frosty peaks glistening in the sun like palisades of silver, fences round the city on the south, and screens it in the summer from the scorching winds of Africa. Thence he rapidly descended into the beautiful vale of Lecrin, which spreads out, like a gay carpet embroidered with many a wild flower, to the verge of the Alpujarras. It was now, however, the dead of winter, when

* Cironourt, Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne, tom. ii. p. 326.

Seville alone furnished two thousand troops, with one of the most illustrious cavaliers of the city at their head. They did not arrive, however, till a later period of the war.—See Zúñiga, *Annales de Sevilla* (Madrid, 1677, fol.), p. 538.

† "Repartió los lugares de la vega en siete partidos, y mandóles, que cada uno tuviese cuidado de llevar diez mil panes amasados de a dos libras al campo el día que le tocase de la semana."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 404.

‡ "Pasó este negocio tan adelante, que muchos Moriscos afrentados y gastados se arrepintieron por no haber tomado las armas quando Abenfarax los llamaba."—Ibid. p. 407.

the bright colouring of the landscape, even in this favoured region, watered as it was by numerous fountains and running streams, had faded into the sombre tints more in harmony with the rude scenes on which the Spaniards were about to enter.

Halting a night at Padul to refresh his troops, Mondejar pressed forward to Durcal, which he reached barely in time to save his advance-guard from a more shameful discomfiture than it had before experienced; for the enemy, pressing it on all sides, was in possession of the principal avenues to the town. On the approach of the main body of the Spaniards, however, he made a hasty retreat, and established himself in a strong position at the pass of Tablate. The place was defended by a *barranca*, or ravine, not formidable from its width, but its rocky side swept sheer down to a depth that made the brain of the traveller giddy as he looked into the frightful abyss. The chasm extended at least eight leagues in length, thus serving, like a gigantic ditch scooped out by the hand of Nature, to afford protection to the beautiful valley against the inroads of the fierce tribes of the mountains.

Across this gulf a frail wooden bridge had been constructed, forming the only means of access from this quarter to the country of the Alpujarras. But this structure was now nearly demolished by the Moriscoes, who had taken up the floor, and removed most of the supports, till the passage of the tottering fabric could not safely be attempted by a single individual, much less by an army.* That they did not destroy the bridge altogether, probably arose from their desire to re-establish as soon as possible their communications with their countrymen in the valley.

Meanwhile the Moslems had taken up a position which commanded the farther end of the bridge, where they calmly awaited the approach of the Spaniards. Their army, which greatly fluctuated in its numbers at different periods of the campaign, was a miscellaneous body, ill disciplined and worse armed. Some of the men carried fire-arms, some crossbows; others had only slings or javelins, or even sharp-pointed stakes; any weapon, in short, however rude, which they had contrived to secrete from the Spanish officials charged with enforcing the laws for disarming the Moriscoes. But they were a bold and independent race, inured to a life of peril and privation; and, however inferior to the Christians in other respects, they had one obvious advantage, in their familiarity with the mountain wilds in which they had been nurtured from infancy.

As the Spaniards approached the ravine, they were saluted by the enemy, from the other side, with a shower of balls, stones, and arrows, which, falling at random, did little mischief. But as soon as the column of the Christians reached the brow of the *barranca*, and formed into line, they opened a much more effective fire on their adversaries; and when the heavy guns with which Mendoza was provided were got into position, they did such execution on the enemy that he thought it prudent to abandon the bridge, and take post behind a rising ground, which screened him from the fire.

All thoughts were now turned on the mode of crossing the ravine; and many a look of blank dismay was turned on the dilapidated bridge, which, like a spider's web, trembling in every breeze, was stretched across the formidable chasm. No one was bold enough to venture on this pass of peril. At length a Franciscan monk, named Christoval de Molina, offered himself for the enterprise. It was again an ecclesiastic who was to lead the way in the path of danger. Slinging his shield across his back, with his robe tucked closely around him, grasping a crucifix in his left hand, and with his right brandish-

* "Apenas podía ir por ella un hombre suelto; y aun este poco paso, le tenían descavado y solapado por los cimientos, de manera que si cargase mas de una persona, fuese abaxo."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, p. 400.

ing his sword, the valiant friar set his foot upon the bridge.* All eyes were fastened upon him, as, invoking the name of Jesus, he went courageously but cautiously forward, picking his way along the skeleton fabric, which trembled under his weight, as if about to fall in pieces and precipitate him into the gulf below. But he was not so to perish; and his safe arrival on the farther side was greeted with the shouts of the soldiery, who, ashamed of their hesitation, now pressed forward to follow in his footsteps.

The first who ventured had the same good fortune as his predecessor. The second, missing his step or becoming dizzy, lost his foothold, and, tumbling headlong, was dashed to pieces on the bottom of the ravine. One after another, the soldiers followed, and with fewer casualties than might have been expected from the perilous nature of the passage. During all this time they experienced no molestation from the enemy, intimidated, perhaps, by the unexpected audacity of the Spaniards, and not caring to come within the range of the deadly fire of their artillery. No sooner had the arquebusiers crossed in sufficient strength, than Mondejar, putting himself at their head, led them against the Moslems. He was received with a spirited volley, which had well-nigh proved fatal to him; and had it not been for his good cuirass, that turned the ball of an arquebuse, his campaign would have been brought to a close at its commencement. The skirmish lasted but a short time, as the Moriscoes, already disheartened by the success of the assailants, or in obedience to the plan of operations marked out by their leader, abandoned their position, and drew off rapidly towards the mountains. It was the intention of Aben-Humeya, as already noticed, to entangle his enemies in the defiles of the sierra, where, independently of the advantage he possessed from a knowledge of the country, the rugged character of the ground, he conceived, would make it impracticable for both cavalry and artillery, with neither of which he was provided.†

The Spanish commander, resuming his former station, employed the night in restoring the bridge, on which his men laboured to such purpose, that by morning it was in a condition for both his horse and his heavy guns to cross in safety. Meanwhile he received tidings that a body of a hundred and eighty Spaniards, in the neighbouring town of Orgiba, who had thrown themselves into the tower of the church on the breaking out of the insurrection, were still holding their position, and anxiously looking for succour from their countrymen. Pushing forward, therefore, without loss of time, he resumed his march across the valley, which was here defended on either side by rugged hills, that, growing bolder as he advanced, announced his entrance into the gorges of the Alpujarras. The weather was tempestuous. The roads were rendered worse than usual by the heavy rains, and by the torrents that descended from the hills. The Spaniards, moreover, suffered much from straggling parties of the enemy, who had possession of the heights, whence they rolled down huge

* "Mas un bendito frayle de la orden del serafico padre San Francisco, llamado fray Christoval de Molina, con un crucifixo en la mano izquierda, y la espada desnuda en la derecha, los habitos cogidos en la cinta, y una rodela echada á las espaldas, invocando el poderoso nombre de Jesus, llegó al peligroso paso, y se metió determinadamente por él."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 410.

† Ibid. p. 410, et seq.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 67, 68.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 736.

Hita has commemorated the bold passage of the bridge at Tablate in one of the *romances*, or ballads, with which he has plentifully besprinkled the second volume of his work, and which present a sorry contrast to the ballads in the preceding volume. These, which form part of the popular minstrelsy of an earlier age, have all the raciness and flavour that belong to the native wild-flower of the soil. The ballads in the second volume are, probably, the work of Hita himself,—poor imitations of the antique, and proving that, if his rich and redundant prose is akin to poetry, his poetry is still nearer allied to prose.

rocks, and hurled missiles of every kind on the heads of the invaders. To rid himself of this annoyance, Mondejar ordered detachments of horse—one of them under the command of his son, Don Antonio de Mendoza—to scour the crests of the hills and dislodge the skirmishers. Pioneers were sent in advance, to level the ground and render it practicable for cavalry. The service was admirably performed; and the mountaineers, little acquainted with the horse, which they seemed to have held in as much terror as did the ancient Mexicans, were so astounded by seeing the light-footed Andalusian steed scaling the rough sides of the sierra, along paths where the sportsman would hardly venture, that, without waiting for the charge, they speedily quitted the ground and fell back on the main body of their army.

This was posted at Lanjaron, a place but a few miles off, where the Moriscoes had profited by a gentle eminence that commanded a narrow defile, to throw up a breastwork of stone and earth, behind which they were entrenched, prepared, as it would seem, to give battle to the Spaniards.

The daylight had begun to fade, as the latter drew near the enemy's encampment; and, as he was unacquainted with the ground, Mondejar resolved to postpone his attack till the following morning. The night set in dark and threatening. But a hundred watchfires blazing on the hill-tops illuminated the sky, and sent a feeble radiance into the gloom of the valley. All night long the wild notes of the musical instruments peculiar to the Moors, mingling with their shrill war-cries, sounded in the ears of the Christians, keeping them under arms, and apprehensive every moment of an attack.* But a night attack was contrary to the usual tactics of the Moors. Nor, as it appeared, did they intend to join battle with the Spaniards at all in this place. At least, if such had been their design, they changed it. For at break of day, to the surprise of the Spaniards, no vestige was to be seen of the Moriscoes, who, abandoning their position, had taken flight, like their own birds of prey, into the depths of the mountains.

Mondejar, not sorry to be spared the delay which an encounter must have caused him at a time when every moment was so precious, now rapidly pushed forward to Orgiba, where he happily arrived in season to relieve the garrison, reduced almost to the last extremity, and to put to flight the rabble who besieged it.

In the fulness of their hearts, and with the tears streaming from their eyes, the poor prisoners came forth from their fortress to embrace the deliverers who had rescued them from the most terrible of deaths. Their apprehensions of such a fate had alone nerved their souls to so long and heroic a resistance. Yet they must have sunk ere this from famine, had it not been for their politic precaution of taking with them into the tower several of the Morisco children whose parents secretly supplied them with food, which served as the means of subsistence—scanty though it was—for the garrison. But as the latter came forth into view, their wasted forms and famine-stricken visages told a tale of woe that would have softened a heart of flint.†

The situation of Orgiba pointed it out as suitable for a fortified post, to cover the retreat of the army, if necessary, and to protect the convoys of supplies to be regularly forwarded from Granada. Leaving a small garrison there, the captain-general, without longer delay, resumed his pursuit of the enemy.

Aben-Humeya had retreated into Poqueira, a rugged district of the Alpu-

* "Estuvo allí aquella noche á vista de los enemigos, que teniendo ocupado el paso con grandes fuegos por aquellos cerros, no hacian sino tocar sus atabales, dulzaynas, y xabecas, haciendo algarazas para atemorizar nuestros Cristianos, que con grandísimo recato estuvieron todos con las armas en las manos."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 418.

† *Ibid.* p. 414.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 737.—Bleda, *Cronica de España*, p. 664.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 69, 70.—Ferrerias, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. p. 17.

jarra. Here he had posted himself, with an army amounting to more than double its former numbers, at the extremity of a dangerous defile, called the Pass of Alfajarali. Behind lay the town of Bubion, the capital of the district, in which, considering it as a place of safety, many of the wealthier Moriscoes had deposited their women and their treasures.

Mondejar's line of march now took him into the heart of the wildest regions of the Alpujarras, where the scenery assumed a character of sublimity very different from what he had met with in the lower levels of the country. Here mountain rose beyond mountain, till their hoary heads, soaring above the clouds, entered far into the region of eternal snow. The scene was as gloomy as it was grand. Instead of the wide-spreading woods that usually hang round the skirts of lofty mountains, covering up their nakedness from the eye, nothing here was to be seen but masses of shattered rock, black as if scathed by volcanic fires, and heaped one upon another in a sort of wild confusion, as if some tremendous convulsion of nature had torn the hills from their foundations, and thrown them into primitive chaos. Yet the industry of the Moriscoes had contrived to relieve the savage features of the landscape, by scooping out terraces wherever the rocky soil allowed it, and raising there the vine and other plants, in bright patches of variegated culture, that hung like a garland round the gaunt and swarthy sierra.

The temperature was now greatly changed from what the army had experienced in the valley. The wind, sweeping down the icy sides of the mountains, found its way through the harness of the cavaliers and the light covering of the soldiers, benumbing their limbs, and piercing them to the very bone. Great difficulty was experienced in dragging the cannon up the steep heights, and along roads and passes, which, however easily traversed by the light-footed mountaineer, were but ill suited to the movements of an army clad in the heavy panoply of war.

The march was conducted in perfect order, the arquebusiers occupying the van, and the cavalry riding on either flank, while detachments of infantry, the main body of which occupied the centre, were thrown out to the right and left, on the higher grounds along the route of the army, to save it from annoyance from the mountaineers.

On the thirteenth of January, Mondejar entered the narrow defile of Alfajarali, at the farther end of which the motley multitude that had gathered round the standard of Aben-Humeya were already drawn up in battle-array. His right wing rested on the bold side of the sierra; the left was defended by a deep ravine, and his position was strengthened by more than one ambuscade, for which the nature of the ground was eminently favourable.* Indeed, ambushes and surprises formed part of the regular strategy of the Moorish warrior, who lost heart if he failed in these,—like the lion, who, if balked in the first spring upon his prey, is said rarely to attempt another.

Putting these wily tactics into practice, the Morisco chief, as soon as the Spaniards were fairly entangled in the defile, without waiting for them to come into order of battle, gave the signal; and his men, starting up from glen, thicket, and ravine, or bursting down the hill-sides like their own winter-torrents, fell at once on the Christians,—front, flank, and rear,—assailing them on every quarter.† Astounded by the fiery suddenness of the assault, the rear-guard retreated on the centre, while the arquebusiers in the van were

* “A la mano derecha cubiertos con un sierro, havia emboscados quinientos arcabuceros i vallesteros, demás desto otra emboscada en lo hondo del barranco de mucho mayor numero de gente.”—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, tom. i. p. 71.

† “Ellos quando pensaron que nuestra gente iba cansada acometieron por la frente, por el costado, i por la retaguardia, todo a un tiempo; de manera que quasi una hora se peleó con ellos a todas partes i a las espaldas, no sin igualdad i peligro.”—Ibid. ubi supra.

thrown into still greater disorder. For a few moments it seemed as if the panic would become general. But the voice of the leader was heard above the tumult, and by his prompt and sagacious measures he fortunately succeeded in restoring order, and reviving the confidence of his men. He detached one body of cavalry, under his son-in-law, to the support of the rear, and another to the front under the command of his son, Antonio de Mendoza. Both executed their commissions with spirit; and Mendoza, outstripping his companions in the haste with which he galloped to the front, threw himself into the thickest of the fight, where he was struck from his horse by a heavy stone, and was speedily surrounded by the enemy, from whose grasp he was with difficulty, and not till after much hard fighting, rescued by his companions. His friend, Don Alonso Portocarrero, the scion of a noble house in Andalusia, whose sons had always claimed the front of battle against the infidel, was twice wounded by poisoned arrows; for the Moors of the Alpujarras tipped their weapons with a deadly poison distilled from a weed that grew wild among the mountains.*

A fierce struggle now ensued; for the Morisco was spurred on by hate and the recollection of a thousand wrongs. Ill provided with weapons for attack, and destitute of defensive armour, he exposed himself to the hottest of his enemy's fire, and endeavoured to drag the horsemen from their saddles, while stones and arrows, with which some musket-balls were intermingled, fell like rain on the well-tempered harness of the Andalusian knights. The latter, now fully roused, plunged boldly into the thickest of the Moorish multitude, trampling them under foot, and hewing them down, right and left, with their sharp blades. The arquebusiers, at the same time, delivered a well-directed fire on the flank of the Moriscoes, who, after a brave struggle of an hour's duration, in which they were baffled on every quarter, quitted the field, covered with their slain, as precipitately as they had entered it, and, vanishing among the mountains, were soon far beyond pursuit.†

From the field of battle Mondejar marched at once upon Bubion, the capital of the district, and now left wholly unprotected by the Moslems. Yet many of their wives and daughters remained in it; and what rejoiced the heart of Mondejar more than all, was the liberation of a hundred and eighty Christian women, who came forth, frantic with joy and gratitude, to embrace the knees of their deliverers. They had many a tale of horror to tell their countrymen, who had now rescued them from a fate worse than that of death itself; for arrangements had been made, it was said, to send away those whose persons offered the greatest attractions, to swell the harems of the fierce Barbary princes in alliance with the Moriscoes. The town afforded a rich booty to the victorious troops, in gold, silver, and jewels, together with the finest stuffs, especially of silk, for the manufacture of which the people of the country were celebrated. As the Spanish commander, unwilling to be encumbered with unnecessary baggage, had made no provision for transporting the more bulky articles, the greater part of them, in the usual exterminating spirit of war, was consigned to the flames.‡ The soldiers would willingly have appropriated to themselves the Moorish women whom they found in the place, regarding

* This poison was extracted from the aconite, or wolf's-bane, that grew rife among the Alpujarras. It was of so malignant a nature that the historian assures us that, if a drop mingled with the blood flowing from a wound, the virus would ascend the stream and diffuse itself over the whole system! Quince juice was said to furnish the best antidote.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, tom. i. pp. 78, 79.

† *Ibid.* pp. 71-74.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 554.—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. pp. 416-418.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 787.—Bleda, *Cronica de España*, p. 684.

‡ "Mas la prisa de caminar en seguimiento de los enemigos, y la falta de bagages en que la cargar i gente con quo aseguralla, fue causa de quemar la mayor parte, porque ellos no se aprovechasen."—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 75.

them as the spoils of victory; but the marquis, greatly to the disgust of his followers, humanely interfered for their protection.

Mondejar now learned that *Aben-Humeya*, gathering the wreck of his forces about him, had taken the route to *Jubiles*,—a place situated in the wildest part of the country, where there was a fortress of much strength, in which he proposed to make a final stand against his enemies. Desirous to follow up the blow before the enemy had time to recover from its effects, Mondejar resumed his march. He had not advanced many leagues before he reached *Pitres*, the principal town in the district of *Ferreiras*. It was a place of some importance, and was rich in the commodities usually found in the great Moorish towns, where the more wealthy of the inhabitants rivalled their brethren of *Granada* in their taste for sumptuous dress and in the costly decorations of their houses.

The conquerors had here the satisfaction of releasing a hundred and fifty of their poor countrywomen from the captivity in which they had been held, after witnessing the massacre of their friends and relatives. The place was given up to pillage; but the marquis, true to his principles, notwithstanding the murmurs, and even menaces, of his soldiers, would allow no injury to be done to the Moorish women who remained in it. In this he acted in obedience to the dictates of sound policy, no less than of humanity, which indeed, happily for mankind, can never be dissevered from each other. He had no desire to push the war to extremities, or to exterminate a race whose ingenuity and industry were a fruitful source of revenue to the country. He wished, therefore, to leave the door of reconciliation still open; and while he carried fire and sword into the enemy's territory, he held out the prospect of grace to those who were willing to submit and return to their allegiance.

The route of the army lay through a wild and desolate region, which, from its great elevation, was cool even in midsummer, and which now, in the month of January, wore the dreary aspect of a polar winter. The snow, which never melted on the highest peaks of the mountains, lay heavily on their broad shoulders, and, sweeping far down their sides, covered up the path of the Spaniards. It was with no little difficulty that they could find a practicable passage, especially for the train of heavy guns, which were dragged along with incredible toil by the united efforts of men and horses. The soldiers, born and bred in the sunny plains of *Andalusia*, were but ill provided against an intensity of cold of which they had never formed a conception. The hands and feet of many were frozen. Others, benumbed, and exhausted by excessive toil, straggled in the rear, and sunk down in the snow-drifts, or disappeared in the treacherous ravines and crevices, which, under their glittering mantle, lay concealed from the eye. It fared still worse with the Moriscoes, especially with the women and children, who, after hanging on the skirts of the retreating army, had, the better to elude pursuit, scaled the more inaccessible parts of the mountains, where, taking refuge in caverns, they perished, in great numbers, of cold and hunger.*

Meanwhile *Aben-Humeya*, disheartened by his late reverses, felt too little confidence in the strength of his present position to abide there the assault of the Spaniards. Quitting the place, therefore, and taking with him his women and effects, he directed his course by rapid marches towards *Paterna*, his principal residence, which had the advantage, by its neighbourhood to the *Sierra Nevada*, of affording him, if necessary, the means of escaping into its wild and mysterious recesses, where none but a native would care to follow him. He left in the castle of *Jubiles* a great number of Morisco women, who had accompanied the army in its retreat, and three hundred men, who, from age or infirmity, would be likely to embarrass his movements.

* "Los Moros tomaron lo alto de la sierra, y no pararon hasta meterse en la nieve, donde perecieron cantidad de mugeres y de criatura de frío."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 437.

On reaching Jubiles, therefore, the Spanish general met with no resistance from the helpless garrison who occupied the fortress, which, moreover, contained a rich booty in gold, pearls, and precious stones, to gratify the cupidity of the soldiers.* Yet their discontent was expressed in more audacious terms than usual at the protection afforded by their commander to the Morisco women, of whom there were more than two thousand in the place. Among the women found there was also a good number of Christian captives, who roused the fierce passions of their countrymen by their piteous recital of the horrors they had witnessed, of the butchery of fathers, husbands, and brothers, and of the persecutions to which they had themselves been subjected in order to convert them to Islamism. They besought the captain-general to take pity on their sufferings, and to avenge their wrongs by putting every man and woman found in the place to the sword.† It is evident that, however prepared they may have been to accept the crown of martyrdom rather than abjure their faith, they gave little heed to the noblest of its precepts, which enjoined the forgiveness of their enemies. In this respect Mondejar proved himself decidedly the better Christian; for while he listened with commiseration to their tale of woe, and did all he could to comfort them in their affliction,‡ he would not abandon the protection of his captives, male or female, nor resign them to the brutality of his soldiers.

He provided for their safety during the night by allowing them to occupy the church. But as this would not accommodate more than a thousand persons, the remainder, including all the men, were quartered in an open square in the neighbourhood of the building. The Spanish troops encamped at no great distance from the spot.

In the course of the night one of the soldiers found his way into the quarters of the captives, and attempted to take some freedoms with a Morisco maiden. It so happened that her lover, disguised in woman's attire, was at her side, having remained with her for her protection. His Moorish blood fired at the insult, and he resented it by striking his poniard into the body of the Spaniard. The cry of the latter soon roused his comrades. Rushing to the place, they fell on the young Morisco, who, now brandishing a sword which he had snatched from the disabled man, laid about him so valiantly that several others were wounded. The cry rose that there were armed men, disguised as women, among the prisoners. More soldiers poured in to the support of their comrades, and fell with fury on their helpless victims. The uproar was universal. On the one side might be heard moans and petitions for mercy; on the other, brutal imprecations, followed by deadly blows, that showed how little prayers for mercy had availed. The hearts of the soldiers were harder than the steel with which they struck; for they called to mind the cruelties inflicted on their own countrymen by the Moriscos. Striking to the right and left, they hewed down men and women indiscriminately,—both equally defenceless. In their blind fury they even wounded one another; for it was not easy to discern friend from foe in the obscurity, in which little light was to be had, says the chronicler, except such as came from the sparks of clashing steel or the flash of fire-arms.§ It was in vain that the officers endeavoured

* "El Marques les dió á saco todo el mueble, en que habia ricas cosas de seda, oro, plata, y aljofar, de que cupo la mejor y mayor parte á los que habian ido delante.—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 444.

† "No tomen, señores, á vida hombre ni muger de aquestos hereges, que tan malos han sido, y tanto mal nos han hecho."—*Ibid.* p. 440.

‡ "El Marques se enterneció de ver aquellas pobres mugeres tan lastimadas, y consolandolas lo mejor que pudo," &c.—*Ibid.* ubi supra.

§ "Hubo muchos soldados heridos, los mas que se herian unos á otros, entendiendo los que venian de fuera, que los que martillaban con las espadas eran Moros, porque solamente les alumbraba el centellear del acero, y el relampaguear de la polvora de los arcabuces en la tenebrosa oscuridad de la noche."—*Ibid.* p. 445.

to call off the men from their work of butchery. The hot temper of the Andalusian was fully roused; and it would have been as easy to stop the explosion of the mine when the train has been fired, as to stay his fury. It was not till the morning light showed the pavement swimming in gore, and the corpses of the helpless victims lying in heaps on one another, that his appetite for blood was satisfied. Great numbers of the women, and nearly all the men, perished in this massacre.* Those in the church succeeded in making fast the floors, and thus excluding their enemies, who made repeated efforts to enter the building. The marquis of Mondejar, indignant at this inhuman outrage perpetrated by his followers, and at their flagrant disobedience of orders, caused an inquiry into the affair to be instantly made; and the execution of three of the most guilty proved a salutary warning to the Andalusian soldier that there were limits beyond which it was not safe to try the patience of his commander.†

Before leaving Jubiles, Mondejar sent off to Granada, under a strong escort, the Christian captives who, since their liberation, had remained with the army. There were eight hundred of them, women and children,—a helpless multitude, whose wants were to be provided for, and whose presence could not fail greatly to embarrass his movements. They were obliged to perform that long and wearisome journey across the mountains on foot, as there were no means of transportation. And piteous was the spectacle which they presented when they reached the capital. As the wayworn wanderers entered by the gate of Bib-arranbla, the citizens came forth in crowds to welcome them. A body of cavalry was in the van,—each of the troopers holding one or two children on the saddle before him, with sometimes a third on the crupper clinging to his back. The infantry brought up the rear; while the centre of the procession was occupied by the women,—a forlorn and melancholy band, with their heads undefended by any covering from the weather; their hair, bleached by the winter's tempests, streaming wildly over their shoulders; their clothes scanty, tattered, and soiled with travel; without stockings, without shoes, to protect their feet against the cold and flinty roads; while in the lines traced upon their countenances the dullest eye might read the story of their unparalleled sufferings. Many of the company were persons who, unaccustomed to toil, and delicately nurtured, were but poorly prepared for the trials and privations of every kind to which they had been subjected.‡

As their friends and countrymen gathered round them, to testify their sympathy and listen to the story of their misfortunes, the voices of the poor wanderers were choked with sobs and lamentations. The grief was contagious; and the sorrowing and sympathetic multitude accompanied the procession like a train of mourners to the monastery of Our Lady of Victory, in the opposite quarter of the city, where services were performed with much solemnity, and thanks were offered up for their deliverance from captivity. From the church they proceeded to the Alhambra, where they were graciously received by the marchioness of Mondejar, the wife of the captain-general, who did what she could to alleviate the miseries of their condition. Those who had friends and relations in the city, found shelter in their houses; while the rest were kindly

* "De los Moriscos quasi ninguno quedó vivo, de las Moriscas hubo muchas muertas, de los nuestros algunos heridos, que con la oscuridad de la noche se hacian daño unos á otros." —Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 77.

† Ibid. ubi supra.—Bleda, Cronica de España, p. 685.—Herrera, Historia General, tom. i. p. 737.—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. i. p. 441 et seq.—Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, p. 558.

‡ "Habia entre ellas muchas dueñas nobles, apuestas y hermosas doncellas, criadas con mucho regalo, que iban desnudas y descalzas, y tan maltratadas del trabajo del captiverio y del camino que no solo quebraban los corazones á los que las conocian, mas aun á quien no las habia visto." —Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. i. p. 448.

welcomed by the archbishop of Granada, and by the charitable people of the town, who provided them with raiment and whatever was necessary for their comfort.* The stories which the fugitives had to tell of the horrid scenes they had witnessed in the Alpujarras, roused a deeper feeling of hatred in the Spaniards towards the Moriscoes, that boded ill for the security of the inhabitants of the Albaicin.

CHAPTER IV.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES.

Situation of Haben-Humeya—Fate of the Moorish Prisoners—Storming of Guajaras—Escape of Haben-Humeya—Operations of Los Velez—Cabal against Mondejar—Licence of the Soldiers—Massacre in Granada—The Insurrection rekindled.

1569.

BEFORE the marquis of Mondejar quitted Jubiles, he received a visit from seventeen of the principal Moriscoes in that part of the country, who came to tender their submission, exculpating themselves, at the same time, from any share in the insurrection, and humbly suing for the captain-general's protection. This, agreeably to his policy, he promptly accorded, granting them a safe-conduct, with instructions to tell their countrymen what he had done, and persuade them, if possible, to return to their allegiance, as the only way of averting the ruin that else would speedily overtake them. This act of clemency, so repugnant to the feelings of the Spaniards, was a new cause of disgust to his soldiers, who felt that the fair terms thus secured by the rebels were little less than a victory over themselves.† Yet the good effects of this policy were soon made visible, when the marquis resumed his march; for, as his favourable dispositions became more generally known, numbers of the Moriscoes, and several places on the route, eagerly tendered their submission, imploring his mercy, and protection against his followers.

Aben-Humeya, meanwhile, who lay at Paterna, with his wives and his warriors gathered around, saw with dismay that his mountain throne was fast sliding away from beneath him. The spirit of distrust and disaffection had crept into his camp. It was divided into two parties; one of these, despairing of further resistance, would have come instantly to terms with the enemy; the other still adhered to a bolder policy; but its leaders, if we may trust the Castilian writers, were less influenced by patriotic than by personal motives, being for the most part men who had borne so conspicuous a part in the insurrection, that they could scarcely hope to be included in any amnesty granted by the Spaniards. Such, in particular, were the African adventurers, who had distinguished themselves above all others by their ferocious persecution of the Christians. They directed, at this time, the counsels of the Moorish prince, filling his mind with suspicions of the loyalty of some of his followers, especially of the father of one of his wives,—a person of much authority among the Moriscoes. To suspect and to slay were words of much the same import with Aben-Humeya. He sent for his relative, and, on his

* "Y volviendo á las casas del Arzobispo, las que tenían parientes las llevaron á sus posadas, y las otras fueron hospedadas con caridad entre la buena gente, y de limosna se les compró de vestir y de calzar."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. ubi supra.

† "Los soldados no podían llevar á paciencia ver que se tratase de medios con los rebeldes; y quando otro día se supo que los admitia, fue tan grande la tristeza en el campo, como si hubieran perdido la jornada."—*Ibid.* p. 443.

entering the apartment, caused him to be despatched before his eyes.* He would have followed this up by the murder of some others of the family, if they had not eluded his grasp; thus establishing his title to a descent from those despots of the East with whom the lives of their kindred were of as little account as the vermin in their path.†

He was still at the head of a numerous army; its number, indeed, amounting to six thousand men, constituted its greatest strength; for, without discipline, almost without arms, it was made up of such rude, incongruous materials, that, as he already had experience, it could never abide the shock of battle from the militia of Castile. The Moorish prince had other causes for discouragement in the tidings he was hourly receiving of the defection of his subjects. The clemency shown by the conqueror was doing more for him than his arms,—as the snow which the blasts of winter have only bound more closely to the hill-side loosens its hold and falls away under the soft touch of spring. Notwithstanding his late display of audacity, the unhappy young man now lost all confidence in his own fortunes and in his followers. Sorely perplexed, he knew not where to turn. He had little of the constancy or courage of the patriot who has perilled his life in a great cause; and he now had recourse to the same expedient which he had so lately punished with death in his father-in-law.

He sent a message to the marquis of Mondejar, offering to surrender, and, if time were given, to persuade his people to follow his example. Meanwhile he requested the Spanish commander to stay his march, and thus prevent a collision with his troops. Mondejar, though he would not consent to this, advanced more leisurely, while he opened a negotiation with his enemy. He had already come in sight of the rebel forces, when he consented, at the request of Aben-Humeya, to halt for a night in the neighbouring village of Iniza, in order to give time for a personal interview. This required the troops, some of whom had now advanced within musket-range of the enemy, to fall back, and take up ground in the rear of their present position. In executing this manœuvre, they came almost in contact with a detachment of the Moorish army, who, in their ignorance of its real object, regarding the movement as a hostile demonstration, sent a shower of arrows and other missiles among the Spaniards, which they returned, with hearty goodwill, by a volley of musketry. The engagement soon became general. Aben-Humeya at the time was reading a letter, which he had just received from one of Mondejar's staff, arranging the place for the interview, when he was startled by the firing, and saw with consternation his own men warmly engaged with the enemy. Supposing he had been deceived by the Spaniards, he flung the letter on the ground, and throwing himself into the saddle, without so much as attempting to rally his forces, which were now flying over the field in all directions, he took the road to the Sierra Nevada, followed by only five or six of his attendants.‡ His horse was fleet, and he soon gained the defiles of the mountains. But he was hotly pursued; and, thinking it safer to trust to himself than to his horse, he dismounted, cut the hamstrings of the animal, to prevent his being of service to his pursuers, and disappeared in the obscure depths of the sierra, where it would have been fruitless to follow him.

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 455.

† Abderrahman—or, as spelt by Gayangos, Abdu-r-rhamân—the First, the founder of the dynasty from which Aben-Humeya claimed his descent, took refuge in Spain from a bloody persecution, in which every member of his numerous family is said to have perished by the scimitar or the bowstring.

‡ “Y como vió que los Christianos iban la sierra arriba, y que los suyos huían desvergonzadamente, entendiendo que todo lo que Don Alonso Venegas trataba era engaño, echo las cartas en el suelo, y subiendo á gran prisa en un caballo, dexó su familia atras, y huyo tambien la vuelta de la sierra.”—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 460.

The rout of his army was complete ; and the victors might have inflicted an incalculable loss on the fugitives, had not the marquis of Mondejar called off his troops, and put a stop to the work of death. He wished to keep open as widely as possible the door of reconciliation. His conduct, which was not understood, and could not have been appreciated by his men, was stigmatized by them as treachery. They found some amends for their disappointment in the pillage of Paterna, the residence of Aben-Humeya, which well provided with the costly finery so much loved by the Moriscoes, furnished a welcome booty to the conquerors.*

Among the Moorish captives were Aben-Humeya's mother, two of his sisters, and one of his wives, to whom, as usual, Mondejar extended his protection.

Yet the disposal of his prisoners was a subject of perplexity to the Spanish commander. His soldiers, as we have seen, would have settled it at once, had their captain consented, by appropriating them all as the spoils of victory. There were many persons, higher in authority than these soldiers, who were of the same way of thinking on the subject with them. The question was one of sufficient importance to come before the government. Philip referred it to the council of state ; and, regarding it as a case of conscience, in which the interests of religion were concerned, he asked the opinion of the Royal Audience of Granada, over which Deza presided. The final decision was what might have been expected from tribunals with inquisitors at their head. The Moriscoes, men and women, were declared to have incurred by their rebellion the doom of slavery. What is more remarkable is the precedent cited for this judgment, it being no other than a decision of the Council of Toledo, as far back as the time of the Visigoths, when certain rebellious Jews were held to have forfeited their liberty by an act of rebellion.† The Morisco, it was said, should fare no better than the Jew, since he was not only, like him, a rebel and an infidel, but an apostate to boot. The decision, it was understood, was very satisfactory to Philip, who, however, "with the pious moderation that distinguished so just and considerate a prince,"‡ so far mitigated the severity of the sentence, in the pragmatic which he published, as to exempt from its operation boys under ten years of age and girls under eleven. These were to be placed in the care of responsible persons, who would give them the benefits of a Christian education. Unhappily, there is reason to think that the good intentions of the government were not very conscientiously carried out in respect to this provision by those intrusted with the execution of it.§

While the question was pending, Jubiles fell into the hands of the victors ; and Mondejar, not feeling himself at liberty to release his female captives, of whom more than a thousand, by this event, had come into his possession, delivered them in charge to three of the principal Moriscoes, to whom, it may be remembered, he had given letters of safe-conduct. They were allowed to restore the women to their families, on condition that they should all be surrendered on the demand of the government. Such an act, it must be admitted, implies great confidence in the good faith of the Moslems,—a confidence fully justified by the result. When, in obedience to the pragmatic, they were claimed by the government, they were delivered up by their families,—with

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 458 et seq.—Ferrerias, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 29-31.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 80, 81.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, pp. 560, 561.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 787.

† The decision referred to was, probably, one in the last Council of Toledo, A.D. 690.—See Mariana, *Hist. de España*, tom. i. p. 452.

‡ I quote the words of Marmol :—"Con una moderacion piadosa, de que quiso usar como principe considerado y justo."—*Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 495.

§ *Ibid.* ubi supra.

the exception of some who had died in the meantime,—and the greater part of them were sold by public auction in Granada.*

The only place of any importance which now held out against Mondejar was Las Guájaras, situated in the plains of Salobreña, in the direction of Vélez Málaga. This was a rocky, precipitous hill, on the summit of which, nature, with little assistance from art, had constructed a sort of rude fortress. It was held by a fierce band of Moriscoes, who, descending from the heights, swept over the plains, carrying on devastating forays, that made them the terror of the surrounding country. Mondejar, moved by the complaints of the inhabitants, left Ugijar on the fifth of February, at the head of his whole array, now much augmented by the arrival of recent levies, and marched rapidly on Guájaras. He met with a more formidable resistance than he had expected. His first attempt to carry the place was repulsed with a heavy loss on the part of the assailants. The Moorish garrison, from its elevated position, poured a storm of missiles on their heads, and, what was worse, rolled down huge masses of rock, which, ploughing through the Castilian ranks, overthrew men and horses, and did as great execution as would have been done by artillery. Eight hundred Spaniards were left dead on the field: and many a noble house in Andalusia had to go into mourning for that day's disaster.

Mondejar, stung by this repulse,—the first reverse his arms had experienced,—determined to lead the attack in person on the following day. His approaches were made with greater caution than before; and, without much injury, he succeeded in bringing his arquebusiers on a higher level, where their fire swept the enemy's intrenchments and inflicted on him a terrible loss. Still the sun went down, and the place had not surrendered. But El Zamar, its brave defender, without ammunition, almost without arms, felt that there was no longer hope for his little garrison. Silently evacuating the place, therefore, at dead of night, the Moriscoes, among whom were both women and children, scrambled down the precipice with the fearlessness of the mountain goat, and made their escape without attracting the notice of the Spaniards. They left behind only such as, from age or infirmity, were unable to follow them in their perilous descent.

On the next day, when the Spanish general prepared to renew the assault, great was his astonishment to find that the enemy had vanished, except only a few wretched beings incapable of making any resistance. All the evil passions of Mondejar's nature had been roused by the obstinate defence of the place, and the lives it had cost him. In the heat of his wrath, he ordered the helpless garrison to be put to the sword. No prayer for mercy was heeded. No regard was had to age or to sex. All were cut down in the presence of the general, who is even said to have stimulated the faltering soldiers to go through with their bloody work.† An act so hard to be reconciled with his previous conduct has been referred by some to the annoyance which he felt at being so frequently taxed with excessive lenity to the Moriscoes, an accusation which was carried, indeed, before the crown, and which the present occasion afforded him the means of effectually disproving. However this may be, the historian must lament the tarnished honour of a brave and generous chief,

* Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. pp. 465, 496.

Mendoza says they were all returned:—"a thing never before seen, whether it arose from fear or obedience, or that there was such an abundance of women that they were regarded as little better than household furniture."—*Guerra de Granada*, p. 96.

† "Fue tanta la indignacion del Marques de Mondejar, que, sin perdonar a ninguna edad ni sexo, mandó pasar á cuchillo hombres y mugeres, quantos habia en el fuerte; y en su rescencia los hacia matar á los alabarderos de su guardia, que no bastaban los rugos de los caballeros y capitanes, ni las piadosas lagrimas de las que pedian la miserable vida."—*Marmol, Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 493.

whose character up to this time had been sullied by none of those acts of cruelty which distinguished this sanguinary war.*

But even this cruelty was surpassed by that of his son, the count of Tendilla. El Zamar, the gallant defender of the fortress, wandered about among the crags with his little daughter, whom he carried in his arms. Famished and fainting from fatigue, he was at length overtaken by his enemies, and sent off as a prisoner to Granada, where the fierce Tendilla caused the flesh to be torn from his bones with red-hot pincers, and his mangled carcase, yet palpitating with life, to be afterwards quartered. The crime of El Zamar was that he had fought too bravely for the independence of his nation.

Having razed the walls of Guajaras to the ground, Mondejar returned with his blood-stained laurels to his head-quarters at Orgiba. Tower and town had gone down before him. On every side his arms had proved victorious. But one thing was wanting—the capture of Aben Humeya, the “little king” of the Alpujarras. So long as he lived, the insurrection, now smothered, might be rekindled at any time. He had taken refuge, it was known, in the wilds of the Sierra Nevada, where, as the captain-general wrote, he was wandering from rock to rock with only a handful of followers.† Mondejar sent two detachments of soldiers into the sierra, to discover his haunts, if possible, and seize upon his person.

The commander of one of these parties, named Maldonado, ascertained that Aben-Humeya, secreting himself among the fastnesses of the mountains by day, would steal forth at night, and repair, with a few of his followers, to a place called Mocina, on the skirts of the sierra. Here he found shelter in the house of his kinsman, Aben-Aboo, one of those Moriscoes who, after the affair of Jubiles, had obtained a safe-conduct from Mondejar. Having gained this intelligence, and learned the situation of the house, the Spanish captain marched, with his little band of two hundred soldiers, in that direction. He made his approach with the greatest secrecy. Travelling by night, he reached undiscovered the neighbourhood of Aben-Aboo's residence. Advancing under cover of the darkness, he had arrived within gunshot of the dwelling, when, at this critical moment, all his precautions were defeated by the carelessness of one of his company, whose arquebuse was accidentally discharged. The report, reverberating from the hills in the silence of night, roused the inmates of the house, who slept as the wearied mariner sleeps when his ship is in danger of foundering. One of them, El Zaguer, the uncle of Aben-Humeya, and the person who had been mainly instrumental in securing him his crown—a crown of thorns—was the first roused, and, springing to the window, he threw himself down, though the height was considerable, and made his way to the mountains.

His nephew, who lay in another part of the building, was not so fortunate. When he reached the window, he saw with dismay the ground in front occupied by a body of Castilian troops. Hastening to another window, he found it still the same; his enemies were everywhere around the house. Bewildered and sorely distressed, he knew not where to turn. Thus entrapped, and

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 482 et seq.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 85-86.—Ferrerías, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 32-36.—Bieda, *Cronica de España*, p. 688 et seq.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 738.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 669.

The storming of Guajaras is a favourite theme with both chroniclers and bards. Among the latter Hita has not failed to hang his garland of verse on the tombs of more than one illustrious cavalier who perished in that bloody strife, and for whose loss “all the noble dames of Seville,” as he tells us, “went into mourning.”—*Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 112-118.

† “Que no habia osado parar en la Alpuxarra, y con solos cincuenta ó sesenta hombres, que le seguian, andaba huyendo de Peña en Peña.”—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 464.

without the means of making any terms with his enemies, he knew he had as little to hope from their mercy as the wolf has from the hunters who have caught him in his lair. The Spaniards, meanwhile, were thundering at the door of the building for admittance. Fortunately it was well secured. A sudden thought occurred to Aben-Humeya, which he instantly put in execution. Hastening down stairs, he took his station behind the door, and gently drew the bolts. The noise was not heard amidst the din made by the assailants, who, finding the door give way, supposed they had forced the fastenings, and pouring in, soon spread themselves in every direction over the house in search of the fugitive. Aben-Humeya, ensconced behind the door, escaped observation; and, when his enemies had disappeared, stole out into the darkness, and, under its friendly mantle, succeeded in finding his way to the mountains.

It was in vain that the Spaniards, enraged at the loss of the quarry, questioned Aben-Aboo as to the haunts of his kinsman, and of El Zaguer, his uncle, in the sierra. Nor could the most excruciating tortures shake his constancy. "I may die," said the brave Morisco, "but my friends will live." Leaving him for dead, the soldiers returned to the camp, taking with them a number of prisoners, his companions. There was no one of them, however, that was not provided with a safe-conduct from the marquis, who accordingly set them at liberty; showing a respect for his engagements, in which unhappily, as we shall see hereafter, he was not too well imitated by his soldiers. The heroic Aben-Aboo, though left for dead, did not die, but lived to head another insurrection, and to take ample vengeance on his enemies.*

While the arms of the marquis of Mondejar were thus crowned with success, the war raged yet more fiercely on the eastern slopes of the Alpujarras, where a martial race of mountaineers threatened a descent on Almeria and the neighbouring places, keeping the inhabitants in perpetual alarm. They accordingly implored the government at Granada to take some effectual measures for their relief. The president, Deza, in consequence, desired the marquis of Los Velez, who held the office of *adelantado* of the adjoining province of Murcia, to muster a force and provide for the defence of the frontier. This proceeding was regarded by Mondejar's friends as an insult to that nobleman, whose military authority extended over the country menaced by the Moriscoes. The act was the more annoying, that the person invited to assume the command was a rival, between whose house and that of the Mendozas there existed an ancient feud. Yet the king sanctioned the proceeding, thinking perhaps that Mondejar was not in sufficient force to protect the whole region of the Alpujarras. However this may be, Philip, by this act, brought two commanders of equal authority on the theatre of action; men who, in their characters and habitual policy, were so opposed to each other, that little concert could be expected between them.

Don Luis Fajardo, marquis of Los Velez, was a nobleman somewhat advanced in years, most of which had been passed in the active duties of military life. He had studied the art of war under the great emperor, and had acquired the reputation of a prompt and resolute soldier, bold in action, haughty, indeed overbearing, in his deportment, and with an inflexible will, not to be shaken by friend or foe. The severity of his nature had not been softened under the stern training of the camp; and, as his conduct in the present expedition showed, he was troubled with none of those scruples on the score of humanity

* The Castilian chronicler cannot refuse his admiration—somewhat roughly expressed—to this brave Morisco,—"este barbero," as he calls him, "hijo de asperesa y frialdad indomable, y menospreciador de la muerte."—(Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 568.) The story of the escape of Aben-Humeya is also told, and with little discrepancy, by Cabrera (Filipe Segundo, p. 573), and Ferreras (*Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 89, 40).

which so often turned the edge of Mondejar's sword from the defenceless and the weak. The Moriscoes, who understood his character well, held him in terror, as they proved by the familiar *sobriquet* which they gave him of the "iron-headed devil."*

The marquis, on receiving the invitation of Deza, lost no time in gathering his kindred and numerous vassals around him; and they came with an alacrity which showed how willingly they obeyed the summons to a foray over the border. His own family was a warlike race, reared from the cradle amidst the din of arms. In the present expedition he was attended by three of his sons, the youngest of whom a boy of thirteen, had the proud distinction of carrying his father's banner.† With the levies promptly furnished from the neighbouring places, Los Velez soon found himself supported by a force of greater strength than that which followed the standard of Mondejar. At the head of this valiant but ill-disciplined array, he struck into the gloomy gorges of the mountains, resolved on bringing the enemy at once to battle.

Our limits will not allow room for the details of a campaign which in its general features bears so close a resemblance to that already described. Indeed the contest was too unequal to afford a subject of much interest to the general reader, while the details are of still less importance in a military view, from the total ignorance shown by the Moriscoes of the art of war.

The fate of the campaign was decided by three battles, fought successively at Huécija, Filix, and Ohanez, places all lying in the eastern ranges of the Alpujarras. That of Filix was the most sanguinary. A great number of stragglers hung on the skirts of the Morisco army; and besides six thousand—many of them women‡—left dead upon the field, there were two thousand children, we are told, butchered by the Spaniards.§ Some fled for refuge to the caves and thickets; but they were speedily dragged from their hiding-places, and massacred by the soldiers in cold blood. Others, to escape death from the hands of their enemies, threw themselves headlong down the precipices,—some of them with their infants in their arms,—and thus miserably perished. "The cruelties committed by the troops," says one of the army, who chronicled its achievements, "were such as the pen refuses to record. || I myself," he adds, "saw the corpse of a Morisco woman, covered with wounds, stretched upon the ground, with six of her children lying dead around her. She had succeeded in protecting a seventh, still an infant, with her body, and though the lances which pierced her had passed through its clothes, it had marvellously escaped any injury. It was clinging," he continues, "to its dead mother's bosom, from which it drew milk that was mingled with

* "Quando entendieron que peleaban contra el campo del Marques de los Velez, á quien los Moros de aquella tierra solian llamar Ibiliz Arreaz el Hadid, que quiere decir, *diabolo cabeza de hierro*, perdieron esperanza de victoria."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 451.

Hita, who was a native of Murcia, and followed Los Velez to the war, gives an elaborate portrait of this powerful chief, whom he extols as one of the most valiant captains in the world, rivaling in his achievements the Cid, Bernardo del Carpio, or any other hero of greatest renown in Spain.—Guerras de Granada, tom. ii. p. 68 et seq.

† Circourt, *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. ii. p. 346.

‡ "Mas mugeres que hombres," says Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 83.

§ "En menos de dos horas fueron muertas mas de seis mil personas entre hombres y mugeres; y de niños, desde uno hasta diez años, habia mas de dos mil degollados."—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 126.

We may hope this is an exaggeration of the romancer. Mendoza says nothing of the children, and reduces the slain to seven hundred. But Hita was in the action.

|| "La soldadesca que andaba suelta por el lugar cometió crueldades inauditas, y que la pluma se resiste á transcribir."—*Ibid.* p. 125.

blood. I carried it away and saved it." * For the credit of human nature he records some other instances of the like kind, showing that a spark of humanity might occasionally be struck out from the flinty breasts of these marauders.

The field of battle afforded a rich harvest for the victors, who stripped the dead, and rifled the bodies of the women of collars, bracelets, ornaments of gold and silver, and costly jewels, with which the Moorish female loved to decorate her person. Sated with plunder, the soldiers took the first occasion to leave their colours and return to their homes. Their places were soon supplied, as the display of their riches sharpened the appetites of their countrymen, who eagerly flocked to the banner of a chief that was sure to lead them on to victory and plunder. But that chief, with all his stern authority, was no match for the spirit of insubordination that reigned among his troops; and, when he attempted to punish one of their number for a gross act of disobedience, he was made to understand that there were three thousand in the camp ready to stand by their comrade and protect him from injury.†

The wild excesses of the soldiery were strangely mingled with a respect for the forms of religion, that intimated the nature of the war in which they were engaged. Before entering into action the whole army knelt down in prayer, solemnly invoking the protection of Heaven on its champions. After the battle of Ohanez, where the mountain streams were so polluted with the gore that the Spaniards found it difficult to slake their thirst, they proceeded to celebrate the *fête* of the Purification of the Virgin.‡ A procession was formed to the church, which was headed by the marquis of Los Velez and his chivalry, clad in complete mail, and bearing white tapers in their hands. Then came the Christian women, who had been rescued from captivity, dressed, by the general's command, in robes of blue and white, as the appropriate colours of the Virgin.§ The rear was brought up by a body of friars and other ecclesiastics, who had taken part in the crusade. The procession passed slowly between the files of the soldiery, who saluted it with volleys of musketry as it entered the church, where *Te Deum* was chanted, and the whole company prostrated themselves in adoration of the Lord of Hosts, who had given his enemies into their hands.

From this solemn act of devotion the troops proceeded to the work of pillage, in which the commander, unlike his rival, the marquis of Mondejar, joined as heartily as the meanest of his followers. The Moorish captives, to the number of sixteen hundred, among whom, we are told, were many young and beautiful maidens, instead of meeting with the protection they had received from the more generous Mondejar, were delivered up to the licentious

* "El niño arrastrando como pudo se llegó á ella, y movido del deseo de mamar, se asió de los pechos de la madre, escando leche mezclada con la sangre de las heridas"—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, p. 126.

† "Advertiendo al mismo tiempo que hay tres mil hombres paisanos suyos puestos sobre las armas, y decididos á perder la vida por salvarla."—*Ibid.* p. 132.

‡ Hita has devoted one of the most spirited of his romances to the rout of Ohanez. The opening stanza may show the tone of it:—

"Las tremolantes banderas
del grande Fajardo parten
para las Nevadas Sierras,
y van camino de Ohanez.
Ay de Ohanez!"

§ "Todos los caballeros y capitanes en la procesion armados de todas sus armas, con velas de cera blanca en las manos, que se las habian enviado para aquel dia desde su casa, y todas las Christianas en medio vestidas de azul y blanco, que por ser colores aplicados á nuestra Señora, mandó el Marqués que las vistiesen de aquella manera á su costa."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 469.

soldiery; and for a fortnight there reigned throughout the camp a carnival of the wildest riot and debauchery.* In this strange confusion of the religious sentiment and of crimes most revolting to humanity, we see the characteristic features of the crusade. Nowhere do we find such a free range given to the worst passions of our nature as in the wars of religion,—where each party considers itself as arrayed against the enemies of God, and where the sanctity of the cause throws a veil over the foulest transgressions that hides their enormity from the eye of the transgressor.

While the Moriscoes were stunned by the fierce blows thus dealt in rapid succession by the iron-hearted marquis, the mild and liberal policy of his rival was still more effectually reducing his enemies to obedience. Disheartened by their reverses, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, as they roved among the mountains, without raiment to clothe or a home to shelter them, the wretched wanderers came in one after another to sue for pardon. Nearly all the towns and villages in the district assigned to Mondejar, oppressed with like feelings of despondency, sent deputations to the Spanish quarters, to tender their submission and to sue for his protection. While these were graciously received, the general provided for the future security of his conquests, by establishing garrisons in the principal places, and by sending small detachments to different parts, to act as a sort of armed police for the maintenance of order. In this way, says a contemporary, the tranquillity of the country was so well established, that small parties of ten or a dozen soldiers wandered unmolested from one end of it to the other.†

Mondejar, at the same time, wrote to the king, to acquaint him with the actual state of things. He besought his master to deal mercifully with the conquered people, and thus afford him the means of redeeming the pledges he had given for the favourable dispositions of the government.‡ He made another communication to the marquis of Los Velez, urging that nobleman to co-operate with him in the same humane policy, as the one best suited to the interests of the country. But his rival took a very different view of the matter; and he plainly told the marquis of Mondejar, that it would require more than one pitched battle yet to break the spirit of the Moriscoes; and that, since they thought so differently on the subject, the only way left was for each commander to take the course he judged best.§

Unfortunately, there were others—men, too, of influence at the court—who were of the same stern way of thinking as the marquis of Los Velez; men acting under the impulse of religious bigotry, of implacable hatred of the Moslems, and of a keen remembrance of the outrages they had committed. There were others who, more basely, thought only of themselves and of the profit they should derive from the continuance of the war.

Among those of the former class was the president Deza, with the members of the Audience and the civil authorities in Granada. Always viewing the

* "Trayéndose muchas Moras hermosas, pues pasaron de trescientas las que se tomaron allí; y habiéndolas tenido los soldados á su voluntad mas de quince dias, al cabo de ellos mandó el marqués que las llevasen á la iglesia."—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 155.

† "Por manera que ya estaba la Alpuxarra tan llana, que diez y doce soldados iban de unos lugares en otros, sin hallar quien los enojase."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 498.

Mendoza fully confirms Marmol's account of the quiet state of the country.—*Guerra de Granada*, pp. 96, 97.

‡ "Le suplicase de su parte los admitiese, habiendose misericordiosamente con los que no fuesen muy culpados, para que él pudiese cumplir la palabra que tenia ya dada á los reducidos, entendiendo ser aquel camino el mas breve para acabar con ellos por la via de equidad."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 483.

§ "Que hiciese por su parte lo que pudiese, porque así haria él de la suya."—*Ibid.* p. 470.

proceedings of the captain-general with an unfriendly eye, they loudly denounced his policy to the king, condemning his ill-timed lenity to a crafty race, who would profit by it to rally from their late disasters and to form new plans of rebellion. It was not right, they said, that outrages like those perpetrated against both *divine* and *human majesty* should go unpunished.* Mondejar's enemies did not stop here, but accused him of defrauding the exchequer of its dues, the fifth of the spoils of war gained in battle from the infidel. Finally, they charged him with having shown want of respect for the civil authorities of Granada, in omitting to communicate to them his plan of operations.

The marquis, advised by his friends at court of these malicious attempts to ruin his credit with the government, despatched a confidential envoy to Madrid, to present his case before his sovereign and to refute the accusations of his enemies. The charge of peculation seems to have made no impression on the mind of a prince who would not have been slow to suspect, had there been any ground for suspicion. There may have been stronger grounds for the complaint of want of deference to the civil authorities of Granada. The best vindication of his conduct in this particular must be found in the character and conduct of his adversaries. From the first, Deza and the municipality had regarded him with jealousy, and done all in their power to thwart his plans and circumscribe his authority. It is only confidence that begets confidence. Mondejar, early accustomed to command, was probably too impatient of opposition.† He chafed under the obstacles and annoyances thrown in his way by his narrow-minded rivals. We have not the means before us of coming to a conclusive judgment on the merits of the controversy, but from what we know of the marquis's accusers, with the wily inquisitor at their head, we shall hardly err by casting our sympathies into the scale of the frank and generous-hearted soldier, who, while those that thus conspired him were living at ease in the capital, had been fighting and following up the enemy, amidst the winter's tempests and across mountains covered with snow; and who, in little more than a month, without other aid than the disorderly levies of the cities, had quelled a dangerous revolt, and restored tranquillity to the land.

Philip was greatly perplexed by the different accounts sent to him of the posture of affairs in Granada. Mondejar's agent suggested to the council of state that it would be well if his majesty would do as his father, Charles the Fifth, would have done in the like case—repair himself to the scene of action, and observe the actual state of things with his own eyes. But the suggestion found no favour with the minister, Espinosa, who affected to hold the Moriscos in such contempt, that a measure of this kind, he declared, would be derogatory to the royal dignity. A better course would be for his majesty to send some one as his representative, clothed with full powers to take charge of the war, and of a rank so manifestly pre-eminent, that neither of the two commanders now in the field could take umbrage at his appointment over their heads.

This suggestion, as the politic minister doubtless had foreseen, was much more to Philip's taste than that of his going in person to the scene of strife; for, however little he might shrink from any amount of labour in the closet, he had, as we have seen, a sluggish temperament, that indisposed him to much bodily exertion. The plan of sending some one to represent the monarch at the seat of war was accordingly approved; and the person selected for this responsible office was Philip's bastard brother, Don John of Austria.‡

* "Dexar sin castigo exemplar á quien tantos crímenes habian cometido contra la Magestad divina y humana."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, p. 499.

† "El Marques," says Mendoza, "hombre de estrecha i rigurosa disciplina, criado al favor de su abuelo i padre en gran oficio, sin igual ni contradictor, impaciente de tomar compañía, comunicava sus consejos consigo mismo."—*Guerra de Granada*, p. 103.

‡ Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 115 et seq.—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. i. pp. 511–513.—Miniana, *Historia de España*, p. 376.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, pp. 578, 574.

Rumours of what was going on in the cabinet at Madrid, reaching Granada from time to time, were followed by the most mischievous consequences. The troops, in particular, had no sooner learned that the marquis of Mondejar was about to be superseded in the command, than they threw off the little restraint he had been hitherto able to impose on them, and abandoned themselves to the violence and rapine to which they were so well disposed, and which seemed now to be countenanced by the president and the authorities in Granada. The very patrols whom Mondejar had commissioned to keep the peace were the first to set the example of violating it. They invaded the hamlets and houses they were sent to protect, plundered them of their contents, and committed the foulest outrages on their inmates. The garrisons in the principal towns imitated their example, carrying on their depredations, indeed, on a still larger scale. Even the capital, under the very eyes of the count of Tendilla, sent out detachments of soldiers, who with ruthless violence trampled down the green plantations in the valleys, sacked the villages, and dragged away the inhabitants from the midst of their blazing dwellings into captivity.*

It was with the deepest indignation that the marquis of Mondejar saw the fine web of policy he had been so busily contriving thus wantonly rent asunder by the very hands that should have protected it. He now longed as ardently as any in the province for the coming of some one entrusted with authority to enforce obedience from the turbulent soldiery; a task of still greater difficulty than the conquest of the enemy. While such was the state of things, an event occurred in Granada which, in its general character, may remind one of some of the most atrocious scenes of the French Revolution.

In the beginning of the troubles, the president had caused a number of Moriscoes, amounting to not less than a hundred and fifty, it is said, to be arrested and thrown into the prison of the Chancery. Certain treasonable designs, of which they had been suspected for a long time, furnished the feeble pretext for this violent proceeding. Some few, indeed, were imprisoned for debt. But the greater number were wealthy men, who enjoyed the highest consideration among their countrymen. They had been suffered to remain in confinement during the whole of the campaign; thus serving, in some sort, as hostages for the good behaviour of the people of the Albaicin.

Early in March, a rumour was circulated that the mountaineers, headed by Aben-Humeya, whose father and brother were among the prisoners, were prepared to make a descent on the city by night, and, with the assistance of the inhabitants of the Albaicin, to begin the work of destruction by assaulting the prison of the Chancery and liberating their countrymen. This report, readily believed, caused the greatest alarm among the citizens, boding no good to the unhappy prisoners. On the evening of the seventeenth, Dera received intelligence that lights had been seen on some of the neighbouring mountains, which seemed to be of the nature of signals, as they were answered by corresponding lights in some of the houses in the Albaicin. The assault, it was said, would doubtless be made that very night. The president appears to have taken no measures for the protection of the city, but, on receiving the information, he at once communicated it to the alcaide of the prison, and directed him to provide for the security of his prisoners. The alcaide lost no time in gathering his friends about him, and caused arms to be distributed among a body of Spaniards, of whom there appears to have been a considerable number confined in the place at this time. Thus prepared, they all remained, as in silent expectation of some great event.

At length, some time before midnight, the guard posted in the Campana, one of the towers of the Alhambra, struck the bell with a succession of rapid

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 8 et seq.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 97, 128.—Mimana, *Historia de España*, p. 376.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, pp. 575, 576.

strokes, such as were used to give an alarm. In a moment every Spaniard in the prison was on his feet; and, the alchayde throwing open the doors and leading the way, they fell at once on their defenceless victims, confined in another quarter of the building. As many of these were old and infirm, and most of them inoffensive citizens, whose quiet way of life had little fitted them for brawl or battle, and who were now destitute of arms of any kind, they seemed to be as easy victims as the sheep into whose fold the famishing wolves have broken in the absence of the shepherd. Yet they did not give up their lives without an effort to save them. Despair lent them strength, and snatching up chairs, benches, or any other article of furniture in their cells, they endeavoured to make good their defence against the assailants. Some, exerting a vigour which despair only could have given, succeeded in wrenching stones from the walls or iron bars from the windows, and thus supplied themselves with the means, not merely of defence, but of doing some mischief to the assailants in their turn. They fought, in short, like men who are fighting for their lives. Some, however, losing all hope of escape, piled together a heap of mats, bedding, and other combustibles, and, kindling them with their torches, threw themselves into the flames, intending in this way to set fire to the building, and to perish in one general conflagration with their murderers.* But the flames they had kindled were soon extinguished in their own blood, and their mangled remains were left to blacken among the cinders of their funeral pile.

For two hours the deadly conflict between parties so unequaly matched had continued; the one shouting its old war-cry of "Saint Iago," as if fighting on an open field; the other, if we may take the Castilian account, calling on their prophet to come to their assistance. But no power, divine or human, interposed in their behalf; and, notwithstanding the wild uproar caused by men engaged in a mortal struggle, by the sound of heavy blows and falling missiles, by the yells of the victors and the dying moans and agonies of the vanquished, no noise to give token of what was going on—if we are to credit the chroniclers—found its way beyond the walls of the prison. Even the guard stationed in the court-yard, we are assured, were not roused from their slumbers.†

At length some rumour of what was passing reached the city, where the story ran that the Moriscoes were in arms against their keepers, and would soon probably get possession of the gaol. This report was enough for the people, who, roused by the alarm-bell, were now in a state of excitement that disposed them to any deed of violence. Snatching up their weapons, they rushed, or rather flew, like vultures snuffing the carrion from afar, to the scene of slaughter. Strengthened by this reinforcement, the assailants in the prison soon completed the work of death; and, when the morning light broke through the grated windows, it disclosed the full extent of the tragedy. Of all the Moriscoes only two had escaped,—the father and brother of Aben-Humeya, over whom a guard had been especially set. Five Spaniards were slain, and seventeen wounded; showing the fierce resistance made by the Moslems, though destitute of arms.‡

Such was the massacre in the prison of the Chancery of Granada, which, as already intimated, nowhere finds a more fitting parallel than in the murders

* "Otros, como desesperados, juntando esteras, tascos, y otras cosas secas, que pudiesen arder, se metian entre sus mismas llamas, y las avivaban, para que, ardiendo la carcel y la Audiencia, pereciesen todos los que estaban dentro."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. i. p. 157.

† *Ibid* ubi supra.

‡ "Los mataron á todos, sin dexar hombre a vida, sino fueron los dos que defendió la guardia que tenían."—*Ibid*. ubi supra See also Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 123; Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 744.

perpetrated on a still larger scale during the French Revolution, in the famous massacres of September. But the miscreants who perpetrated these enormities were the tools of a sanguinary faction, that was regarded with horror by every friend of humanity in the country. In Granada, on the other hand, it was the government itself, or at least those of highest authority in it, who were responsible for the deed. For who can doubt that a proceeding, the success of which depended on the concurrence of so many circumstances as to preclude the idea of accident, must have been countenanced, if not contrived, by those who had the direction of affairs?

Another feature, not the least striking in the case, is the apathy shown by contemporary writers,—men who on more than one occasion have been willing to testify their sympathy for the sufferings of the Moriscoes. One of these chroniclers, after telling the piteous tale, coolly remarks that it was a good thing for the alcaide of the prison, who pocketed a large sum of money which had been found on the persons of the wealthy Moors. Another, after noticing the imputation of an intended rising on the part of the prisoners as in the highest degree absurd, dismisses the subject by telling us that “the Moriscoes were a weak, scatter-brained race, with just wit enough to bring on themselves such a *misshap*,”—as he pleasantly terms the massacre.* The government of Madrid received the largest share of the price of blood. For when the wives and families of the deceased claimed the inheritance of their estates, in some cases very large, their claims were rejected—on what grounds we are not told—by the alcaldes of the Court of Audience in Granada, and the estates were confiscated to the use of the crown. Such a decision, remarks a chronicler, may lead one to infer that the prisoners had been guilty of even more heinous offences than those commonly imputed to them.† The impartial reader will probably come to a very different conclusion; and since it was the opulent burghers who were thus marked out for destruction, he may naturally infer that the baser passion of avarice mingled with the feelings of fear and hatred in bringing about the massacre.

However this may be, so foul a deed placed an impassable gulf between the Spaniards and the Moriscoes. It taught the latter that they could no longer rely on their perfidious enemy, who, while he was holding out to them one hand in token of reconciliation, was raising the other to smite them to the ground. A cry of vengeance ran through all the borders of the Alpujarras. Again the mountaineers rose in arms. They cut off stragglers, waylaid the patrols whom Mondejar had distributed throughout the country, and even menaced the military posts of the Spaniards. On some occasions, they encountered the latter with success in the open field, and in one instance defeated and slew a large body of Christians, as they were returning from a foray laden with plunder. Finally they invited Aben-Humeya to return and resume the command, promising to stand by him to the last. The chief obeyed the call and, leaving his retreat in the Sierra Nevada, again took possession of his domains, and, planting his blood-red flag on his native hills,‡ soon gathered around him a more formidable host than before. He even affected a greater pomp than he had before displayed. He surrounded himself with a body-guard of

* “*Hubia en ellos culpados en platicas i demonstraciones, i todos en deseo; gente floca, liviana, inhabil para todo, sino para dar ocasion a su desventura.*”—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 122.

† “*Las culpas de los quales debieron ser mayores de lo que aqui se escribe, porque despues pidiendo las mugeres y hijos de los muertos sus dotes y haciendas ante los alcaldes del crimen de aquella Audiencia, y saliendo el fiscal á la causa, se formó proceso en forma; y por sentencias y revista fueron condenados, y aplicados todos sus bienes al real fisco.*”—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. i. p. 517.

‡ “*Levantó un estandarte bermejo, ue mostrava el lugar de la persona del Rei a manera de Guion.*”—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 118.

four hundred arquebusiers.* He divided his army into battalions and companies, and endeavoured to introduce into it something of the organization and tactics of the Spaniards.† He sent his brother Abdallah to Constantinople, to represent his condition to the Sultan, and to implore him to make common cause with his Moslem brethren in the Peninsula. In short, rebellion assumed a more audacious front than at any time during the previous campaign; and the Christians of Andalusia and Granada looked with the greatest anxiety for the coming of a commander possessed of sufficient authority to infuse harmony into the counsels of the rival chiefs, to enforce obedience from the turbulent soldiery, and to bring the war to a speedy conclusion.

CHAPTER V.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES.

Early life of Don John of Austria—Acknowledged by Philip—His Thirst for Distinction—His Cruise in the Mediterranean—Made Commander-in-chief—The War renewed—Removal of the Moriscoes.

1569.

AS Don John of Austria is to occupy an important place, not only in the war with the Moriscoes, but in some of the most memorable scenes in the remainder of this history, it will be proper to acquaint the reader with what is known of the earlier part of his career. Yet it is precisely over this part of it that a veil of mystery hangs, which no industry of the historian has been able wholly to remove.

It seems probable that he was born in the year 1547.‡ The twenty-fourth of February is assigned by common consent—I hardly know on what ground—as the day of his birth. It was also, it may be remembered, the birthday of his father, Charles the Fifth. His mother, Barbara Blomberg, was an inhabitant of Ratishon, in Germany. She is described as a beautiful young girl, who attracted the emperor's notice several years after the death of the empress Isabella.§ The Spanish chroniclers claim a noble descent for Barbara.|| Indeed, it would go hard but a Spaniard could make out a pedigree for his hero. Yet there are several circumstances which suggest the idea that the mother of Don John must have occupied a very humble position.

* "Para seguridad de su persona pagó arcabuceria de guardia, que fue creciendo hasta quatrocientos hombres."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, ubi supra.

† "Siguió nuestra orden de guerra, repartió la gente por esquadras, juntóla en compañías, nombró capitanes."—Ibid. ubi supra.

‡ This, which is two years later than the date commonly assigned by historians, seems to be settled by the researches of Lafuente. (See *Historia General de España* (Madrid, 1854), tom. xiii. p. 437, note.) Among other evidence adduced by the historian is that of a medal struck in honour of Don John's victory at Lepanto, in the year 1571, the inscription on which expressly states that he was twenty-four years of age.

§ Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 3.—Villafañe, Vida y Virtudes de Doña Magdalena de Ulloa (Salamanca, 1722), p. 36.—See also Lafuente, *Historia de España*, tom. xiii. p. 432.

|| The last historian has made the parentage of John of Austria the subject of a partition. I. discussion in the *Revista de Ambos Mundos*, No. 3.

† Ibid. Vanderhammen, alluding to the doubts thrown on the rank of his hero's mother, contented himself with the reflection that, if there was any deficiency in this particular, no guardian could deny that it was more than compensated by the proud origin of her imperial father, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 3.

Subsequently to her connexion with Charles she married a German named Kegell, on whom the emperor bestowed the office of commissary.* The only other notice, so far as I am aware, which Charles took of his former mistress was the settlement on her of a yearly pension of two hundred florins, which he made the day before his death.† It was certainly not a princely legacy, and infers that the object of it must have been in a humble condition in life to have rendered it important to her comfort. We are led to the same conclusion by the mystery thrown around the birth of the child, forming so strong a contrast to the publicity given to the birth of the emperor's natural daughter, Margaret of Parma, whose mother could boast that in her veins flowed some of the best blood of the Netherlands.

For three years the boy, who received the name of Geronimo, remained under his mother's roof, when, by Charles's order, he was placed in the hands of a Fleming, named Maffi, a musician in the imperial band. This man transferred his residence to Leganes, a village in Castile, not far from Madrid. The instrument still exists that contains the agreement by which Maffi, after acknowledging the receipt of a hundred florins, engages for fifty florins annually, to bring up the child with as much care as if he were his own.‡ It was a moderate allowance, certainly, for the nurture of one who was some day to come before the world as the son of an emperor. It showed that Charles was fond of a bargain, though at the expense of his own offspring.

No instruction was provided for the child except such as he could pick up from the parish priest, who, as he knew as little as Maffi did of the secret of Geronimo's birth, probably bestowed no more attention on him than on the other lads of the village. And we cannot doubt that a boy of his lively temper must have preferred passing his days in the open fields, to confinement in the house and listening to the homilies of his teacher. As he grew in years, he distinguished himself above his young companions by his courage. He took the lead in all their rustic sports, and gave token of his belligerent propensities by making war on the birds in the orchards, on whom he did great execution with his little crossbow.§

Four years were passed in this hardy way of life, which, if it did nothing else for the boy, had the advantage of strengthening his constitution for the serious trials of manhood, when the emperor thought it was time to place him in a situation where he would receive a better training than could be found in the cottage of a peasant. He was accordingly transferred to the protection of Luis Quixada, Charles's trusty major-domo, who received the child into his family at Villagarcia, in the neighbourhood of Valladolid. The emperor showed his usual discernment in the selection of a guardian for his son. Quixada, with his zeal for the faith, his loyalty, his nice sentiment of honour, was the very type of the Castilian hidalgo in his best form; while he possessed all those knightly qualities which made him the perfect mirror of the antique chivalry. His wife, Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, sister of the marquis of Mota, was a lady yet more illustrious for her virtues than for her rank. She had naturally the most to do with the training of the boy's earlier years; and under her discipline it was scarcely possible that one of so generous

* Lafuente, Hist. de España, tom. xiii. p. 432, note.

† Gachard, *Retraite et Mort de Charles-Quint*, tom. ii. p. 506.

In a private interview with Luis Quixada, the evening before his death, the emperor gave him six hundred gold crowns to purchase the above-mentioned pension.

‡ This interesting document was found among the testamentary papers of Charles the Fifth. A copy of it has been preserved among the manuscripts of Cardinal Granvelle.—*Papiers d'Etat*, tom. iv. pp. 499, 500.

§ "Gastava buena parte del dia en tirar con una ballestilla a los paraxos."—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 10.

a nature should fail to acquire the courtly breeding and refinement of taste which shed a lustre over the stern character of the soldier.

However much Quixada may have reposed on his wife's discretion, he did not think proper to try it, in the present instance, by communicating to her the secret of Geronimo's birth. He spoke of him as the son of a great man, his dear friend, expressing his desire that his wife would receive him as her own child. This was the less difficult, as Magdalena had no children of her own. The solicitude shown by her lord may possibly have suggested to her the idea that the boy was more nearly related to him than he chose to acknowledge,—in short, that he was the offspring of some intrigue of Quixada previous to his marriage.* But an event which took place not long after the child's introduction into the family, is said to have awakened in her suspicions of an origin more in accordance with the truth. The house at Villagarcia took fire; and, as it was in the night, the flames gained such head that they were not discovered till they burst through the windows. The noise in the street roused the sleeping inmates; and Quixada, thinking first of his charge, sprang from his bed, and, rushing into Geronimo's apartment, snatched up the affrighted child, and bore him in his arms to a place of safety. He then re-entered the house, and, forcing his way through the smoke and flames, succeeded in extricating his wife from her perilous situation. This sacrifice of love to loyalty is panegyrized by a Castilian chronicler as "a rare achievement, far transcending any act of heroism of which antiquity could boast."† Whether Magdalena looked with the same complacency on the proceeding we are not informed. Certain it is, however, that the interest shown by her husband in the child had no power to excite any feeling of jealousy in her bosom. On the contrary, it seemed rather to strengthen her own interest in the boy, whose uncommon beauty and affectionate disposition soon called forth all the tenderness of her nature. She took him to her heart, and treated him with all the fondness of a mother,—a feeling warmly reciprocated by the object of it, who, to the day of his death, regarded her with the truest feelings of filial love and reverence.

In 1558, the year after his retirement to Yuste, Charles the Fifth, whether from a wish to see his son, or, as is quite as probable, in the hope of making Quixada more contented with his situation, desired his major-domo to bring his family to the adjoining village of Cuacos. While there, the young Geronimo must doubtless sometimes have accompanied his mother, as he called Doña Magdalena, in her visits to the monastery. Indeed, his biographer assures us that the sight of him operated like a panacea on the emperor's health.‡ We find no allusion to him, however, in any of the letters from Yuste; and, if he did go there, we may be sure that Charles had sufficient control over himself not to betray, by any indiscreet show of fondness, his relationship to the child.§ One tradition respecting him lingered to a late

* "Y puede ser llegase á sospechar, si acaso tendria por padre á su esposo."—Villafañe, *Vida de Magdalena de Ulloa*, p. 38.

† "Accion singular y rara, y que dexa atras quantas la antigüedad celebra por peregrinas."—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 31.

According to another biographer, two fires occurred to Quixada, one in Villagarcia and one in Valladolid. On each of these occasions the house was destroyed, but his ward was saved, borne off by the good knight in his arms. (Villafañe, *Vida de Magdalena de Ulloa*, pp. 44, 53.) The coincidences are too much opposed to the doctrine of chances to commend themselves readily to our faith. Vanderhammen's reflection was drawn forth by the second fire, the only one he notices. It applies, however, equally well to both.

‡ Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 16.

§ Indeed, Sigüenza, who may have had it from the monks of Yuste, tells us that the boy sometimes was casually seen by the emperor, who was careful to maintain his usual reserve and dignified demeanour; so that no one could suspect his secret. Once

period among the people of Cuacos, where the peasants, it is said, pelted him with stones as he was robbing their orchards. It was the first lesson in war of the future hero of Lepanto.

There is no reason to doubt that the boy witnessed the obsequies of the emperor. One who was present tells us that he saw him there, dressed in full mourning, and standing by the side of Quixada, for whose page he passed among the brethren of the convent.* We may well believe that a spectacle so solemn and affecting as these funeral ceremonies must have sunk deep into his young mind, and heightened the feelings of veneration with which he always regarded the memory of his father. It was, perhaps, the appearance of Geronimo as one of the mourners that first suggested the idea of his relationship to the emperor. We find a letter from Quixada to Philip, dated soon after, in which he speaks of rumours on the subject as current in the neighbourhood.†

Among the testamentary papers of Charles was found one in an envelope sealed with his private seal, and addressed to his son Philip, or in case of his death, to his grandson Carlos, or whoever might be in possession of the crown. It was dated in 1554, before his retirement to Yuste. It acknowledged his connexion with a German maiden, and the birth of a son named Geronimo. The mother's name was not given. He pointed out the quarter where information could be got respecting the child, who was then living with the violin-player at Leganes. He expressed the wish that he should be trained up for the ecclesiastical profession, and that, when old enough, he should enter a convent of one of the reformed orders. Charles would not, however, have any constraint put on the inclinations of the boy, and in case of his preferring a secular life, he would have a suitable estate settled on him in the kingdom of Naples, with an annual income of between thirty and forty thousand ducats. Whatever course Geronimo might take, the emperor requested that he should receive all the honour and consideration due to him as his son. His letter concluded by saying that, although for obvious reasons he had not inserted these directions in his will, he wished them to be held of the same validity as if he had.‡ Philip seems from the first to have so regarded them, though, as he was then in Flanders, he resolved to postpone the public acknowledgment of his brother till his return to Spain.

Meanwhile, the rumours in regard to Geronimo's birth had reached the ears of the regent, Joanna. With natural curiosity, she ordered her secretary to write to Quixada and ascertain the truth of the report. The trusty hidalgo endeavoured to evade the question, by saying that some years since a friend of his had entrusted a boy to his care; but as no allusion whatever was made to the child in the emperor's will, the story of their relationship to each other should be treated as idle gossip.§ The reply did not satisfy Joanna, who seems to have settled it in her own mind that the story was well founded. She took

or twice," adds the Jeronymite father, "the lad entered the apartment of his father, who doubtless spoke to him as he would have spoken to any other boy."—*Historia de la Orden de San Geronimo*, tom. iii. p. 205.

* *Relation d'un Religieux de Yuste*, ap. Gachard, *Retraite et Mort de Charles-Quint*, tom. ii. p. 55.

† "Hallo tan público aquí lo que toca aquella persona que V. M^{dad} sabe que está á mi cargo que me ha espantado, y espántame mucho mas las particularidades que sobrello oyo."—*Ibid.* tom. i. p. 449.

‡ A copy of this interesting document was found in the collection of Granvelle at Besançon, and has been lately published in the beautiful edition of the cardinal's papers. —*Papiers d'Etat*, tom. iv. p. 495 et seq.

§ "Que pues su M^{dad}, en su testamento ni codicillo, no hazia memoria dél, que era razon tenello por burla, y que no sabia que poder responder otra cosa, en público ni en secreto."—Gachard, *Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint*, tom. i. p. 446.

an occasion soon after to write to Doña Magdalena, during her husband's absence from home, expressing her wish that the lady would bring the boy where she could see him. The place selected was at an *auto de fe* about to be celebrated in Valladolid. Doña Magdalena, reluctant as she was, felt herself compelled to receive the request from such a source as a command, which she had no right to disobey. One might have thought that a ceremony so heartrending and appalling in its character as an *auto de fe* would be the last to be selected for the indulgence of any feeling of a light and joyous nature. But the Spaniard of that and of a much later age regarded this as the sweetest sacrifice that could be offered to the Almighty; and he went to it with the same indifference to the sufferings of the victim—probably with the same love of excitement—which he would have felt in going to a bull-fight.

On the day which had been named, Magdalena and her charge took their seats on the carpeted platform reserved for persons of rank, in full view of the scaffold appropriated to the martyrs who were to suffer for conscience' sake. It was in the midst of the august company here assembled, that the son of Charles the Fifth was to receive his first lesson in the school of persecution; that he was to learn to steel his heart against sympathy with human suffering; to learn, above all, that compassion for the heretic was a crime of the deepest dye. It was a terrible lesson for one so young—of an age when the mind is most open to impressions; and the bitter fruits of it were to be discerned ere long in the war with the Moriscoes.

As the royal train approached the place occupied by Doña Magdalena, the regent paused and looked around for the boy. Magdalena had thrown her mantle about him, to conceal him as much as possible from the public eye. She now drew it aside; and Joanna looked so long and earnestly on the child, that he shrunk abashed from her gaze. It was not, however, before she had recognized in his bright blue eyes, his ample forehead, and the rich yellow locks that clustered round his head, some of the peculiarities of the Austrian line, though happily without the deformity of the protruding lip, which was no less characteristic. Her heart yearned with the tenderness of a sister, as she felt convinced that the same blood flowed in his veins as in her own; and, stooping down, she threw her arms around his neck, and, kissing him, called him by the endearing name of brother.* She would have persuaded him to go with her and sit by her side, but the boy, clinging closely to his foster-mother, refused to leave her for the stranger lady.

This curious scene attracted the attention of the surrounding spectators, which was hardly diverted from the child by the appearance of the prisoners on the scaffold to receive their sentences. When these had been pronounced, and the wretched victims led away to execution, the multitude pressed so eagerly round Magdalena and the boy, that it was with difficulty the guards could keep them back, till the regent, seeing the awkwardness of their situation, sent one of her train, the count of Osorno, to their relief; and that nobleman, forcing his way through the crowd, carried off Geronimo in his arms to the royal carriage.†

It was not long before all mystery was dispelled by the public acknowledg-

* "La Princesa al punto arrebatada del amor, le abraçó, y besó, sin reparar en el lugar que estava, y el acto que exercia. Llamóle hermano y tratóle de alteza."—Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 23.

† "Llego el caso a estado, que le huvo de tomar en brazos el Conde Osorno hasta la carroça de la Princesa, porque le gozassen todos."—Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 25.

The story must be admitted to be a strange one, considering the punctilious character of the Castilian court, and the reserved and decorous habits of Joanna. But the author, born and bred in the palace, had access, as he tells us, to the very highest sources of information, oral and written.

ment of the child as the son of the emperor. One of the first acts of Philip, after his return to Spain in 1559, was to arrange an interview with his brother. The place assigned for the meeting was an extensive park, not far from Valladolid, in the neighbourhood of the convent of *La Espina*, a spot much resorted to by the Castilian princes of the older time for the pleasures of the chase.

On the appointed day, Quixada, richly dressed, and mounted on the best horse in his stables, rode forth, at the head of his vassals, to meet the king, with the little Geronimo, simply attired, and on a common palfrey, by his side. They had gone but a few miles when they heard, through the woods, the sound of horses' hoofs, announcing the approach of the royal cavalcade. Quixada halted, and alighting, drew near to Geronimo, with much deference in his manner, and, dropping on one knee, begged permission to kiss his hand. At the same time he desired his ward to dismount, and take the charger which he had himself been riding. Geronimo was sorely bewildered by what he would have thought a merry jest on the part of his guardian, had not his sedate and dignified character forbidden the supposition. Recovering from his astonishment, he complied with his guardian's directions; and the vision of future greatness must have flashed on his mind, if, as we are told, when preparing to mount, he turned round to Quixada, and with an affected air of dignity, told him that, "since things were so, he might hold the stirrup for him." *

They had not proceeded far when they came in sight of the royal party. Quixada pointed out the king to his ward, adding that his majesty had something of importance to communicate to him. They then dismounted; and the boy, by his guardian's instructions, drawing near to Philip, knelt down and begged leave to kiss his majesty's hand. The king, graciously extending it, looked intently on the youth; and at length broke silence by asking "if he knew who was his father." Geronimo, disconcerted by the abruptness of the question, and, indeed, if the reports of his origin had ever reached his ears, ignorant of their truth, cast his eyes on the ground and made no answer. Philip, not displeased with his embarrassment, was well satisfied, doubtless, to read in his intelligent countenance and noble mien an assurance that he would do no discredit to his birth. Alighting from his horse, he embraced Geronimo, exclaiming, "Take courage, my child, you are descended from a great man. The emperor Charles the Fifth, now in glory, is your father as well as mine."† Then, turning to the lords who stood around, he presented the boy to them as the son of their late sovereign, and his own brother. The courtiers, with the ready instinct of their tribe, ever prompt to worship the rising sun, pressed eagerly forward to pay their obeisance to Geronimo. The scene was concluded by the king's buckling a sword on his brother's side, and throwing around his neck the sparkling collar of the Golden Fleece.

The tidings of this strange event soon spread over the neighbourhood, for there were many more witnesses of the ceremony than those who took part in it; and the king and his retinue found, on their return, a multitude of people gathering along the route, eager to get a glimpse of this newly discovered gem of royalty. The sight of the handsome youth called forth a burst of noisy enthusiasm from the populace, and the air rang with their tumultuous *vivas* as the royal party rode through the streets of the ancient city of Valladolid. Philip expressed his satisfaction at the events of the day, by declaring that

* "Vuelto ya en sí de la suspension primera, alargó la mano, y montó en el caballo; y aun se dice que con airosa grandeza, añadió: Pues si eso es así tened el estribo."—Villalón, *Vida de Doña Magdalena de Ulloa*, p. 51.

† "Macte, inquit, animo puer, prænobilis vires filius es tu; Carolus Quintus Imperator, qui cælo degit, utriusque nostrum pater est."—Strada, *De Bello Belgico*, tom. i. p. 608.

"he had never met better sport in his life, or brought back game so much to his mind."*

Having thus publicly acknowledged his brother, the king determined to provide for him an establishment suited to his condition. He assigned him for his residence one of the best mansions in Madrid. He was furnished with a numerous band of retainers, and as great state was maintained in his household as in that of a prince of the blood. The count of Priego acted as his chief major-domo; Don Luis Carrillo, the eldest son of that noble, was made captain of the guard; and Don Luis de Córdova master of the horse. In short, nobles and cavaliers of the best blood in Castile did not disdain to hold offices in the service of the peasant boy. With one or two exceptions, of little importance, he enjoyed all the privileges that belonged to the royal *infantes*. He did not, like them, have apartments in the palace; and he was to be addressed by the title of "Excellency," instead of "Highness," which was their peculiar prerogative. The distinction was not always scrupulously observed.†

A more important change took place in his name, which from *Geronimo* was now converted into *John of Austria*,—a lofty name, which intimated his descent from the imperial house of Hapsburg, and on which his deeds in after-life shed a lustre greater than the proudest title that sovereignty could confer.

Luis Quixada kept the same place after his pupil's elevation as before. He continued to be his *ayo*, or governor, and removed with Doña Magdalena to Madrid, where he took up his residence in the house of Don John. Thus living in the most intimate personal relations with him, Quixada maintained his influence unimpaired till the hour of his own death.

Philip fully appreciated the worth of the faithful hidalgo, who was fortunate in thus enjoying the favour of the son in as great a degree as he had done that of the father,—and, as it would seem, with a larger recompense for his services. He was master of the horse to Don Carlos, the heir to the crown; he held the important post of president of the Council of the Indies; and he possessed several lucrative benefices in the military order of Calatrava. In one of his letters to the king, we find Quixada remarking that he had endeavoured to supply the deficiencies of his pupil's early education by training him in a manner better suited to his destinies in after-life.‡ We cannot doubt that, in the good knight's estimate of what was essential to such a training, the exercises of chivalry must have found more favour than the monastic discipline recommended by the emperor. However this may have been, Philip resolved to give his brother the best advantages for a liberal education by sending him to the University of Alcalá, which, founded by the great Ximenes, a little more than a century before, now shared with the older school of Salamanca the glory of being the most famous seat of science in the Peninsula. Don John had for his companions his two nephews, Don Carlos and Alexander Farnese, the son of Margaret of Parma. They formed a triumvirate, each member of which was to fill a large space in the pages of history; Don Carlos from his errors and misfortunes, and the two others from their military achievements.

* "Jamás habia tenido dia de caza mas gustoso, ni logrado presa que le hubiese dado tanto contento."—Villafañe, Vida de Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, p. 52.

This curious account of Philip's recognition of his brother is told, with less discrepancy than usual, by various writers of that day.

† Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 27.—"Mandóle llamar Excelencia; pero sus reales costumbres le dieron adelante título de Alteza i de señor entre los grandes i menores."—Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, lib. v. cap. 3.

‡ "Tengo mucho cuidado que aprenda y se le enseñen las cosas necesarias, conforme á su edad y á la calidad de su persona, que, segun la estrechez en que se crió y ha estado hasta que vino á mi poder, es buen menester con todo cuidado tener cuenta con él.—Gachard, Retraite et Mort de Charles-Quint, tom. i. p. 460.

They were all of nearly the same age. Don John, according to a writer of the time, stood foremost among the three for the comeliness, or rather beauty of his person, no less than for the charm of his manners; * while the soul was filled with those nobler qualities which gave promise of the highest excellence.†

His biographers tell us that Don John gave due attention to his studies; but the studies which found most favour in his eyes were those connected with the art of war. He was perfect in all chivalrous accomplishments; and he sighed for some field on which he could display them. The knowledge of his real parentage filled his soul with a generous ambition, and he longed by some heroic achievement to vindicate his claim to his illustrious descent.

At the end of three years, in 1564, he left the university. The following year was that of the famous siege of Malta; and all Christendom hung in suspense on the issue of the desperate conflict, which a handful of warriors, on their lonely isle, were waging against the whole strength of the Ottoman empire. The sympathies of Don John were roused in behalf of the Christian knights; and he resolved to cast his own fortunes into the scale with theirs, and win his maiden laurels under the banner of the Cross. He did not ask the permission of his brother. That he knew would be refused to him. He withdrew secretly from the court, and with only a few attendants took his way to Barcelona, whence an armament was speedily to sail, to carry succour to the besieged. Everywhere on the route he was received with the respect due to his rank. At Saragossa he was lodged with the archbishop, under whose roof he was detained by illness. While there he received a letter from the king, who had learned the cause of his departure, commanding him to return, as he was altogether too young to take part in this desperate strife. Don John gave little heed to the royal orders. He pushed on to Barcelona, where he had the mortification to find that the fleet had sailed. He resolved to cross the mountains and take ship at Marseilles. The viceroy of Catalonia could not dissuade the hot-headed youth from his purpose, when another despatch came from court, in which Philip, in a more peremptory tone than before, repeated his orders for his brother to return, under pain of his severe displeasure. A letter from Quixada had warned him of the certain disgrace which awaited him, if he continued to trifle with the royal commands. Nothing remained but to obey; and Don John, disappointed in his scheme of ambition, returned to the capital.‡

This adventure caused a great sensation throughout the country. The young nobles and cavaliers about the court, fired by Don John's example, which seemed like a rebuke on their own sluggishness, had hastened to buckle on their armour, and follow him to the war.§ The common people, peculiarly sensible in Spain to deeds of romantic daring, were delighted with the adventurous spirit of the young prince, which gave promise that he was one day to take his place among the heroes of the nation. This was the beginning of the popularity of John of Austria with his countrymen, who in time came to regard him with feelings little short of idolatry. Even Philip, however necessary he may have thought it to rebuke the insubordination of his brother, must in his heart have been pleased with the generous spirit he had

* "Longè tamen anteibat Austriacus et corporis habitudine, et morum suavitate. Facies illi non modò pulchra, sed etiam venusta."—Strada, De Bello Belgico, tom. i. p. 609.

† "Eminebat in adolescente comitas, industria, probitas, et, ut in novæ potentie hospite, verecundia."—Ibid. loc. cit.

‡ Strada, De Bello Belgico, tom. ii. pp. 609, 610.—Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 34—36.—Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, lib. vi. cap. 24.

§ "La fama de la partida de Don Juan sacó del ocio a muchos caballeros de la corte e reynos, que avergonçados de quedarse en él, le siguieron."—Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, loc. cit.

exhibited. At least, the favour with which he continued to regard the offender showed that the royal displeasure was of no long continuance.

The sudden change in the condition of Don John might remind one of some fairy tale, where the poor peasant boy finds himself all at once converted by enchantment into a great prince. A wiser man than he might well have had his head turned by such a rapid revolution of the wheel of fortune; and Philip may naturally have feared that the idle dalliance of a court, to which his brother was now exposed, might corrupt his simple nature and seduce him from the honourable path of duty. Great, therefore, must have been his satisfaction, when he saw that, far from this, the elevation of the youth had only served to give a wider expansion to his views, and to fill his bosom with still higher and nobler aspirations.

The discreet conduct of Don John in regard to his nephew, Don Carlos, when the latter would have engaged him in his wild and impracticable schemes, established him still more firmly in the royal favour.*

In the spring of the year 1568, an opportunity occurred for Philip to gratify his brother's ambition, by entrusting him with the command of a fleet then fitting out, in the port of Carthagena, against the Barbary corsairs, who had been making alarming depredations of late on the Spanish commerce. But, while giving him this appointment, the king was careful to supply the lack of experience in his brother by naming as second in command an officer in whose abilities he perfectly confided. This was Antonio de Zuñiga y Requesens, grand commander of St. James, an eminent personage, who will come frequently before the reader in the progress of the narrative. Requesens, who at this time filled the post of ambassador at Rome, was possessed of the versatility of talent so important in an age when the same individual was often required to exchange the duties of the cabinet for those of the camp. While Don John appeared before the public as the captain of the fleet, the actual responsibility for the conduct of the expedition rested on his lieutenant.

On the third of June, Don John sailed out of port, at the head of as brave an armament as ever floated on the waters of the Mediterranean. The prince's own vessel was a stately galley, gorgeously fitted up, and decorated with a profusion of paintings, the subjects of which, drawn chiefly from ancient history and mythology, were of didactic import, intended to convey some useful lesson to the young commander. The moral of each picture was expressed by some pithy maxim inscribed beneath it in Latin. Thus, to whatever quarter Don John turned his eyes, they were sure to fall on some homily for his instruction; so that his galley might be compared to a volume richly filled with illustrations, that serve to impress the contents on the reader's memory.†

The cruise was perfectly successful; and Don John, on his return to port, some eight months later, might boast that, in more than one engagement, he had humbled the pride of the corsairs, and so far crippled them that it would be long before they could resume their depredations; that, in fine, he had vindicated the honour of his country's flag throughout the Mediterranean.

His return to Madrid was welcomed with the honours of a triumph. Courtier and commoner, men of all classes, in short, vied with each other in offering up the sweet incense of adulation, filling his young mind with lofty visions of the future, that beckoned him forward in the path of glory.

When the insurrection of the Moriscoes broke out in 1568, the eyes of men naturally turned on Don John of Austria, as the person who would most

* Ante, vol. ii. book iv. ch. 6.

† Vanderhammen has given a minute description of this royal galley, with its pictorial illustrations. Among the legends emblazoned below them, that of "*Dolum reprimere dolum*" savours strongly of the politic monarch.—Don Juan de Austria, fol. 44-48.

likely be sent to suppress it. But Philip thought it would be safer to trust the command to those who, from their long residence in the neighbourhood, were better acquainted with the character of the country and of its inhabitants. When, however, the dissensions of the rival chiefs made it necessary to send some one invested with such powers as might enable him to overawe this factious spirit and enforce greater concert of action, the council of state recommended Don John to the command. Their recommendation was approved by the king, if, indeed, it was not originally made at his suggestion.

Still the "prudent" monarch was careful not to invest his brother with that independent command which the public supposed him to possess. On the contrary, his authority was restricted within limits almost as narrow as those which had curbed it in the Mediterranean. A council of war was appointed, by whose opinions Don John was to be guided in every question of moment. In case of a division of opinion, the question was to be referred to the decision of Philip.*

The chief members of this body, in whom the supreme power was virtually lodged, were the marquis of Mondejar, who from this time does not appear to have taken the field in person; the duke of Sessa, grandson of the great captain, Gonsalvo de Córdoba, and endowed with no small portion of the military talent of his ancestor; the archbishop of Granada, a prelate possessed of as large a measure of bigotry as ever fell to the lot of a Spanish ecclesiastic; Deza, president of the Audience, who hated the Moriscoes with the fierce hatred of an inquisitor; and, finally, Don John's faithful *ayo*, Quixada, who had more influence over him than was enjoyed by any other, and who had come to witness the first of his pupil's campaigns, destined, alas! to be the closing one of his own.†

There could hardly have been a more unfortunate device than the contrivance of so cumbrous a machinery as this council, opposed as it was, from its very nature, to the despatch so indispensable to the success of military operations. The mischief was increased by the necessity of referring every disputed point to the decision of the king. As this was a contingency that often occurred, the young prince soon found almost as many embarrassments thrown in his way by his friends as by his foes,—embarrassments which nothing but an uncommon spirit of determination on his own part could have overcome.

On the sixth of April, 1569, Don John took leave of the king, then at Aranjuez, and hastened towards the south. His coming was eagerly expected by the inhabitants of Granada; by the Christians, from their hopes that it would remedy the disorders in the army and bring the war to a speedy conclusion; by the Moriscoes, from the protection they anticipated he would afford them against the violence of the Spaniards. Preparations were made in the capital for giving him a splendid reception. The programme of the ceremonies was furnished by Philip himself.‡ At some miles from the city, Don John was met by the count of Tendilla, at the head of a small detachment of infantry, wearing uniforms partly of the Castilian fashion, partly of the Morisco,—presenting altogether a strange and picturesque spectacle, in which silks, velvets, and rich embroidery floated gaily amidst the iron mail

* "Su comision fue sin limitacion ninguna; mas su libertad tan atada, que de cosa grande ni pequena podia disponer sin comunicacion i parecer de los consejeros, i mandado del Rei."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 139.

† Ibid. p. 130 et seq.—Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 81.—Marmol, tom. i. pp. 511–513.—Villafañe, Vida de Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, p. 73.—Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, lib. ix. cap. i.

‡ "Ya el Presidente tenia orden de su Magestad de la que se habia de tener en el recibimiento de su hermano."—Marmol, Rebellion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 17.

and burnished weapons of the warrior.* As the prince proceeded along his route, he was met by a long train of ecclesiastical and civic functionaries, followed by the principal cavaliers and citizens of Granada. At their head were the archbishop and the president, the latter of whom was careful to assert his rank by walking on the right of the prelate. Don John showed them both the greatest deference; and as they drew near, he dismounted from his horse, and, embracing the two churchmen, stood with hat in hand, for some moments, while conversing with them.† As their train came up, the president presented the most eminent persons to the prince, who received them with that frank and graceful courtesy which won the hearts of all who approached him. He then resumed his route, escorted on either side by the president and the archbishop. The neighbouring fields were covered with spectators, and on the plains of Béyro he found a large body of troops, not less than ten thousand, drawn up to receive him. As he approached, they greeted him with salvoes of musketry, delivered with admirable precision. As Don John glanced over their beautiful array, and beheld their perfect discipline and appointments, his eyes brightened and his cheek flushed with a soldier's pride.

Hardly had he entered the gates of Granada, when he was surrounded by a throng of women, who gathered about him in an attitude of supplication. They were the widows, the mothers, and the daughters of those who had so miserably perished in the massacres of the Alpujarras. They were clad in mourning, some of them so scantily as too plainly to reveal their poverty. Falling on their knees, with tears streaming from their eyes, and their words rendered almost inarticulate by their sobs, they demanded justice,—justice on the murderers of their kindred. They had seen their friends fall, they said, beneath the blows of their executioners; but the pain with which their hearts were then rent was not so great as what they now felt on learning that the cruel acts of these miscreants were to go unpunished.‡ Don John endeavoured to calm their agitation by expressions of the deepest sympathy for their misfortunes,—expressions of which none who saw his countenance could doubt the truth; and he promised that he would do all in his power to secure them justice.

A livelier scene awaited him as the procession held its way along the streets of the ancient capital. Everywhere the houses were gaily decorated with tapestries of cloth of gold. The multitude who thronged the avenues filled the air with their loyal acclamations. Bright eyes glanced from balconies and windows, where the noblest matrons and maidens of Granada, in rich attire, were gathered to look upon the splendid pageant, and the young hero who was the object of it.§ In this state he moved along until he reached the palace of the Royal Audience, where, by the king's command, apartments had been sumptuously fitted up for his accommodation.||

* "De manera que entro gala y guerra hacian hermosa y agradable vista."—Marmol, *Rebellion of Granada*, ubi supra.

† "El qual lo recibió muy bien, y con el sombrero en el mano, y le tuvo un rato abrazado. Y apartandose á un lado, llegó el Arzobispo, y hizo lo mismo con él."—Ibid. tom. ii. p. 18.

‡ "Que no sintieron tanto dolor con oír los crueles golpes de las arnas con que los hereges los mataban á ellos y á sus hijos, hermanos y parientes, como el que sienten en ver que han de ser perdonados."—Ibid. p. 19.

From this, it would seem that the love of revenge was a stronger feeling with these Christian women than the love of friends.

§ "Y mas galas y regocijos, porque estaban las ventanas de las calles, por donde había de pasar, entoldadas de paños de oro y seda, y mucho numero de damas y doncellas nobles en ellas, ricamente ataviadas, que habian acudido de toda la ciudad por verle."—Ibid. ubi supra.

|| Ibid. pp. 17-19.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 83.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 133.

The following day, a deputation waited on Don John from the principal Moriscoes of the city, claiming his protection against the injuries and insults to which they were exposed whenever they went abroad. They complained especially of the Spanish troops quartered on them, and of the manner in which they violated the sanctity of their dwellings by the foulest outrages. Don John replied in a tone that expressed little of the commiseration which he had shown to the female petitioners on the preceding day. He told the Moriscoes that he had been sent to restore order to Granada, and that those who had proved loyal would find themselves protected in all their rights. Those, on the contrary, who had taken part in the late rebellion, would be chastised with unsparing rigour.* He directed them to state their grievances in a memorial, with a caution to set down nothing which they could not prove, or it would go hard with them. The unfortunate Moriscoes found that they were to expect such justice only as comes from the hand of an enemy.

The first session of the council showed how defective was the system for conducting the war. In the discussions that ensued, Mondejar remarked that the contest, in his opinion, was virtually at an end; that the Moriscoes, for the most part, were in so favourable a mood, that he would undertake, if the affair were placed in his hands, to bring them all to submission in a very short time. This proposal was treated with contempt by the haughty president, who denounced them as a false-hearted race, on whose promises no one could rely. The war, he said, would never be ended so long as the Moriscoes of the capital were allowed to communicate with their countrymen in the mountains, and to furnish them with secret intelligence respecting what was passing in the Christian camp. The first step was to remove them all from Granada into the interior; the second, to make such an example of the miscreants who had perpetrated the massacres in the Alpujarras as should strike terror into the hearts of the infidels, and deter them from any further resistance to authority. In this division of opinion the members took different sides, according to the difference of their tempers. The commander-in-chief and Quixada both leaned to Mondejar's opinion. After a protracted discussion, it became necessary to refer the question to the king, who was by no means distinguished for the promptness with which he came to his conclusions. All this required much time, during which active operations could not be resumed.†

Yet Don John did not pass it idly. He examined the state of the works in Granada and its neighbourhood; he endeavoured to improve the condition of the army, and to quell the spirit of insubordination which had risen in some portions of it; finally, he sent his commands for enforcing levies, not merely in Andalusia and the adjoining provinces, but in Castile. The appeal was successful; and the great lords in the south, more particularly, gathering their retainers, hastened to Granada, to draw their swords under this popular chieftain.‡

Meanwhile the delay was attended with most mischievous consequences, as it gave the enemy time to recover from the disasters of the previous campaign. Aben-Humeya had returned, as we have seen in the former chapter, to his mountain throne, where he soon found himself in greater strength than before. Even the "Moriscoes of the peace," as they were called, who had resumed their allegiance to the crown, exasperated by the outrages of the Spanish soldiery, and the contempt which they showed for the safe-conduct of the

* "Juntamente con usar de equidad y clemencia con los que lo merecieren, los que no hubieren sido tales serán castigados con grandísimo rigor."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 21.

† Ibid. pp. 23, 24.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 85.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. ix. cap. 1.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. pp. 744, 745.

‡ Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 141.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 85.—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 27.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. ix. cap. 1.

marquis of Mondejar, now came in great numbers to Aben-Humeya's camp, offering their services, and promising to stand by him to the last. Other levies he drew from Africa. The Moslem princes to whom he had applied for succour, though refusing to embark openly in his cause, as he had desired, allowed such of their subjects as chose to join his standard. In consequence a considerable body of Barbary Moors crossed the sea, and entered into the service of the Morisco chief. They were a fierce, intrepid race, accustomed to a life of wild adventure, and possessing a better acquaintance with military tactics than belonged to the Spanish mountaineers.*

While strengthened by these recruits, Aben-Humeya drew a much larger revenue than formerly from his more extended domains.† Though showy and expensive in his tastes, he did not waste it all on the maintenance of the greater state which he now assumed in his way of living. He employed it freely in the pay of foreign levies, and in procuring arms and munitions for his own troops; and he profited by his experience in the last campaign, and by the example of his African mercenaries, to introduce a better system of tactics among his Morisco warriors. The policy he adopted, as before, was to avoid pitched battles, and to confine himself chiefly to the *guerilla* warfare, better suited to the genius of the mountaineer. He fell on small detachments of Spaniards, who were patrolling the country, cut off the convoys, and thus greatly straitened the garrisons in their supplies. He made forays into the Christian territories, penetrating even into the *vega*, and boldly carried the war up to the walls of Granada.

His ravages in this quarter, it is true, did not continue long after the arrival of Don John, who took effectual measures for protecting the capital from insult. But the prince was greatly chagrined by seeing the rapid extension of the Morisco domain. Yet he could take no decisive measures to check it until the council had determined on some plan of operations. He was moreover fettered by the king's orders not to take the field in person, but to remain and represent him in Granada, where he would find enough to do in regulating the affairs and providing for the safety of the city.‡ Philip seems to have feared that Don John's adventurous spirit would lead him to some rash act that might unnecessarily expose him to danger. He appears, indeed, as we may gather from numerous passages in his letters, to have been more concerned for the safety of his brother than for the success of the campaign.§ He may have thought, too, that it was better to trust the war to the hands of the veteran chief, the marquis of Los Velez, who could boast so much larger experience than Don John, and who had possessed the king with a high idea of his military talents.

This nobleman still held the command of the country east of the Alpujarras, in which lay his own large property. He had, as we have seen, a hard and

* The historian of the Morisco rebellion tells us that these Africans wore garlands round their heads, intimating their purpose to conquer or to die like martyrs in defence of their faith.—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 73.

† Besides a tenth of the produce of the soil, one source of his revenue, we are told, was the confiscated property of such Moriscoes as refused to yield him obedience. Another was a fifth of the spoil taken from the enemy.—*Ibid.* p. 35.—Also Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 120.

‡ “Y la vuestra, ya yo os dixé que la quería para cosas mayores, y que así agora yo no os embiaba á las de la guerra sino á esa ciudad á dar desde ella la orden en todo que combienes: Pues y por otras ocupaciones y cartas no lo podía hazer.”—*Carta del Rey á Don Juan de Austria*, 10 de Mayo, 1569, MS.

§ Don John seems to have chafed under the restrictions imposed on him by the king. At least we may infer so from a rebuke of Philip, who tells his brother that, “though for the great love he bears him he will overlook such language this time, it will not be well for him to repeat it.”—*Ibid.* 20 de Mayo, 1569, MS.

arrogant nature, which could ill brook the paramount authority of the young commander-in-chief, to whom he rarely condescended to write, preferring to make his communications directly to the king.* Philip, prompted by his appetite for power, winked at this irregular proceeding, which enabled him to take a more direct part in the management of affairs than he could otherwise have done. It was a most injudicious step, and was followed, as we shall see, by disastrous consequences.

The marquis, without waiting for orders, resolved to open the campaign by penetrating into the Alpujarras with the small force he had under his command. But a body of some four hundred troops, which he had caused to occupy the pass of Ravaha, was cut off by the enemy, and the haughty chieftain reluctantly obeyed the orders of Don John to abandon his design. Aben-Humeya's success encouraged him to attack the marquis in his new quarters at Verja. It was a well-concerted enterprise, but unfortunately, before the time arrived for its execution, it was betrayed by a prisoner to the Spanish commander. It consequently failed. Aben-Humeya penetrated into the heart of the town, where he found himself in the midst of an ambuscade, and with difficulty, after a heavy loss, effected his retreat. But if the victory remained with the Spaniards, the fruits of it fell to the Moriscoes. The spirit shown by the Moslem prince gave new life to his countrymen, and more than counterbalanced the effects of his defeat. The rich and populous country of the Rio de Almanzora rose in arms. The marquis of Los Velez found it expedient to abandon his present position, and to transfer his quarters to Adra, a seaport on the Mediterranean, which would afford him greater facilities for receiving reinforcements and supplies.†

The spirit of insurrection now spread rapidly over other parts of the Alpujarras, and especially along the sierra of Bentomiz, which stretches from the neighbourhood of Alhama towards the south. Here the mountaineers, who had hitherto taken no part in the troubles of the country, ranging themselves under the crimson banner of Aben-Humeya, broke forth into open rebellion. The inhabitants of Velez and of the more important city of Malaga were filled with consternation, trembling lest the enemy should descend on them from the mountains and deluge their streets with blood. They hastily mustered the militia of the country, and made preparations for their defence.

Fortunately, at this conjuncture, they were gladdened by the sight of the grand-commander, Requesens, who sailed into the harbour of Velez-Malaga with a squadron from Italy, having on board several battalions of Spanish veterans, who had been ordered home by the government to reinforce the army of the Alpujarras. There were no better troops in the service, seasoned as they were by many a hard campaign, and all under the most perfect discipline. The first step of Requesens,—the same officer, it will be remembered, who had acted as the lieutenant of Don John of Austria in his cruise in the Mediterranean,—was to request of his young general the command of the expedition against the rebels of Bentomiz. These were now gathered in great force on the lofty table-land of Fraxiliana, where they had strengthened the natural defences of the ground by such works as rendered the approach to it nearly impracticable. The request was readily granted; and the grand-commander of St. James, without loss of time, led his battalions into the heart of the sierra.

We have not space for the details. It is enough to say that the expedition

* Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 94.

Marmol, with one or two vigorous *coups de pinceau*, gives the portrait of the marquis. "No se podía determinar qual era en él mayor extremo, su esfuerso, valentia y discrecion, ó la arrogancia y ambicion de honra, acompañada de aspereza de condicion.—Rébelion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 99.

† Ibid. p. 73 et seq.—Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 94.—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 175 et seq.—Miniana, Historia de España, p. 377.

was one of the best-conducted in the war. The enemy made a desperate resistance; and, had it not been for the timely arrival of the bold burghers of Malaga, the grand-commander would have been driven from the field. The Morisco women fought by the side of their husbands; and when all was lost, many threw themselves headlong from the precipices rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards.* Two thousand of the enemy were slain, and three thousand captives, with an immense booty of gold, silver, jewels, and precious stuffs, became the spoil of the victors. The spirit of rebellion was effectually crushed in the sierra of Bentomiz.

Yet it was not a bloodless victory. Full six hundred of the Christians fell on the field of battle. The loss bore most heavily on the troops from Italy. Nearly every captain in this valiant corps was wounded.† The bloody roll displayed, moreover, the name of more than one cavalier as distinguished for his birth as for his bravery. Two thousand Moriscoes succeeded in making their escape to the camp of Aben-Humeya. They proved a seasonable reinforcement, for that chief was meditating an assault on Seron.‡

This was a strongly-fortified place, perched like an eagle's eyry on the summit of a bold cliff that looked down on the Rio de Almanzora, and commanded its formidable passes. It was consequently a most important post, and at this time was held by a Spanish garrison under an officer named Mirones. Aben-Humeya sent a strong detachment against it, intending to carry it by storm. But the Moriscoes had no battering train, and, as it soon appeared, were little skilled in the art of conducting a siege. It was resolved, therefore, to abandon the present plan of operations, and to reduce the place by the slower but surer way of blockade. Five thousand men, accordingly, sat down before the town on the 18th of June, and effectually cut off all communication from abroad.

The garrison succeeded in conveying intelligence of their condition to Don John, who lost no time in ordering Alonso de Carbajal to march with a body of troops and a good supply of provisions to their relief. But, just after his departure, Don John received information that the king had entrusted the marquis of Los Velez with the defence of Seron. He, therefore, by Quixada's advice, countermanded his orders to Carbajal, and directed him to return. That officer, who had approached within a short distance of the place, reluctantly obeyed, and left Seron to its fate. The marquis of Los Velez, notwithstanding the jealousy he displayed of the interference of Don John in the affair, showed so little alacrity in providing for the safety of the beleaguered fortress, that the garrison, reduced to extremity, on the eleventh of July, surrendered on honourable terms. But no sooner had they given up the place, than the victors, regardless of the terms of capitulation, murdered in cold blood every male over twelve years of age, and made slaves of the women and children. This foul act was said to have been perpetrated by the secret command of Aben-Humeya. The Morisco chief might allege, in vindica-

* "Quando vieron el fuerte perdido, se despeñaron por las peñas mas agrias, queriendo mas morir hechas pedazos, que venir en poder de Christianos."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 89.

† "Casi todos los capitanes."—*Ibid.* loc. cit.

‡ The fierce encounter at Fraxilliana is given in great detail by Mendoza (*Guerra de Granada*, pp. 165-169), and Marmol (*Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 86-90). No field of fight was better contested during the war; and both historians bear testimony to the extraordinary valour of the Moriscoes, worthy of the best days of the Arabian empire. Philip, while he commends the generous arlour shown by the grand-commander in the expedition, condemns him for having quitted his fleet to engage in it. "El conendador mayor tubo buen suceso como deseals, y como entiendo yo que lo merecia su zelo y su intencion, mas salir su persona en tierra, teniendo en vuestra ausencia el cargo de la mas fé cosa digna de mucha reprehension."—*Carta del Rey á Don Juan*, 25 de Junio 1569, MS.

tion of his perfidy, that he had but followed the lesson set him by the Spaniards.*

The loss of Seron caused deep regret to the army. Nor could this regret be mitigated by the reflection, that its loss was to be attributed not so much to the valour of the Moslems as to the misconduct of their own commanders, or rather to the miserable system adopted for carrying on the war. The triumph of the Moriscoes, however, was greatly damped by the intelligence which they had received, shortly before the surrender of Seron, of disasters that had befallen their countrymen in Granada.

Philip, after much hesitation, had given his sanction to Deza's project for the removal of the Moriscoes from the capital into the interior of the country. The day appointed for carrying the measure into effect was the twenty-third of June. A large body of troops, with the principal commanders, was secretly assembled in the capital to enforce the execution of the plan. Meanwhile, rumours were current that the Moriscoes in the city were carrying on a secret communication with their countrymen in the Alpújarras; that they supplied the mountaineers with arms and money; that the young men were leaving Granada to join their ranks; finally, that a conspiracy had been planned for an assault on the city, and even that the names of the leaders were given. It is impossible, at this time, to say what foundation there was for these charges; but the reader may recollect that similar ones had been circulated previous to the barbarous massacre in the prison of the Chancery.

On the twenty-third of the month, on the eve of St John's, an edict was published, commanding all the Morisco males in Granada between ten and sixty years of age, to repair to the parish churches to which they respectively belonged, where they were to learn their fate. The women were to remain some time longer in the city, to dispose of the most valuable effects, such as could not easily be transported. This was not difficult, at the low prices for which, in their extremity, they were obliged to part with their property. We are left in ignorance of the fate of the children, who, no doubt, remained in the hands of the government, to be nurtured in the Roman Catholic faith.†

Nothing could exceed the consternation of the Moriscoes on the publication of this decree, for which, though so long suspended by a thread, as it were, over their heads, they were wholly unprepared. It is not strange, as they recalled the atrocious murders perpetrated in the prison of the Chancery, that they should have been led to believe that nothing less than a massacre of the whole Moorish population was now designed. It was in vain that the marquis of Mondejar endeavoured to allay their fears. They were somewhat comforted by the assurance of the President Deza, given under his own hand, that their lives were in no danger. But their apprehensions on this point were not wholly quieted till Don John had pledged his royal word that no harm should come to their persons; that, in short, the great object of the government was to secure their safety. They then submitted without any attempt at resistance. Resistance, indeed, would have been hardly possible, destitute as they were of weapons or other means of defence, and surrounded on all quarters by the well-armed soldiery of Castile. They accordingly entered the churches assigned to them, at the doors of which strong guards were stationed during the night.

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 108-111.—Ferrerías, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 83, 84.—Cabreira, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. ix. cap. 6.

† Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 146.—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 100.—Bieda (*Cronica de España*, p. 705), in this part of his work, has done nothing more than transcribe the pages of Mendoza, and that in so blundering a style as to mistake the date of this event by a month.

On the following morning the Moriscoes were marched out and formed into a procession, which was to take its way to the great hospital in the suburbs. This was a noble building, erected by the good Queen Isabella the Catholic, not long after the Conquest. Here they were to stay till the arrangements were completed for forming them into divisions according to their several places of destination. It was a sad and solemn spectacle, that of this company of exiles, as they moved with slow and uncertain step, bound together by cords,* and escorted, or rather driven along like a gang of convicts, by the fierce soldiery. There they were, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, now, alas! brought to the same level, the forms of most of them bowed down, less by the weight of years than of sorrow, their hands meekly folded on their breasts, their cheeks wet with tears, as they gazed for the last time on their beautiful city, the sweet home of their infancy, the proud seat of ancient empire, endeared to them by so many tender and glorious recollections.†

The march was conducted in an orderly manner, with but a single interruption, which, however, was near being attended by the most disastrous consequences. A Spanish alguazil, offended at some words that fell from one of the prisoners—for so they might be called—requited him with a blow from his staff. But the youth whom he struck had the fiery blood of the Arab in his veins. Snatching up a broken tile, he dealt such a blow on the offender's head as nearly severed his ear from it. The act cost him his life. He was speedily cut down by the Spaniards, who rushed to the assistance of their wounded comrade. A rumour now went round that the Moriscoes had attempted the life of Don John, whose dress resembled in its colour that of the alguazil. The passions of the soldiery were roused. They flocked to the scene of violence, uttering the most dreadful imprecations. Their swords and lances glittered in the air, and in a few moments would have been sheathed in the bodies of their terrified victims.

Fortunately, the quick eye of Don John discerned the confusion. Surrounded by a body-guard of arquebusiers, he was there in person to superintend the removal of the Moriscoes. Spurring his horse forward into the midst of the tumult, and showing himself to the troops, he exclaimed that no one had offered him any harm. He called on them to return to their duty, and not to dishonour him as well as themselves, by offering violence to innocent men, for whose protection he had so solemnly pledged his word. The soldiers, abashed by the rebuke of their young chief, and satisfied with the vengeance they had taken on the offender, fell back into their ranks. The trembling Moriscoes gradually recovered from their panic, the procession resumed its march, and without further interruption reached the hospital of Isabella.‡

There the royal *contadores* were not long in ascertaining the number of the exiles. It amounted to thirty-five hundred. That of the women, who were soon to follow, was much greater.§ The names, the ages, and the occupations of the men were all carefully registered. The following day they were marched into the great square before the hospital, where they were distributed into companies, each under a strong escort, to be conducted to their various places of

* "Puestos en la cuerda, con guarda de infanteria i cavalleria por una i otra parte."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 147.

† "Fue un miserable espectáculo," says an eyewitness; "ver tantos hombres de todas edades, las cabezas bajas, las manos cruzadas y los rostros bañados de lagrimas, con semblante doloroso y triste, viendo que dexaban sus regaladas casas, sus familias, su patria, y tanto bien como tenían, y aun no sabian cierto lo que se haria de sus cabezas."—Marmol, Rebellion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 102.

‡ Ibid. p. 103.—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 147. Both historians were present on this occasion.

§ "Los que salieron por todos três mil i quinientos, el numero de mugeres mucho mayor."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 147.

destination. These, far from being confined to Andalusia, reached into New Castile. In this arrangement we may trust that so much respect was paid to the dictates of humanity, as not to separate those of the same kindred from one another. But the chroniclers give no information on the subject; probably regarding details of this sort, in regard to the fallen race, as below the dignity of history.

It was on the twenty-fifth of June, 1569, that, bidding a sad farewell to the friends and companions of their youth, from whom they were now to be forever parted, they set forth on their doleful pilgrimage. The morning light had broken on the red towers of the Alhambra, as the bands of exiles, issuing from the gates of their beloved capital, the spot dearest to them upon earth, turned their faces towards their new homes,—homes which many of them were destined never to behold. The government, with shameful indifference, had neglected to provide for the poor wanderers the most common necessities of life. Some actually perished of hunger by the way. Others, especially those accustomed from infancy to a delicate nurture, sank down and died of fatigue. Some were seized by the soldiers, whose cupidity was roused by the sight of their helplessness, and were sold as slaves. Others were murdered by their guards in cold blood.* Thus reduced far below their original number, they reached their appointed places, there to linger out the remainder of their days in the midst of a population who held them in that abhorrence with which a good Catholic of the sixteenth century regarded “the enemies of God.”†

But the evils which grew out of this stern policy of the government were not wholly confined to the Moriscoes. This ingenious people were so far superior to the Spaniards in the knowledge of husbandry, and in the various mechanical arts, that they formed the most important part of the population of Granada. The only art in which their rivals excelled them was that which thrives at the expense of every other—the art of war. Aware of this, the government had excepted some of the best artisans in the capital from the doom of exile which had fallen on their countrymen, and they had accordingly remained in the city. But their number was too small to produce the result desired; and it was not long before the quarter of the town which had been occupied by the Moriscoes exhibited a scene of woeful desolation. The light and airy edifices, which displayed in their forms the fantastic graces of Arabian architecture, fell speedily into decay. The parterres and pleasure-grounds, filled with exotics, and glowing in all the exuberance of southern vegetation, became a wilderness of weeds; and the court-yards and public squares, where tanks and sparkling fountains, fed by the streams of the Sierra Nevada, shed a refreshing coolness over the atmosphere in the sultriest months of summer, were soon converted into a melancholy heap of rubbish.

The mischiefs growing out of the removal of the Moriscoes fell sorely on the army. The men had been quartered, as we have seen, in the houses of the Moriscoes. From the present occupants, for the most part needy and thriftless speculators, they met with very different fare from what they had enjoyed under the former wealthy and luxurious proprietors. The troops supplied the deficiency, as far as they could, by plundering the citizens. Hence incessant feuds arose between the people and the army, and a spirit of insubordination rapidly grew up in the latter, which made it more formidable to its friends than to its foes.‡

* “Muchos murieron por los caminos de trabajo, de cansancio, de pesar, de hambre; a hierro, por mano de los mismos que los havian de guardar, robados, vendidos por cautivos.” —Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 148.

† “Los enemigos de Dios,”—the charitable phrase by which the Moriscoes, as well as Moors, came now to be denominated by the Christians.

‡ Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 148-150.

An eyewitness of these troubles closes his narrative of the removal of the Moriscoes by remarking that it was a sad spectacle to one who reflected on the former policy and prosperity of this ill-starred race; who had seen their sumptuous mansions in the day of their glory, their gardens and pleasure-grounds, the scene of many a gay revel and jocund holiday, and who now contrasted all this with the ruin into which everything had fallen.* "It seems," he concludes, "as if Providence had intended to show, by the fate of this beautiful city, that the fairest things in this world are the most subject to decay."† To the philosopher of the present age it may seem rather the natural result of that system of religious intolerance which had converted into enemies those who, under a beneficent rule, would have been true and loyal subjects, and who by their industry and skill would have added incalculably to the resources of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES.

Operations of Los Velez—Conspiracy against Aben-Humeya—His Assassination—Election of Aben-Abou—Vigorous Prosecution of the War—Fierce Combats in the Vega—Impetuous Spirit of Don John—Surprise of Guejar.

1569.

WHILE the events related in the preceding chapter were occurring, the marquis of Los Velez lay, with a considerable force, at Adra, a port on the Mediterranean, at the foot of the Alpujarras, which he had selected chiefly from the facilities it would afford him for getting supplies for his army. In this he was disappointed. Before the month of June had expired, his troops had begun to be straitened for provisions. The evil went on increasing from day to day. His levies, composed chiefly of raw recruits from Andalusia, were full of that independent, and indeed turbulent spirit, which belongs to an ill-disciplined militia. There was no lack of courage in the soldiery. But the same men who had fearlessly braved the dangers of the campaign, now growing impatient under the pinch of hunger, abandoned their colours in great numbers.

There were various causes for the deficiency of supplies. The principal one of these may probably be found in the remissness of the council of war, several of whose members regarded the marquis with an evil eye, and were not sorry to see his embarrassments.

Some vigorous measures were instantly to be taken, or the army, it was evident, would soon altogether melt away. By the king's command, orders were despatched to Requesens, who lay with his squadron off the port of Velez-Málaga, to supply the camp with provisions, while it received reinforcements, as before, principally from the Andalusian militia. The army received a still more important accession in the well-disciplined veterans who followed the grand-commander from Italy. Thus strengthened, and prolonged for a week or more, Los Velez, at the head of twelve thousand men,

* "Quedó grandísima lastima á los que habiendo visto la prosperidad, la policía, y el estado de las casas, carmenes y guertas, donde los Moriscos tenían todas sus recreaciones y tiempos, y desde á pocos dias lo vieron todo asolado y destruido."—Marmol, *Rebellion Granada*, tom. ii. p. 104.
 † "Parecia bien estar sujeta aquella felicísima ciudad á tal destruccion, para que se entienda que las cosas mas esplendidas y floridas entre la gente están mas aparejadas á los cr."—Mendoza, *tuna*.—Marmol, *ubi supra*.

set forth on the twenty-sixth of July, and struck at once into the Alpujarras. He had been directed by the council to establish himself at Ugibar, which, by its central position, would enable him to watch the movements of Aben-Humeya, and act on any point as occasion required.

The marquis, without difficulty, defeated a force of some five or six thousand men, who had been stationed to oppose his entrance into the mountain country. He then pressed forward, and on the high lands beyond Ugibar—which place he had already occupied—he came in sight of Aben-Humeya, with the flower of his troops drawn up to receive him.

The two chiefs, in their characters, their persons, and their equipments, might be considered as no bad types of the European and the Arab chivalry. The marquis, sheathed in complete mail, of a sable colour, and mounted on his heavy war-horse, also covered with armour, was to be seen brandishing a lance which, short and thick, seemed rather like a truncheon, as he led his men boldly on, prepared to plunge at once into the thick of the fight.* He was the very emblem of brute force. Aben-Humeya, on the other hand, gracefully managing his swift-footed, snow-white Andalusian, with his Morisco mantle of crimson floating lightly from his shoulders, and his Turkish turban wreathed around his head,† instead of force, suggested the opposite ideas of agility and adroitness, so characteristic of the children of the East.

Riding along his lines, the Morisco prince exhorted his followers not to fear the name of Los Velez: for, in the hour of danger, God would aid His own; and better was it, at any rate, to die like brave men in the field, than to live dishonoured.‡ Notwithstanding these magnanimous words, it was far from Aben-Humeya's wish to meet his enemy in a fair field of fight. It was contrary to the genius and the habit of his warfare, which was of the guerilla kind, abounding in sallies and surprises, in which, seeking some vulnerable point, he could deal his blow and retreat precipitately among the mountains.

Yet his followers, though greatly inferior in numbers to the enemy, behaved with spirit; and the field was well contested, till a body of Andalusian horse, making a *détour* under cover of some rising ground, fell unexpectedly on the rear of the Moriscos, and threw them into confusion. The marquis pressing them at the same time vigorously in front, they broke, and soon gave way on all sides. Aben-Humeya, perceiving the day lost, gave the rein to his high-mettled genet, who swiftly bore him from the field; and, though hotly pursued, he soon left his enemies behind. On reaching the foot of the Sierra Nevada, the chief dismounted, and hamstringing his noble animal, plunged into the depths of the mountains, which again opened their friendly arms to receive him.§ Yet he did not remain there long before he was joined by his followers; and no sooner was he in sufficient strength, than he showed himself on the eastern skirts of the sierra, whence, like an eagle stooping on his prey, he rushed down upon the plains below, sweeping through the rich valley of the Rio de Almanzora, and carrying fire and sword to the very borders of

* "Armado de unas armas negras de la color del acero, y una celada en la cabeza llena de plumas, y una gruesa lanza en la mano mas recia que larga."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 133.

† "Andaba Aben Humeya vistoso delante de todos en un caballo blanco con una aljuba de grana vestida, y un turbante Turquesco en la cabeza."—*Ibid.* p. 134.

‡ "No temiesen el vano nombre del Marques de los Velez, porque en los mayores trabajos acudia Dios á los suyos; y quando les faltase, no les podria faltar una honrosa muerte con las armas en las manos, que les estaba mejor que vivir deshonorados."—*Ibid.* p. 134.

§ "Y apeandose del caballo, le hizo desjarretar, y se embreñó en las sierras."—*Ibid.* loc. cit.

Hita commemorates the flight of the "little king" of the Alpujarras in one of his ballads.—*Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 310.

Murcia. Here he revenged himself on Los Velez by falling on his town of Las Cuevas, firing his dwellings, ravaging his estates, and rousing his Morisco vassals to rebellion.*

Meanwhile the marquis, instead of following up his victory, remained torpid within the walls of Calahorra. Here he had desired the council to provide stores for the subsistence of his army. To his dismay, none had been provided; and as his own attempts to procure them were unsuccessful, he soon found himself in the same condition as at Adra. The famine-stricken troops, with little pay and less plunder, first became discontented, then mutinous, and at length deserted in great numbers. It was in vain that the irascible old chief poured out his wrath in menaces and imprecations. His arrogant temper had made him hated even more than he was feared by his soldiers. They now went off, not stealthily and by night, but in the open day, whole companies at a time, their arquebuses on their shoulders, and their matches lighted.† When Don Diego Fajardo, the marquis's son, endeavoured to stay them, one, more audacious than the rest, lodged a musket-ball in his body. It was not long before the gallant array with which the marquis had so proudly entered the Alpujarras, was reduced to less than three thousand men. Among them were the Italian veterans, who refused to tarnish their well-earned laurels by thus basely abandoning their commander.

The council of war complained loudly to the king of the fatal inactivity of the marquis, and of his neglect to follow up the advantages he had gained. Los Velez angrily retorted by throwing the blame on that body, for neglecting to furnish him with the supplies which would have enabled him to do so. Philip, alarmed, with reason, at the critical aspect of affairs, ordered the marquis of Mondejar to repair to court, that he might confer with him on the state of the country. This was the avowed motive for his recall. But, in truth, it seems probable that the king, aware of that nobleman's leaning to a pacific policy, and of his personal hostility to Los Velez, deemed it best to remove him altogether from any share in the conduct of the war. This he did most effectually, by sending him into honourable exile, first appointing him Viceroy of Valencia, and afterwards raising him to the important post of Viceroy of Naples. From this period the name of Mondejar no more appears on the theatre of the Morisco war.‡

The marquis did not win the favour to which he was entitled by his deserts. He seems to have possessed some of the best qualities of a good captain. Bold in action, he was circumspect in council. Slow and sagacious in the formation of his plans, he carried them out with singular perseverance. He knew the country well which was the seat of the insurrection, and perfectly understood the character of its inhabitants. What was more rare, he made allowance for the excesses into which they had been drawn by a long course of insult and oppression. The humanity of his disposition combined with his views of policy to make him rely more on conciliatory measures than on fear, for the reduction of the enemy. How well this worked we have seen. Had he been properly supported by those engaged with him in the direction of affairs, we can hardly doubt of his ultimate success. But, unhappily, the two most prominent of these, the President Deza and the Marquis of Los Velez, were narrow-minded, implacable bigots, who, far from feeling compassion for the Moriscoes, looked on the whole race as "God's enemies." Unfortunately,

* Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 209.—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 150.
—Hita, Guerras de Granada, tom. ii. p. 233.

† "I tan adelante pasó la desorden, que se juntaron quatrocientos arcabuceros, i don las mechas en las serpentinas salieron a vista del campo."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 195.

‡ Ibid. p. 198 et seq.—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 146.

these views found favour with the government; and Philip, who rightly thought that the marquis of Mondejar would only prove a hindrance to carrying on hostilities with vigour, acted consistently in sending him from the country. Yet, while he was thus removed from the conduct of the war, it may be thought an unequivocal acknowledgment of Mondejar's deserts, that he was transferred to the most considerable post in the gift of the crown.

Before the marquis's departure, Philip had transferred his court to Córdoba, in order to facilitate his communication with the seat of war. He hoped, too, that the knowledge of his being so near would place some check on the disorderly temper of the soldiery, and animate them with more loyal and patriotic feelings. In this way of proceeding he considered himself as imitating the example of his great ancestors, Ferdinand and Isabella, who, during the war of Granada, usually transferred their court to one of the capitals of the South. He did not, however, think it necessary, like them, to lead his armies in person, and share in the toils of the campaign.

On the nineteenth of October, Philip published an edict, which intimated his design of following up the war with vigour. It commanded that such of the Moriscoes as had hitherto been allowed to remain in Granada should now be removed from it, in order that no means of communication might be left to them with their brethren in the mountains. It was further proclaimed, that the war henceforth was to be carried on with "fire and blood;"* in other words, that no mercy was to be shown the insurgents. This was the first occasion on which this fierce denunciation had been made by the government. To reconcile the militia of the towns to the service, their pay was to be raised to a level with that of the Italian volunteers; and to relieve the towns, the greater part of the expense was to be borne by the crown. Before the publication of this ordinance the king had received intelligence of an event unexpected alike by Christian and by Moslem—the death of Aben-Humeya, and that by the hands of some of his own followers.

The Morisco prince, after carrying the war up to the borders of Murcia, laid siege to two or three places of strength in that quarter. As might have been expected, he failed in these attempts, from his want of battering artillery. Thus foiled, he led back his forces into the Alpujarras, and established his quarters in the ancient Moorish palace of Lanjaron, on the slopes of the mountains commanding the beautiful valley of Lecrin. Here the torpid condition of the Spaniards under Los Velez allowed the young monarch to remain, and give himself up to those sensual indulgences with which the Moslem princes of the East were apt to solace their leisure in the intervals of war. His harem rivalled that of any Oriental satrap in the number of its inmates. This was strange to the Moriscoes, who, since their nominal conversion to Christianity, had of course repudiated polygamy. In the eyes of the Moslems, it might pass for good evidence of their prince's orthodoxy.

Ever since Aben-Humeya's ascent to the throne he had been declining in popularity. His handsome person, the courtesy of his manners, his chivalrous spirit, and his devotion to the cause, had easily won him the affections of his subjects. But a too sudden elevation had unfortunately that effect on him which it is wont to have on weak minds, without any settled principles or lofty aim to guide them. Possessed of power, he became tyrannical in the use of it.† His arbitrary acts created enemies, not the less dangerous that they were concealed. The consciousness of the wrongs he had committed made him suspicious. He surrounded himself with a body-guard of four

* "Que se publique la guerra á fuego y á sangre."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 160.

† *Vivia ya con estado de Rei, pero con arbitrio de tirano.*—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 209.

hundred men. Sixteen hundred more were quartered in the place where he was residing; and the principal avenues to it, we are told, were defended by barricades.* Those whom he suspected he treated with particular kindness. He drew them around his person, overwhelmed them with favours, and, when he had won them by a show of confidence, he struck the fatal blow.† During the short period of his reign, no less than three hundred and fifty persons, we are assured, fell victims to his jealousy or his revenge.‡

Among *Aben-Humeya's* officers was one named *Diego Alguazil*, who had a beautiful kinswoman, with whom he lived, it is said, on terms of greater intimacy than was justified by the relationship of the parties. As he was one day imprudently speaking of her to *Aben-Humeya* in the glowing language of a lover, the curiosity of the king was so much inflamed by it that he desired to see her. In addition to her personal charms, the fair *Zahara* was mistress of many accomplishments which rendered her still more attractive. She had a sweet voice, which she accompanied bewitchingly on the lute, and in her dancing displayed all the soft and voluptuous movements of the dark-eyed beauties of *Andalusia*.§ When brought before the king, she did her best to please him; for though attached, as it seems, to her kinsman, the ambitious coquette had no objection to having a royal suitor in her chains. In this she perfectly succeeded; and the enamoured prince intimated his desire to *Alguazil* that he would resign to him the possession of his mistress. But the *Morisco* loved her too well; and neither threats nor promises of the most extravagant kind were able to extort his consent. Thus baffled, the reckless *Aben-Humeya*, consulting only his passion, caused the perhaps not reluctant *Zahara* to be taken by force and lodged in his harem. By this act he made a mortal enemy of *Alguazil*.

Nor did he long enjoy the favour of his new mistress, who, come of an ancient lineage in *Granada*,|| had hoped to share the throne of the *Morisco* monarch. But *Aben-Humeya's* passion did not carry him to this extent of complaisance; and *Zahara*, indignant at finding herself degraded to the rank and file of the seraglio, soon breathed only a desire for vengeance. In this state of things she found the means of communicating with her kinsman, and arranged with him a plan for carrying their murderous intent into execution.

The most important corps in the *Morisco* army was that of the Turkish mercenaries. But they were so fierce and turbulent a race that *Aben-Humeya*

* "Teniendo barreadas las calles del lugar de manera, que nadie pudiese entrar en él sin ser visto ó sentido."—*Martíniel, Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 105.

† *Mendoza, Guerra de Granada*, p. 210.

Such is the *Tiberius-like* portrait given of him by an enemy—by one however, it may be added, who for liberal views and for discrimination of character was not surpassed by any chronicler of his time.

‡ "Los cuales pasaron de trescientos cincuenta, segun yo he sido informado de varios *Moriscos* que seguian sus banderas; y de tal manera procedia el reyecillo, que vino á ser odiosissimo á los suyos por sus crueldades."—*Hita, Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 303.

§ "Que no la hay mas hermosa
en toda la *Andalucia*;
blanca es y colorada,
como la rosa mas fina;
Talle, danza, canta á estremo,
que es un encanto el oir la;
es moza, bella y graciosa
nadie vió tal en su vida."—*Ibid.* tom. ii. p. 324.

The severer pencil of *Mendoza* does not disdain the same warm colouring for the portrait of the *Morisco* beauty.—*Guerra de Granada*, p. 213.

|| *Muger igualmente hermosa l de linage*.—*Ibid.*

paid dear for their services. A strong body of these troops lay on the frontiers of Orgiba, under the command of Aben-Aboo—a near relative of the Morisco prince, whose life, it may be remembered, he had once saved by submitting to every extremity of torture rather than betray his lurking-place. To this commander Aben-Humeya despatched a messenger, directing him to engage the Turks in a certain expedition, which would serve both to give them employment, and to satisfy their appetite for plunder.

The time named for the messenger's departure was communicated by Zahara to her kinsman, who caused him to be waylaid and murdered, and his despatches to be secured. He then had a letter written to Aben-Aboo, which bore apparently the royal signature. This was counterfeited by his nephew, a young man then holding the post of secretary to Aben-Humeya, with whom he had lately conceived some cause of disgust. The letter stated that the insubordination of the Turks made them dangerous to the state; and that in some way or other they must be removed, and that speedily. With this view, Aben-Aboo was directed to march them to Mecina, on the frontiers of the Sierra Nevada, where he would be joined by Diego Alguazil, with a party of soldiers, to assist him in carrying the plan into execution. The best mode, it was suggested, of getting rid of the Turks, would be by poison.

This letter was despatched by a courier, who was speedily followed by Alguazil and a hundred soldiers, as the cunning conspirator desired to present himself before Aben-Aboo without leaving him time for consideration.

He found that commander in a state of the utmost perplexity and consternation. Alguazil declared that he had come in consequence of certain instructions he had received from the king, of too atrocious a nature for him to execute. Aben-Aboo had as little mind to perform the bloody work assigned to him. He had no distrust of the genuineness of the letter. Hosceyn, the commander of the Turks, happening to pass the house at that time, was called in, and the despatches were shown to him. The fiery chief insisted on communicating them to some of his comrades. The greatest indignation prevailed among the Turkish leaders, outraged by this base treachery of the very man whom they had come to serve at the peril of their lives. They one and all demanded, not his deposition, but his death. Diego Alguazil saw that his scheme was working well. He artfully fanned the flame, and professed to share deeply in the indignation of the Moslems. It was at length agreed to put the tyrant to death, and to offer the crown to Aben-Aboo.

This chieftain enjoyed a high reputation for sagacity and prudence. His passions, unlike those of Aben-Humeya, seemed ever under the control of his reason; and, far from indulging an ill-regulated ambition, he had been always faithful to his trust. But the present temptation was too strong for his virtue. He may have thought that, since the throne was to be vacant, the descendant of the Omeys had a better claim to it than any other. Whatever may have been the sophistry to which he yielded, he knew that those who now promised him the crown had the power to make their promise good. He gave his assent on condition that, in the course of three months, his election should be confirmed by the dey of Algiers, as the representative of the Turkish sultan.

Having arranged their plans, the conspirators lost no time in putting them in execution. They set out that very hour, on the evening of the third of October, for Lanjaron, with a body of four hundred troops—one half being Turks, the other Moriscos. By midnight they reached their place of destination. Diego Alguazil and the Turkish captains were too well known as enjoying the confidence of Aben-Humeya to meet with any opposition to their entrance into the town. Nor, though the Morisco king had retired to rest, did the guard oppose any difficulty to their passing into his dwelling. Proceeding to his chamber, they found the doors secured,

but speedily forced an entrance. Neither arm nor voice was raised in his defence.*

Aben-Humeya, roused from sleep by the tumult, would have sprung from his couch; but the faithless Zahara held him fast in her embrace, until Diego Alguazil and some others of the conspirators, rushing in, bound his arms together with a Moorish veil.† Indeed, he was so much bewildered as scarcely to attempt resistance.

The Turkish commander then showed him the letter. Aben-Humeya recognized the writing of his secretary, but declared that he had never dictated such a letter, nor was the signature his. How far his assertion gained credit we are not informed. But the conspirators had already gone too far to be forgiven. To recede was death. Either Aben-Humeya or they must be sacrificed. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, and that he offered to leave the question to the sultan, or to the dey of Algiers, or to any person competent to decide it. But little heed was given to his protestations, as the conspirators dragged him into an adjoining apartment. The unhappy young man perceived that his hour was come—that there was no one of all his friends or menials to interpose between him and his fate. From that moment he changed his tone, and assumed a bearing more worthy of his station. "They are mistaken," he said, "who suppose me to be a follower of the Prophet. I die, as I have lived, in the Christian faith. I accepted the post of head of the rebellion that I might the better avenge the wrongs heaped on me and my family by the Spaniards. They have been avenged in full measure, and I am now ready to die. Neither," said he, turning to Aben-Aboo, his destined successor, "do I envy you. It will not be long before you will follow me." He then, with his own hands, coolly arranged around his neck the cord with which he was to be strangled, adjusted his robes, and, covering his face with his mantle, submitted himself without a struggle to his executioners.‡

His body was thrown into a neighbouring sewer, with as little concern as if it had been that of a dog. There it continued, till Don John of Austria, hearing that Aben-Humeya had died a Christian, caused his remains to be removed to Guadix, and laid in the ground with the solemnities of Christian burial.§

That Aben-Humeya should have come to so miserable an end is not strange. The recklessness with which he sacrificed all who came between him and the gratification of his passions, surrounded him with enemies, the more dangerous in a climate where the blood is hot, and the feeling of revenge is easily kindled in the bosom. At the beginning of his reign his showy qualities won him a popularity which, however, took no root in the affections of the people, and which faded away altogether when the defects of his character were more fully brought to light by the exigencies of his situation; for he was then found to possess neither the military skill necessary to insure success in the field, nor those higher moral attributes which command respect and obedience at home.

Very different was the character of his successor, Aben-Aboo. Instead of

* "Ninguno hubo que tomase las armas, ni bolviere de palabra por él."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 217.

† "Ataronle las manos con un almaizar."—Ibid. p. 218.

‡ "El mismo se dió la buelta como le hiciesen menos mal; concertó la ropa, cubrióse el rostro."—Ibid. p. 219.

§ There is less discrepancy than usual in the accounts both of Aben-Humeya's assassination and of the circumstances which led to it. These circumstances have a certain Oriental colouring, which makes them not the less probable, considering the age and country in which they occurred.—Among the different authorities in prose and verse, see Marinol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 162-169; Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 212-220; Rufo, *La Audiencia*, cantos 13, 14; Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 337 et seq.; Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 103-105.

displaying the frivolous and licentious tastes of Aben-Humeya, his private life was without reproach. He was much older than his predecessor; and if he had not the same fiery enthusiasm and dashing spirit of adventure which belonged to Aben-Humeya, he discovered both forecast in the formation of his plans, and singular courage in carrying them into execution. * All confided in his integrity; while the decorum and gravity of his demeanour combined with the more substantial qualities of his character to inspire a general feeling of reverence in the people.† It was not till the time of his proposed elevation to the supreme power, that the lustre of these qualities was darkened by the perpetration of one foul deed,—his connivance at the conspiracy against his sovereign. But if he were really the dupe, as we are told, of Alguazil's plot, he might plead, to some extent, the necessity of self-preservation; for he may well have believed that, if he refused to aid Aben-Humeya in the execution of his bloody purpose in reference to the Turks, the tyrant would not long suffer him to live in possession of a secret so perilous to himself. At all events, the part he had taken in the conspiracy seems to have given no disgust to the people, who, weary of the despotism under which they had been living, welcomed with enthusiasm the accession of the new sovereign. Many places which had hitherto taken no part in the struggle for independence, now sent in their adhesion to Aben-Aboo, who soon found himself the ruler over a wider extent of territory than, at any time, had acknowledged the sway of his predecessor.

It was not long before the confirmation of his election arrived from Algiers; and Aben-Aboo, assuming the regal name of Muley Abdallah Mohammed as a prefix to his own, went through the usual simple forms of a coronation of a king of Granada. In his right hand on this occasion, he bore a banner inscribed with the legend, "More I could not desire—less would not have contented me."† Such an inscription may be thought to intimate that a more aspiring temper lurked within his bosom than the world had given him credit for.

The new sovereign did not, like his predecessor, waste his time in effeminate sloth. He busied himself with various important reforms, giving especially a new organization to the army, and importing a large quantity of arms and munitions from Barbary. He determined not to allow his men time for discontent, but to engage them at once in active service. The first object he proposed was the capture of Orgiba, a fortified place, which commanded the route to Granada, and which served as a point of communication between that capital and remoter parts of the country.

Aben-Aboo got everything in readiness with such despatch, that on the twenty-sixth of October, a few weeks only after the death of Aben-Humeya, he set out on his expedition at the head of a well-appointed army, consisting of more than ten thousand men, partly foreign mercenaries and partly natives. Hastening his march, he soon presented himself before Orgiba, and laid siege to the place. He pushed matters forward so vigorously, that in a few days he was prepared to storm the works. Four times he brought his men to the assault; but though, on the fourth, he succeeded in throwing himself, with a

* "Con la reputacion de valiente i hombre del campo, con la afabilidad, gravedad, autoridad de la presencia, fue bien quisto, respetado, obedecido, tenido como Rei generalmente de todos."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 224.

This was painting him *en beau*. For a painting of an opposite complexion see Miniana, who represents him as "audaz, perdido, suspicaz, y de pésimas costumbres." (Historia de España, p. 378.) Fortunately for Aben-Aboo, the first-mentioned writer, a contemporary, must be admitted to be the better authority of the two.

† "No pude desear mas, ni contentarme con menos."—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 168.

See also, for the account of this martial ceremony, Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 222.

small body of troops, on the ramparts, he was met with such determined resistance by the garrison and their brave commander, Francisco de Molina, that he was obliged to fall back with loss into his trenches. Thus repulsed, and wholly destitute of battering ordnance, the Morisco chief found it expedient to convert the siege into a blockade.

The time thus consumed gave opportunity to Don John of Austria to send a strong force, under the duke of Sesa, to the relief of the garrison. Aben-Aboo, desirous to intercept his enemy's march, and occupy one of those defiles that would give him the advantage of position, silently broke up his encampment, under cover of the night, and took the direction of Lanjaron. Here he came so suddenly on the advanced guard of the Christians, that, taken by surprise, it gave way, and falling back, after considerable loss, on the main body of the army, threw the whole into confusion. Happily the duke of Sesa, though labouring at the time under a sharp attack of gout, by extraordinary exertions was enabled to rally his men, and inspire them with courage to repulse the enemy, thus retrieving his own honour and the fortunes of the day.

Meanwhile, the brave Molina and his soldiers no sooner learned that the besiegers had abandoned their works, than, eager to profit by their temporary absence, the cause of which they suspected, they dismantled the fortress, and, burying their guns in the ground, hastily evacuated the place. The duke of Sesa, finding that the great object of his expedition—the safety of the garrison—was now accomplished, and not feeling himself in sufficient strength to cope with the Morisco chief, instantly began his retreat on Granada. In this he was not molested by Aben-Aboo, who was only too glad to be allowed without interruption to follow up the siege of Orgiba. But, finding this place, to his surprise, abandoned by the enemy, he entered it without bloodshed, and with colours flying, as a conqueror.*

These successes in the commencement of his reign furnished a brilliant augury for the future. The fame of Aben-Aboo spread far and wide through the country; and the warlike peasantry thronged from all quarters to his standard. Tidings now arrived that several of the principal places on the eastern skirts of the Alpujarras had proclaimed their adherence to the Morisco cause; and it was expected that the flame of insurrection would soon spread to the adjoining provinces of Murcia and Valencia. So widely, indeed, had it already spread, that, of all the Morisco territory south of Granada, the country around Malaga and the sierra of Ronda, on the extreme west, were the only portions that still acknowledged the authority of Castile.†

The war now took the same romantic aspect that it wore in the days of the conquest of Granada. Beacon-fires were to be seen along the highest peaks of the sierra, throwing their ominous glare around for many a league, and calling the bold mountaineers to the foray. Then came the gathering of the wild militia of the country, which, pouring down on the lower levels, now in the faded green of autumn, swept away herds and flocks, and bore them off in triumph to their fastnesses.

Sometimes marauders penetrated into the *vega*, the beautiful *vega*, every inch of whose soil was fertilized with human blood, and which now, as in ancient times, became the battle-ground of Christian and Moslem cavaliers. Almost always it was the former who had the advantage, as was intimated by the gory trophies,—the heads and hands of the vanquished, which they

* Ferreras, Hist. d'Espagne, tom. x. pp. 111-118.—Marmol, Rebellion de Granada, tom. ii. pp. 169-189.—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 225 et seq.—Miniana, Hist. d'Espana, p. 378.

† “Desta manera quedaron levantados todos los Moriscos del Reino, sino los de la Hoya de Malaga i Serrania de Ronda.”—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 241.

bore on the points of their lances, when, amidst the shouts of the populace, they came thundering on through the gates of the capital.*

Yet sometimes fortune lay in the opposite scale. The bold infidels, after scouring the *vega*, would burst into the suburbs, or even into the city of Granada, filling the place with consternation. Then might be seen the terror-stricken citizens hurrying to and fro, while the great alarm-bell of the Alhambra sent forth its summons, and the chivalry, mounting in haste, shouted the old war-cry of *Saint Jago*, and threw themselves on the invaders, who, after a short but bloody fray, were sure to be driven in confusion across the *vega*, and far over the borders.

Don John, on these occasions, was always to be descried in the front of battle, as if rejoicing in his element, and courting danger like some paladin of romance. Indeed, Philip was obliged, again and again, to rebuke his brother for thus wantonly exposing his life, in a manner, the king intimated, wholly unbecoming his rank.† But it would have been as easy to rein in the war-horse when the trumpet was sounding in his ears, as to curb the spirits of the high-mettled young chieftain when his followers were mustering to the charge. In truth, it was precisely these occasions that filled him with the greatest glee; for they opened to him the only glimpses he was allowed of that career of glory for which his soul had so long panted. Every detachment that sallied forth from Granada on a warlike adventure was an object of his envy; and as he gazed on the blue mountains that rose as an impassable barrier around him, he was like the bird vainly beating its plumage against the gilded wires of its prison-house, and longing to be free.

He wrote to the king in the most earnest terms, representing the forlorn condition of affairs,—the Spaniards losing ground day after day, and the army under the marquis of Los Velez wasting away its energies in sloth, or exerting them in unprofitable enterprises. He implored his brother not to compel him to remain thus cooped up within the walls of Granada, but to allow him to have a real as well as nominal command, and to conduct the war in person.‡

The views presented by Don John were warmly supported by Requesens, who wrote to Philip, denouncing, in unqualified terms, the incapacity of Los Velez.

Philip had no objection to receive complaints, even against those whom he most favoured. He could not shut his eyes to the truth of the charges now brought against the hot-headed old chief, who had so long enjoyed his confidence, but whose campaigns of late had been a series of blunders. He saw the critical aspect of affairs, and the danger that the rebellion, which had struck so deep root in Granada, unless speedily crushed, would spread over the adjoining provinces. Mondejar's removal from the scene of action had not brought the remedy that Philip had expected.

Yet it was with reluctance that he yielded to his brother's wishes; whether

* "Llevando los escuderos las cabezas y las manos de los Moros en los hierros de las lanzas."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 159.

The head of an enemy was an old perquisite of the victor—whether Christian or Moslem—in the wars with the Spanish Arabs. It is frequently commemorated in the Moorish romances as among the most honourable trophies of the field, down to as late a period as the war of Granada. See, among others, the ballad beginning

"A vista de los dos Reyes."

† "Y que salir á tales rebatos es desautoridad vuestra, siendo quien sois y tenienço el cargo que tenis."—Carta de Felipe Segundo á Don Juan de Austria, 30 de Setiembre, 1569, MS.

‡ "Le suplico mire que ni á quien soy, ni á la edad que tengo ni á otra cosa alguna, conviene encerrarme, quando mas razon es que me muestre."—Carta de Don Juan de Austria al Rey, 23 de Setiembre, 1569. MS.

distrusting the capacity of one so young for an independent command, or, as might be inferred from his letters, apprehending the dangers in which Don John's impetuous spirit would probably involve him. Having formed his plans, he lost no time in communicating them to his brother. The young warrior was to succeed Los Velez in the command of the eastern army, which was to be strengthened by reinforcements, while the duke of Sesa, under the direction of Don John, was to establish himself, with an efficient corps, in the Alpujarras, in such a position as to cover the approaches to Granada.

A summons was then sent to the principal towns of Andalusia, requiring them to raise fresh levies for the war, who were to be encouraged by promises of better pay than had before been given. But these promises did not weigh so much with the soldiers as the knowledge that Don John of Austria was to take charge of the expedition; and nobles and cavaliers came thronging to the war, with their well-armed retainers, in such numbers that the king felt it necessary to publish another ordinance, prohibiting any, without express permission, from joining the service.*

All now was bustle and excitement in Granada, as the new levies came in, and the old ones were receiving a better organization. Indeed, Don John had been closely occupied for some time with introducing reforms among the troops quartered in the city, who, from causes already mentioned, had fallen into a state of the most alarming insubordination. A similar spirit had infected the officers, and to such an extent, that it was deemed necessary to suspend no less than thirty-seven out of forty-five captains from their commands.† Such were the difficulties under which the youthful hero was to enter on his first campaign.

Fortunately, in the retainers of the great lords and cavaliers, he had a body of well-appointed and well-disciplined troops, who were actuated by higher motives than the mere love of plunder.‡ His labours, moreover, did much to restore the ancient discipline of the regiments quartered in Granada. But the zeal with which he had devoted himself to the work of reform had impaired his health. This drew forth a kind remonstrance from Philip, who wrote to his brother not thus to overtask his strength, but to remember that he had need of his services; telling him to remind Quixada that he must watch over him more carefully. "And God grant," he concluded, "that your health may be soon re-established." The affectionate solicitude constantly shown for his brother's welfare in the king's letters, was hardly to have been expected in one of so phlegmatic a temperament, and who was usually so little demonstrative in the expression of his feelings.

Before entering on his great expedition, Don John resolved to secure the safety of Granada, in his absence, by the reduction of "the robber's nest," as the Spaniards called it, of Guejar. This was a fortified place, near the confines of the Alpujarras, held by a warlike garrison, that frequently sallied out over the neighbouring country, sometimes carrying their forays into the *vega* of Granada, and causing a panic in the capital. Don John formed his force into two divisions, one of which he gave to the duke of Sesa, while the other he proposed to lead in person. They were to proceed by different routes, and, meeting before the place, to attack it simultaneously from opposite quarters.

The duke, marching by the most direct road across the mountains, reached

* "Entendióse por España la fama de su ida sobre Galicia, i movióse la nobleza della con tanto calor, que fue necesario dar al Rei á entender que no era con su voluntad i Cavalleros sin licencia á servir en aquella empresa."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 256.

† "Havian las desordenes pasado tan adelante, que fue necesario para remediallas hacer demostracion no vista ni loída en los tiempos pasados, en la guerra: suspender treinta i dos capitanes de quarenta i uno que havia, con nombre de reformation."—Ibid. p. 237.

‡ "Tambien la gente embiada por los señores, escogida, igual, disciplinada, movidos por obligacion de virtud i deseo de acreditar sus personas."—Ibid. p. 234.

Guejar first, and was not a little surprised to find that the inhabitants, who had received notice of the preparations of the Spaniards, were already evacuating the town; while the garrison was formed in order of battle to cover their retreat. After a short skirmish with the rear-guard, in which some lives were lost on both sides, the victorious Spaniards, without following up their advantage, marched into the town, and took possession of the works abandoned by the enemy.

Great was the surprise of Don John, on arriving some hours later before Guejar, to see the Castilian flag floating from its ramparts; and his indignation was roused as he found that the laurels he had designed for his own brow had been thus unceremoniously snatched from him by another. "With eyes," says the chronicler, "glowing like coals of fire,"* he turned on the duke of Sesa, and demanded an explanation of the affair. But he soon found that the blame, if blame there were, was to be laid on one whom he felt that he had not the power to rebuke. This was Luis Quixada, who, in his solicitude for the safety of his ward, had caused the army to be conducted by a circuitous route, that brought it thus late upon the field. But though Don John uttered no word of rebuke, he maintained a moody silence, that plainly showed his vexation; and, as the soldiers remarked, not a morsel of food passed his lips until he had reached Granada.†

The constant supervision maintained over him by Quixada, which, as we have seen, was encouraged by the king, was a subject of frequent remark among the troops. It must have afforded no little embarrassment and mortification to Don John, alike ill-suited, as it was, to his age, his aspiring temper, and his station. For his station as commander-in-chief of the army made him responsible, in the eyes of the world, for the measures of the campaign. Yet, in his dependent situation, he had the power neither to decide on the plan of operations, nor to carry it into execution. Not many days were to elapse before the death of his kind-hearted monitor was to relieve him from the jealous oversight that so much chafed his spirit, and to open to him an independent career of glory, such as might satisfy the utmost cravings of his ambition.

One of the authorities of the greatest importance, and most frequently cited in this book, as the reader may have noticed, is Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. He belonged to one of the most illustrious houses in Castile—a house not more prominent for its rank than for the great abilities displayed by its members in the various walks of civil and military life, as well as for their rare intellectual culture. No one of the great families of Spain has furnished so fruitful a theme for the pen of both the chronicler and the bard.

He was the fifth son of the marquis of Mondejar, and was born in the year 1503, at Granada, where his father filled the office held by his ancestors, of captain-general of the province. At an early age he was sent to Salamanca, and passed with credit through the course of studies taught in its venerable university. While there he wrote—for, though printed anonymously, there seems no good reason to distrust the authorship—his famous "Lazarillo de Tormes," the origin of that class of *picaresco* novels, as they are styled, which constitutes an important branch of Castilian literature, and the best specimen of which, strange to say, was furnished by the hand of a foreigner,—the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage.

Mendoza had been destined to the Church, for which the extensive patronage of his family offered obvious advantages. But the taste of the young man, as might be inferred from his novel, took another direction, and he persuaded his father to allow him to enter the army, and take service under the banner of Charles the Fifth. Mendoza's love of letters did not desert him in the camp; and he availed himself of such intervals as occurred

* "Pusieronsele los ojos encendidos como brasa de puro corage."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 224.

† "Sin coner bocado en todo aquel día se volvió á la ciudad de Granada."—*Ibid.* p. 225.

between the campaigns to continue his studies, especially in the ancient languages, in the principal universities of Italy.

It was impossible that a person of such remarkable endowments as Mendoza, the more conspicuous from his social position, should escape the penetrating eye of Charles the Fifth, who, independently of his scholarship, recognized in the young noble a decided talent for political affairs. In 1538 the emperor appointed him ambassador to Venice, a capital for which the literary enterprises of the Aldi were every day winning a higher reputation in the republic of letters. Here Mendoza had the best opportunity of accomplishing a work which he had much at heart,—the formation of a library. It was a work of no small difficulty in that day, when books and manuscripts were to be gathered from obscure, often remote sources, and at the large cost paid for objects of *virtù*. A good office which he had the means of rendering the sultan, by the redemption from captivity of a Turkish prisoner of rank, was requited by a magnificent present of Greek manuscripts, worth more than gold in the eyes of Mendoza. It was from his collection that the first edition of Josephus was given to the world. While freely indulging his taste for literary occupations in his intervals of leisure, he performed the duties of his mission with an ability that fully vindicated his appointment as minister to the wily republic. On the opening of the Council of Trent, he was one of the delegates sent to represent the emperor in that body. He joined freely in the discussions of the conclave, and enforced the views of his sovereign with a strength of reasoning and a fervid eloquence that produced a powerful impression on his audience. The independence he displayed recommended him for the delicate task of presenting the remonstrances of Charles the Fifth to the papal court against the removal of the council to Bologna. This he did with a degree of frankness to which the pontifical ear was but little accustomed, and which, if it failed to bend the proud spirit of Paul the Third, had its effect on his successor.

Mendoza, from whatever cause, does not seem to have stood so high in the favour of Philip the Second as in that of his father. Perhaps he had too lofty a nature to stoop to that implicit deference which Philip exacted from the highest as well as the humblest who approached him. At length, in 1568, Mendoza's own misconduct brought him, with good reason, into disgrace with his master. He engaged in a brawl with another courtier in the palace; and the scandalous scene, of which the reader will find an account in the preceding volume, took place when the prince of Asturias, Don Carlos, was breathing his last. The offending parties were punished first by imprisonment, and then by banishment from Madrid. Mendoza, who was sixty-five years of age at this time, withdrew to Granada, his native place. But he had passed too much of his life in the atmosphere of a court to be content with a provincial residence. He accordingly made repeated efforts to soften his sovereign's displeasure, and to obtain some mitigation of his sentence. These efforts, as may be believed, were unavailing; and the illustrious exile took at length the wiser course of submitting to his fate and seeking consolation in the companionship of his books,—steady friends, whose worth he now fully proved in the hour of adversity. He devoted himself to the study of Arabic, to which he was naturally led by his residence in a capital filled with the monuments of Arabic art. He also amused his leisure by writing verses, and his labours combined with those of Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega to naturalize in Castile those more refined forms of Italian versification that made an important epoch in the national literature.

But the great work to which he devoted himself was the history of the insurrection of the Moriscoes, which, occurring during his residence in Granada, may be said to have passed before his eyes. For this he had, moreover, obvious facilities, for he was the near kinsman of the captain-general, and was personally acquainted with those who had the direction of affairs. The result of his labours was a work of inestimable value, though of no great bulk—being less a history of events than a commentary on such a history. The author explores the causes of these events. He introduces the reader into the cabinet of Madrid, makes him acquainted with the intrigues of the different factions, both in the court and in the camp, unfolds the policy of the government and the plans of the campaigns—in short, enables him to penetrate into the interior, and see the secret working of the machinery, so carefully shrouded from the vulgar eye.

The value which the work derived from the author's access to these recondite sources of information is much enhanced by its independent spirit. In a country where few dared even think for themselves, Mendoza both thought with freedom and freely expressed his thoughts. Proof of this is afforded by the caustic tone of his criticism on the conduct of the government, and by the candour which he sometimes ventures to display when noticing the wrongs of the Moriscoes. This independence of the historian, we may well believe,

could have found little favour with the administration. It may have been the cause that the book was not published till after the reign of Philip the Second, and many years after its author's death.

The literary execution of the work is not its least remarkable feature. Instead of the desultory and gossiping style of the Castilian chronicler, every page is instinct with the spirit of the ancient classics. Indeed, Mendoza is commonly thought to have deliberately formed his style on that of Sallust; but I agree with my friend Mr. Ticknor, who, in a luminous criticism on Mendoza, in his great work on Spanish Literature, expresses the opinion that the Castilian historian formed his style quite as much on that of Tacitus as of Sallust. Indeed, some of Mendoza's most celebrated passages are obvious imitations of the former historian, of whom he constantly reminds us by the singular compactness and energy of his diction, by his power of delineating a portrait by a single stroke of the pencil, and by his free criticism on the chief actors of the drama, conveyed in language full of that practical wisdom which, in Mendoza's case, was the result of a large acquaintance with public affairs. We recognize also the defects incident to the style he has chosen—rigidity and constraint, with a frequent use of ellipsis, in a way that does violence to the national idiom, and, worst of all, that obscurity which arises from the effort to be brief. Mendoza hurts his book, moreover, by an unseasonable display of learning, which, however it may be pardoned by the antiquary, comes like an impertinent episode to break the thread of the narrative. But, with all its defects, the work is a remarkable production for the time, and, appearing in the midst of the *romantic* literature of Spain, we regard it with the same feeling of surprise which the traveller might experience who should meet with a classic Doric temple in the midst of the fantastic structures of China or Hindostan.

Not long after Mendoza had completed his history, he obtained permission to visit Madrid, not to reside there, but to attend to some personal affairs. He had hardly reached the capital when he was attacked by a mortal illness, which carried him off in April, 1575, in the seventy-third year of his age. Shortly before his death he gave his rich collection of books and manuscripts to his obdurate master, who placed them, agreeably to the donor's desire, in the Escorial, where they still form an interesting portion of a library of which so much has been said, and so little is really known by the world.

The most copious notice with which I am acquainted, of the life of Mendoza, is that attributed to the pen of Lñgo Lopez de Avila, and prefixed to the Valencian edition of the "Guerra de Granada," published in 1776. But his countrymen have been ever ready to do honour to the memory of one who, by the brilliant success which he achieved as a statesman, a diplomatist, a novelist, a poet, and an historian, has established a reputation for versatility of genius second to none in the literature of Spain.

CHAPTER VII.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES.

Don John takes the Field—Investment of Galera—Fierce Assaults—Preparations for a last Attack—Explosion of the Mines—Desperation of the Moriscoes—Cruel Massacre—Galera demolished.

1570.

DON JOHN lost no time in completing the arrangements for his expedition. The troops, as they reached Granada, were for the most part sent forward to join the army under Los Velez, on the east of the Alpujarras, where that commander was occupied with the siege of Galera, though with but little prospect of reducing the place. He was soon, however, to be superseded by Don John.

Philip, unable to close his ears against the representations of his brother, as well as those of more experienced captains in the service, had at length reluctantly come to a conviction of the unfitness of Los Velez for the command. Yet he had a partiality for the veteran; and he was willing to spare him, as far as possible, the mortification of seeing himself supplanted by his young

rival. In his letters, the king repeatedly enjoined it on his brother to treat the marquis with the utmost deference, and to countenance no reports circulated to his prejudice. In an epistle filled with instructions for the campaign, dated the twenty-sixth of November, the king told Don John to be directed on all occasions by the counsels of Quixada and Requesens. He was to show the greatest respect for the marquis, and to give him to understand that he should be governed by his opinions. "But, in point of fact," said Philip, "should his opinion clash at any time with that of the two other counsellors, you are to be governed by theirs."

On Quixada and Requesens he was indeed always to rely, never setting up his own judgment in opposition to theirs. He was to move with caution, and, instead of the impatient spirit of a boy, to show the circumspection of one possessed of military experience. "In this way," concluded his royal monitor, "you will not only secure the favour of your sovereign, but establish your reputation with the world."† It is evident that Philip had discerned traits in the character of Don John which led him to distrust somewhat his capacity for the high station in which he was placed. Perhaps it may be thought that the hesitating and timid policy of Philip was less favourable to success in military operations than the bold spirit of enterprise which belonged to his brother. However this may be, Don John, notwithstanding his repeated protestations to the contrary, was of too ardent a temperament to be readily affected by these admonitions of his prudent adviser.

The military command in Granada was lodged by the prince in the hands of the duke of Sesa, who, as soon as he had gathered a sufficient force, was to march into the western district of the Alpujarras, and there create a diversion in favour of Don John. A body of four thousand troops was to remain in Granada; and the commander-in-chief, having thus completed his dispositions for the protection of the capital, set forth on his expedition on the twenty-ninth of December, at the head of a force amounting only to three thousand foot and four hundred horse. With these troops went a numerous body of volunteers, the flower of the Andalusian chivalry, who had come to win renown under the banner of the young leader.

He took the route through Guadix, and on the third day reached the ancient city of Baza, memorable for the siege it had sustained under his victorious ancestors, Ferdinand and Isabella. Here he was met by Requesens, who, besides a reinforcement of troops, brought with him a train of heavy ordnance and a large supply of ammunition. The guns were sent forward, under a strong escort, to Galera; but, on leaving Baza, Don John received the astounding tidings that the marquis of Los Velez had already abandoned the siege, and drawn off his whole force to the neighbouring town of Guescar.

In fact, the rumour had no sooner reached the ears of the testy old chief, that Don John was speedily coming to take charge of the war, than he swore in his wrath that if the report were true, he would abandon the siege and throw up his command. Yet those who knew him best did not think him capable of so mad an act. He kept his word, however; and when he learned that Don John was on the way, he broke up his encampment and withdrew, as above stated, to Guescar. By this course he left the adjacent country open

* "Y porque podría ser que ordenase al marqués de los Velez que quedase con vos y os aconsejase, convendría en este caso que vos le mostréis muy buena cara y le tratéis muy bien y le deis á entender que tomáis su parecer, mas que en efecto toméis el de los que he dicho quando fuesen diferentes del suyo."—Carta del Rey á D Juan de Austria, 26 de Noviembre, 1569, MS.

† "Y que os gobernéis como si hubiédeses visto mucha guerra y halládoos en ella, que os digo que conmigo y con todos ganéis harta mas reputacion en gobernarnos desta manera, que no haciendo alguna mocedad que a todos nos costare caro"—Ibid. MS.

to the incursions of the Moriscos of Gálera; while no care was taken to provide even for the safety of the convoys which, from time to time, came laden with supplies for the besieging army.

This extraordinary conduct gave no dissatisfaction to his troops, who, long since disgusted with the fiery yet imbecile character of their general, looked with pleasure to the prospect of joining the standard of so popular a chieftain as John of Austria. Even the indignation felt by the latter at the senseless proceeding of the marquis was forgotten in the satisfaction he experienced, at being thus relieved from the embarrassments which his rival's overweening pretensions could not have failed to cause him in the campaign. Don John might now, with a good grace, and without any cost to himself, make all the concessions to the veteran so strenuously demanded by Philip. It was in this amiable mood that the prince pushed forward his march, eager to prevent the disastrous consequences which might arise from the marquis's abandonment of his post.

As he drew near to Guescar, he beheld the old nobleman riding towards him at the head of his retainers, with a stiff and stately port, like one who had no concessions or explanations to make for himself. Without alighting from his horse, as he drew near the prince, he tendered him obeisance by kissing the hand which the latter graciously extended towards him. "Noble marquis," said Don John, "your great deeds have shed a lustre over your name. I consider myself fortunate in having the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with you. Fear not that your authority will be in the least abridged by mine. The soldiers under my command will obey you as implicitly as myself. I pray you to look on me as a son, filled with feelings of reverence for your valour and your experience, and designing on all occasions to lean on your counsels for support.*

The courteous and respectful tone of the prince seems to have had its effect on the iron nature of the marquis, as he replied, "There is no Spaniard living who has a stronger desire than I have to be personally acquainted with the distinguished brother of my sovereign, or who would probably be a greater gainer by serving under his banner. But to speak with my usual plainness, I wish to withdraw to my own house; for it would never do for me, old as I am, to hold the post of a subaltern."† He then accompanied Don John back to the town, giving him, as they rode along, some account of the siege and of the strength of the place. On reaching the quarters reserved for the commander-in-chief, Los Velez took leave of the prince; and, without further ceremony, gathering his knights and followers about him, and escorted by a company of horse, he rode off in the direction of his town of Velez Blanco, which was situated at no great distance, amidst the wild scenery stretching toward the frontiers of Murcia. Here among the mountains he lived in a retirement that would have been more honourable had it not been purchased by so flagrant a breach of duty.‡

The whole story is singularly characteristic, not merely of the man, but of the times in which he lived. Had so high-handed and audacious a proceeding occurred in our day, no rank, however exalted, could have screened the offender

* "I que seas obedecido de toda mi gente, haciendolo yo asimismo como hijo vuestro, acatando vuestro valor i canas, i amparandome en todas ocasiones de vuestros consejos."—Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 260.

† "Pues no conviene a mi edad anciana haver de ser cabo de esquadra."—Ibid. loc. cit.

‡ The marquis of Los Velez was afterwards summoned to Madrid, where he long continued to occupy an important place in the council of state, apparently without any diminution of the royal favour.

For the preceding pages consult Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 229-232; Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 257-260; Herrera, *Hist. General*, tom. i. pp. 777, 778; Bida, *Cronica*, pp. 733, 734.

from punishment. As it was, it does not appear that any attempt was made at an inquiry into the marquis's conduct. This is the more remarkable, considering that it involved such disrespect to a sovereign little disposed to treat with lenity any want of deference to himself. The explanation of the lenity shown by him on the present occasion may perhaps be found, not in any tenderness for the reputation of his favourite, but in Philip's perceiving that the further prosecution of the affair would only serve to give greater publicity to his own egregious error in retaining Los Velez in the command, when his conduct and the warnings of others should long ago have been regarded as proof of his incapacity.

On the marquis's departure, Don John lost no time in resuming his march at the head of a force which now amounted to twelve thousand foot and eight hundred horse, besides a brilliant array of chivalry, who, as we have seen, had come to seek their fortunes in the war. A few hours brought the troops before Galera; and Don John proceeded at once to reconnoitre the ground. In this survey he was attended by Quixada, Requesens, and the greater part of the cavalry. Having completed his observations, he made his arrangements for investing the place.

The town of Galera occupied a site singularly picturesque. This, however, had been selected, certainly not from any regard to its romantic beauty, still less for purposes of convenience, but for those of defence against an enemy,—a circumstance of the first importance in a mountain country so wild and warlike as that in which Galera stood. The singular shape of the rocky eminence which it covered was supposed, with its convex summit, to bear some resemblance to that of a galley with its keel uppermost. From this resemblance the town had derived its name.*

The summit was crowned by a castle, which in the style of its architecture bore evident marks of antiquity. It was defended by a wall, much of it in so ruinous a condition as to be little better than a mass of stones loosely put together. At a few paces from the fortress stood a ravelin. But neither this outwork nor the castle itself could boast of any other piece of artillery than two falconets, captured from Los Velez during his recent siege of the place, and now mounted on the principal edifice. Even these had been so injudiciously placed as to give little annoyance to an enemy.

The houses of the inhabitants stretched along the remainder of the summit, and descended by a bold declivity the north-western side of the hill to a broad plain known as the *Eras*, or "Gardens." Through this plain flowed a stream of considerable depth, which, as it washed the base of the town on its northern side, formed a sort of moat for its protection on that quarter. On the side towards the Gardens, the town was defended by a ditch and a wall now somewhat dilapidated. The most remarkable feature of this quarter was a church with its belfry or tower, now converted into a fortress, which, in default of cannon, had been pierced with loopholes and filled with musketeers,—forming altogether an outwork of considerable strength, and commanding the approaches to the town.

* The punning attractions of the name were too strong to be resisted by the ballad-makers of the day. See in particular the *romance* (one of the best, it may be added—and no great praise—in Ilita's second volume) beginning—

"Mastredges marineros
de Huescar y otro lugar
han armado una Galera
que no la hay tal en la mar.
No tiene velas, ni remos,
y navegar, y hace mal,"—

and so on, for more stanzas than the reader will care to see.—*Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 409.

On two of its sides, the rock on which Galera rested descended almost perpendicularly, forming the walls of a ravine fenced in on the opposite quarter by precipitous hills, and thus presenting a sort of natural ditch on a gigantic scale for the protection of the place. The houses rose one above another, on a succession of terraces, so steep that in many instances the roof of one building scarcely reached the foundation of the one above it. The houses which occupied the same terrace, and stood therefore on the same level, might be regarded as so many fortresses. Their walls, which, after the Moorish fashion, were ill-provided with lattices, were pierced with loopholes, that gave the marksmen within the command of the streets on which they fronted; and these streets were still further protected by barricades thrown across them at only fifty paces' distance from each other.* Thus the whole place bristled over with fortifications, or rather seemed like one great fortification itself, which nature had combined with art to make impregnable.

It was well victualled for a siege, at least with grain, of which there was enough in the magazines for two years' consumption. Water was supplied by the neighbouring river, to which access had been obtained by a subterranean gallery, lately excavated in the rock. These necessities of life the Moriscoes could command. But they were miserably deficient in what, in their condition, was scarcely less important,—firearms and ammunition. They had no artillery except the two falconets before noticed; and they were so poorly provided with muskets as to be mainly dependent on arrows, stones, and other missiles, such as had filled the armories of their ancestors. To these might be added swords, and some other weapons for hand-to-hand combat. Of defensive armour they were almost wholly destitute. But they were animated by an heroic spirit, of more worth than breastplate or helmet, and to a man they were prepared to die rather than surrender.

The fighting men of the place amounted to three thousand, not including four hundred mercenaries, chiefly Turks and adventurers from the Barbary shore. The town was, moreover, encumbered with some four thousand women and children; though, as far as the women were concerned, they should not be termed an incumbrance in a place where there was no scarcity of food; for they showed all the constancy and contempt of danger possessed by the men, whom they aided not only by tending the sick and wounded, but by the efficient services they rendered them in action. The story of this siege records several examples of these Morisco heroines, whose ferocious valour emulated the doughtiest achievements of the other sex. It is not strange that a place so strong in itself, where the women were animated by as brave a spirit as the men, should have bid defiance to all the efforts of an enemy like Los Velez, though backed by an army in the outset at least as formidable in point of numbers as that which now sat down before it under the command of John of Austria.†

Having concluded his survey of the ground, the Spanish general gave orders

* "Las tenían los Moros barreadas de cincuenta en cincuenta pasos, y hechos muchos traveses de una parte y de otro en las puertas y paredes de las casas, para herir á su salvo á los que fuesen pasando."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 234.

The best and by far the most minute account of the topography of Galera is given by this author.

† Ibid. p. 223 et seq.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 112, 113.—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 377 et seq.

Hita tells us he was not present at the siege of Galera; but he had in his possession the diary of a Murcian officer named Tomás Perez de Hevia, who served through the siege, and of whom Hita speaks as a person well known for his military science. He says he has conformed implicitly to Hevia's journal, which he commends for its scrupulous veracity. According to the judgment of some critics, the Murcian officer, if he merits this encomium, may be thought to have the advantage of Hita himself.

for the construction of three batteries, to operate at the same time on different quarters of the town. The first and largest of these batteries, mounting ten pieces of ordnance, was raised on an eminence on the eastern side of the ravine. Though at a greater distance than was desirable, the position was sufficiently elevated to enable the guns to command the castle and the highest parts of the town.

The second battery, consisting of six heavy cannon, was established lower down the ravine, towards the south, at the distance of hardly more than seventy paces from the perpendicular face of the rock. The remaining battery, composed of only three guns of smaller calibre, was erected in the Gardens, and so placed as to operate against the tower which, as already noticed, was attached to the church.

The whole number of pieces of artillery belonging to the besiegers did not exceed twenty. But they were hourly expecting a reinforcement of thirteen more from Cartagena. The great body of the forces was disposed behind some high ground on the east, which effectually sheltered the men from the fire of the besieged. The corps of Italian veterans, the flower of the army, was stationed in the Gardens, under command of a gallant officer named Pedro de Padilla. Thus the investment of Gálera was complete.

The first object of attack was the tower in the Gardens, from which the Moorish garrison kept up a teasing fire on the Spaniards, as they were employed in the construction of the battery, as well as in digging a trench, in that quarter. No sooner were the guns in position than they delivered their fire, with such effect that an opening was speedily made in the flimsy masonry of the fortress. Padilla, to whom the assault was committed, led forward his men gallantly to the breach, where he was met by the defenders with a spirit equal to his own. A fierce combat ensued. It was not a long one; for the foremost assailants were soon reinforced by others, until they overpowered the little garrison by numbers, and such as escaped the sword took refuge in the defences of the town that adjoined the church.

Flushed with his success in thus easily carrying the tower, which he garrisoned with a strong body of arquebusiers, Don John now determined to make a regular assault on the town, and from this same quarter of the Gardens, as affording the best point of attack. The execution of the affair he entrusted, as before, to Juan de Padilla and his Italian regiment. The guns were then turned against the rampart and the adjoining buildings. Don John pushed forward the siege with vigour, stimulating the men by his own example, carrying fagots on his shoulders for constructing the trenches, and, in short, performing the labours of a common soldier.*

By the twenty-fourth of January, practicable breaches had been effected in the ancient wall; and at the appointed signal, Padilla and his veterans moved swiftly forward to the attack. They met with little difficulty from the ditch or from the wall, which, never formidable from its height, now presented more than one opening to the assailants. They experienced as little resistance from the garrison. But they had not penetrated far into the town before the aspect of things changed. Their progress was checked by one of those barricades already mentioned as stretched across the streets, behind which a body of musketeers poured well-directed volleys into the ranks of the Christians. At the same time, from the loopholes in the walls of the buildings, came incessant showers of musket-balls, arrows, stones, and other missiles, which swept the exposed files of the Spaniards, soon covering the streets with the bodies of the slain and the wounded. It was in vain that the assailants stormed the houses,

* "Para que los soldados se animasen al trabajo, iba delante de todos á pie, y traía su haz acuestas como cada uno, hasta ponerlo en la trinchera."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. II. p. 287.

and carried one entrenchment after another. Each house was a separate fortress; and each succeeding barricade, as the ascent became steeper, gave additional advantage to its defenders, by placing them on a greater elevation above their enemy.

Thus beset in front, flank, and rear, the soldiers were completely blinded and bewildered by the pitiless storm which poured on them from their invisible foe. Huddled together, in their confusion they presented an easy mark to the enemy, who shot at random, knowing that every missile would carry its errand of death. It seemed that the besieged had purposely drawn their foes into the snare, by allowing them to enter the town without resistance, until, hemmed in on all sides, they were slaughtered like cattle in the shambles.

The fight had lasted an hour, when Padilla, seeing his best and bravest falling around him, and being himself nearly disabled by a wound, gave the order to retreat; an order obeyed with such alacrity, that the Spaniards left numbers of their wounded comrades lying in the street, vainly imploring not to be abandoned to the mercy of their enemies. A greater number than usual of officers and men of rank perished in the assault, their rich arms making them a conspicuous mark amidst the throng of assailants. Among others was a soldier of distinction named Juan de Pacheco. He was a knight of the order of St. James. He had joined the army only a few minutes before the attack, having just crossed the seas from Africa. He at once requested Padilla, who was his kinsman, to allow him to share in the glory of the day. In the heat of the struggle, Padilla lost sight of his gallant relative, whose insignia, proclaiming him a soldier of the Cross, made him a peculiar object of detestation to the Moslems; and he soon fell, under a multitude of wounds.*

The disasters of the day, however mortifying, were not a bad lesson to the young commander-in-chief, who saw the necessity of more careful preparation before renewing his attempt on the place. He acknowledged the value of his brother's counsel, to make free use of artillery and mines before coming to close quarters with the enemy.† He determined to open a mine in the perpendicular side of the rock, towards the east, and to run it below the castle and the neighbouring houses on the summit. For this he employed the services of Francesco de Molina, who had so stoutly defended Orgiba, and who was aided in the present work by a skilful Venetian engineer. The rock, consisting of a light and brittle sandstone, was worked with even less difficulty than had been expected. In a short time the gallery was completed, and forty-five barrels of powder were lodged in it. Meanwhile the batteries continued to play with great vivacity on the different quarters of the town and castle. A small breach was opened in the latter, and many buildings on the summit of the rock were overthrown. By the twenty-seventh of January all was ready for the assault.

It was Don John's purpose to assail the place on opposite quarters. Padilla, who still smarted from his wound, was to attack the town, as before, on the side towards the Gardens. The chief object of this manœuvre was to create a diversion in favour of the principal assault, which was to be made on the other side of the rock, where the springing of the mine, it was expected, would open a ready access to the castle. The command on this quarter was given to a brave officer named Antonio Moreno. Don John, at the head of four thousand men, occupied a position which enabled him to overlook the scene of action.

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, pp. 236-238.—Hevia, *ap. Hita*, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 886, 387.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 113.—Ferrerías, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. p. 140.

† "Convendrá por no aventurar mas gente buena que se haga todo lo que sea posible con las minas y artillería, antes de venir á las manos."—Carta del Rey á D. Juan de Austria, 6 de Febrero, 1570, MS.

On the twenty-seventh, at eight in the morning, the signal was given by the firing of a cannon; and Padilla, at the head of his veterans, moved forward to the attack. They effected their entrance into the town with even less opposition than before; for the cannonade from the Gardens had blown away most of the houses, garrisoned by the Moslems, near the wall. But as the assailants pushed on, they soon became entangled, as before, in the long and narrow defiles. The enemy, entrenched behind their redoubts thrown across the streets, poured down their murderous volleys into the close ranks of the Spaniards, who were overwhelmed, as on the former occasion, with deadly missiles of all kinds from the occupants of the houses. But experience had prepared them for this; and they had come provided with mantelets, to shelter them from the tempest. Yet, when the annoyance became intolerable, they would storm the dwellings; and a bloody struggle usually ended in putting their inmates to the sword. Each barricade, too, as the Spaniards advanced, became the scene of a desperate combat, where the musket was cast aside, and men fought hand to hand with sword and dagger. Now rose the fierce battle-cries of the combatants, one party calling on St. Jago, the other on Mahomet, thus intimating that it was still the same war of the Cross and the Crescent which had been carried on for more than eight centuries in the Peninsula.* The shouts of the combatants, the clash of weapons, the report of musketry from the adjoining houses, the sounds of falling missiles, filled the air with an unearthly din, that was reverberated and prolonged in countless echoes through the narrow streets, converting the once peaceful city into a Pandemonium. Still the Spaniards, though slowly winning their way through every obstacle, were far from the table-land on the summit, where they hoped to join their countrymen from the other quarter of the town. At this crisis a sound arose which overpowered every other sound in this wild uproar, and for a few moments suspended the conflict.

This was the bursting of the mine, which Don John, seeing Padilla well advanced in his assault, had now given the order to fire. In an instant came the terrible explosion, shaking Gálera to its centre, rending the portion of the rock above the gallery into fragments, toppling down the houses on its summit, and burying more than six hundred Moriscoes in the ruins. As the smoke and dust of the falling buildings cleared away, and the Spaniards from below beheld the miserable survivors crawling forth, as well as their mangled limbs would allow, they set up a fierce yell of triumph. The mine, however, had done but half the mischief intended; for by a miscalculation in the direction, it had passed somewhat to the right of the castle, which, as well as the ravelin, remained uninjured. Yet a small breach had been opened by the artillery in the former; and what was more important, through the shattered sides of the rock itself a passage had been made, which, though strewn with the fallen rubbish, might afford a practicable entrance to the storming party.

The soldiers, seeing the chasm, now loudly called to be led to the assault. Besides the thirst for vengeance on the rebels who had so long set them at defiance, they were stimulated by the desire of plunder; for Gálera, from its great strength, had been selected as a place of deposit for the jewels, rich stuffs, and other articles of value belonging to the people in the neighbourhood. The officers, before making the attack, were anxious to examine the breach and have the rubbish cleared away, so as to make the ascent easier for the troops. But the fierce and ill-disciplined levies were too impatient for this.

* "Unos llaman á Mahoma
otros dicen Santiago,
Otros gritan cierra España,
muera el dando renegado."

Romance, ap. Hita, Guerras de Granada.

Without heeding the commands or remonstrances of their leaders, one after another they broke their ranks, and, crying the old national war-cries, "*San Jago!*" "*Cierra Espana!*" "St. James!" and "Close up Spain!" they rushed madly forward, and, springing lightly over the ruins in their pathway, soon planted themselves on the summit. The officers, thus deserted, were not long in following, resolved to avail themselves of the enthusiasm of the men.

Fortunately the Moriscos, astounded by the explosion, had taken refuge in the town, and thus left undefended a position which might have given great annoyance to the Spaniards. Yet the cry no sooner rose, that the enemy had scaled the heights, than, recovering from their panic, they hurried back to man the defences. When the assailants, therefore, had been brought into order and formed into column for the attack, they were received with a well-directed fire from the falconets, and with volleys of musketry from the ravelin, that for a moment checked their advance. But then rallying, they gallantly pushed forward through the fiery sleet, and soon found themselves in face of the breach which had been made in the castle by their artillery. The opening, scarcely wide enough to allow two to pass abreast, was defended by men as strong and stout-hearted as their assailants. A desperate struggle ensued, in which the besieged bravely held their ground, though a Castilian ensign, named Zapata, succeeded in forcing his way into the place, and even in planting his standard on the battlements. But it was speedily torn down by the enemy, while the brave cavalier, pierced with wounds, was thrown headlong on the rocky ground below, still clutching the standard with his dying grasp.

Meanwhile the defenders of the ravelin kept up a plunging fire of musketry on the assailants; while stones, arrows, javelins, fell thick as rain-drops on their heads, rattling on the harness of the cavaliers, and inflicting many a wound on the ill-protected bodies of the soldiery. The Morisco women bore a brave part in the fight, showing the same indifference to danger as their husbands and brothers, and rolling down heavy weights on the ranks of the besiegers. These women had a sort of military organization, being formed into companies. Sometimes they even joined in hand-to-hand combats with their enemies, wielding their swords and displaying a prowess worthy of the stronger sex. One of these Amazons, whose name became famous in the siege, was seen on this occasion to kill her antagonist, and bear away his armour as the spoils of victory. It was said that, before she received her mortal wound, several Spaniards fell by her hand.*

Thus, while the besieged, secure within their defences, suffered comparatively little, the attacking column was thrown into disorder. Most of its leaders were killed or wounded. Its ranks were thinned by the incessant fire from the ravelin and castle; and, though it still maintained a brave spirit, its strength was fast ebbing away. Don John, who from his commanding position had watched the field, saw the necessity of sending to the support of his troops six companies of the reserve, which were soon followed by two others. Thus reinforced, they were enabled to keep their ground.

Meanwhile the Italian regiment under Padilla had penetrated far into the town. But they had won their way inch by inch, and it had cost them dear. There was not an officer, it was said, that had not been wounded. Four captains had fallen. Padilla, who had not recovered from his former wound, had now received another, still more severe. His men, though showing a bold

* No less than eighteen, according to Hevia. But this number, notwithstanding Hita's warrant for the writer's scrupulous accuracy, is somewhat too heavy a tax on the credulity of the reader.—"Esta brava mora se llamaba a Zarcamodonia, era corpulenta, recia de miembros, y alcanzaba grandisima fuerza; se averiguó que en este dia mató ella sola por su mano á diez y ocho soldados, no de los peores del campo."—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. II. p. 393.

front, had been so roughly handled, that it was clear they could never fight through the obstacles in their way, and join their comrades on the heights. While little mindful of his own wounds, Padilla saw with anguish the blood of his brave followers thus poured out in vain; and, however reluctantly, he gave the order to retreat. This command was the signal for a fresh storm of missiles from the enemy. But the veterans of Naples, closing up their ranks, as a comrade fell, effected their retreat in the same cool and orderly manner in which they had advanced, and, though wofully crippled, regained their position in the trenches.

Thus disengaged from the conflict on this quarter, the victorious Moslems hastened to the support of their countrymen in the castle, where they served to counterbalance the reinforcement received by the assailants. They fell at once on the rear of the Christians, whose front ranks were galled by the guns from the enemy's battery—though clumsily served—while their flanks were sorely scathed by the storm of musketry that swept down from the ravelin. Thus hemmed in on all sides, they were indeed in a perilous situation. Several of the captains were killed. All the officers were either killed or wounded; and the narrow ground on which they struggled for mastery was heaped with the bodies of the slain. Yet their spirits were not broken; and the tide of battle, after three hours' duration, still continued to rage with impotent fury around the fortress. They still strove, with desperate energy, to scale the walls of the ravelin, and to force a way through the narrow breach in the castle. But the besieged succeeded in closing up the opening with heavy masses of stone and timber, which defied the failing strength of the assailants.

Another hour had now elapsed, and Don John, as from his station he watched the current of the fight, saw that to prolong the contest would only be to bring wider ruin on his followers. He accordingly gave the order to retreat. But the men who had so impetuously rushed to the attack, in defiance of the commands of their officers, now showed the same spirit of insubordination when commanded to leave it; like the mastiff who, maddened by the wounds he has received in the conflict, refuses to loosen his hold on his antagonist, in spite of the chiding of his master. Seeing his orders thus unheeded, Don John, accompanied by his staff, resolved to go in person to the scene of action, and enforce obedience by his presence. But on reaching the spot, he was hit on his cuirass by a musket-ball, which, although it glanced from the well-tempered metal, came with sufficient force to bring him to the ground. The watchful Quixada, not far distant, sprang to his aid; but it appeared he had received no injury. His conduct, however, brought down an affectionate remonstrance from his guardian, who, reminding him of the king's injunctions, besought him to retire, and not thus expose a life so precious as that of the commander-in-chief to the hazards of a common soldier.

The account of the accident soon spread, with the usual exaggerations, among the troops, who, after the prince's departure, yielded a slow and sullen obedience to his commands. Thus for a second time the field of battle remained in possession of the Moslems; and the banner of the crescent still waved triumphantly from the battlements of Galera.*

The loss was a heavy one to the Spaniards, amounting, according to their own accounts—which will not be suspected of exaggeration—to not less than four hundred killed and five hundred wounded. That of the enemy, screened by his defences, must have been comparatively light. The loss fell most

* For an account of the second assault see Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 264, 265; Marmol, *Rebellon de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 240-243; Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 118, 114; Hevia, ap. Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 389 et seq.; Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, pp. 629, 630.

severely on the Spanish chivalry, whose showy dress naturally drew the attention of the well-trained Morisco marksmen. The bloody roll is inscribed with the names of many a noble house in both Andalusia and Castile.

This second reverse of his arms stung Don John to the quick. The eyes of his countrymen were upon him; and he well knew the sanguine anticipations they had formed of his campaign, and that they would hold him responsible for its success. His heart was filled with mourning for the loss of his brave companions in arms. Yet he did not give vent to unmanly lamentation; but he showed his feelings in another form, which did little honour to his heart. Turning to his officers, he exclaimed: "The infidels shall pay dear for the Christian blood they have spilt this day. The next assault will place *Galera* in our power; and every soul within its walls—man, woman, and child—shall be put to the sword. Not one shall be spared. The houses shall be razed to the ground, and the ground they covered shall be sown with salt."* This inhuman speech was received with general acclamations. As the event proved, it was not an empty menace.

The result of his operations showed Don John the prudence of his brother's recommendation,—to make good use of his batteries and his mines before coming to close quarters with the enemy. Philip, in a letter written some time after this defeat, alluding to the low state of discipline in the camp, urged his brother to give greater attention to the morals of the soldiers,—to guard especially against profanity and other offences to religion, that by so doing he might secure the favour of the Almighty.† Don John had intimated to Philip, that, under some circumstances, it might be necessary to encourage his men by leading them in person to the attack. But the king rebuked the spirit of the knight-errant, as not suited to the commander, and admonished his brother that the place for him was in the rear; that there he might be of service in stimulating the ardour of the remiss; adding, that those who went forward promptly in the fight, had no need of his presence to encourage them.‡

Don John lost no time in making his preparations for a third and last assault. He caused two new mines to be opened in the rock on either side of the former one, and at some thirty paces' distance from it. While this was going on, he directed that all the artillery should play without intermission on the town and castle. His battering-train, meantime, was reinforced by the arrival of fourteen additional pieces of heavy ordnance from *Cartagena*.

The besieged were no less busy in preparing for their defence. The women and children toiled equally with the men in repairing the damages in the works. The breaches were closed with heavy stones and timber. The old barricades were strengthened, and new ones thrown across the streets. The magazines were filled with fresh supplies of stones and arrows. Long practice had made the former missile a more formidable weapon than usual in the hands of the Moriscoes. They were amply provided with water, and, as we

* "Yo hundiré a *Galera*, y la asolaré, y sembraré toda de sal; y por el riguroso filo de la espada pasarán chicos y grandes, quantos están dentro, por castigo de su pertinacia, y en venganza de la sangre que han derramado."—*Marmol, Rebelion de Granada*, tom. II. p. 244.

† "No puedo yo dejar de encargaros que lo engais muy grande de que él no sea deservido en ese campo, ni haya las maldades y desórdenes que decís, que siendo tales no pueden hacer cosa buena, y así lo procurad, y que no haya juramentos ni otras ofensas de Dios, que con esto el nos ayudara y todo se hará bien."—*Carta del Rey a D. Juan de Austria*, 6 de Febrero, 1570, MS.

‡ "Y con esa gente, según lo que decís, mas importará estar detrás dellos deteniéndolos y castigándolos que no delante, pues para los que lo estan y hacen lo que doben no es menester."—*Ibid.*

have seen, were well victualled for a siege longer than this was likely to prove. But, in one respect, and that of the last importance, they were miserably deficient. Their powder was nearly all expended. They endeavoured to obtain supplies of ammunition, as well as reinforcements of men, "from Aben-Aboo. But the Morisco prince was fully occupied at this time with maintaining his ground against the duke of Sesa, in the west. His general, El Habaqui, who had charge of the eastern army, encouraged the people of Galera to remain firm, assuring them that before long he should be able to come to their assistance. But time was precious to the besieged.*

The Turkish auxiliaries in the garrison greatly doubted the possibility of maintaining themselves, with no better ammunition than stones and arrows, against the well-served artillery of the Spaniards. Their leaders accordingly, in a council of war, proposed that the troops should sally forth and cut their way through the lines of the besiegers, while the women and children might pass out by the subterranean avenue which conducted to the river, the existence of which, we are told, was unknown to the Christians. The Turks, mere soldiers of fortune, had no local attachment or patriotic feeling to bind them to the soil. But when their proposal was laid before the inhabitants, they all, women as well as men, treated the proposition with disdain, showing their determination to defend the city to the last, and to perish amidst its ruins rather than surrender.

Still sustained by the hope of succour, the besieged did what they could to keep off the day of the assault. They did not, indeed, attempt to counter-mine; for, if they had possessed the skill for this, they had neither tools nor powder. But they had made sorties on the miners, and, though always repulsed with loss, they contrived to hold the camp of the besiegers in a constant state of alarm.

On the sixth of February, the engineers who had charge of the mines gave notice that their work was completed. The following morning was named for the assault. The orders of the day prescribed that a general cannonade should open on the town at six in the morning. It was to continue an hour, when the mines were to be sprung. The artillery would then play for another hour, after which the signal for the attack would be given. The signal was to be the firing of one gun from each of the batteries, to be followed by a simultaneous discharge of all. The orders directed the troops to show no quarter to man, woman, or child.

On the seventh of February, the last day of the Carnival, the besiegers were under arms with the earliest dawn. Their young commander attracted every eye by the splendour of his person and appointments. He was armed *cap-à-pié*, and wore a suit of burnished steel, richly inlaid with gold. His casque, overshadowed by brilliant plumes, was ornamented with a medallion displaying the image of the Virgin.† In his hand he carried the baton of command; and as he rode along the lines addressing a few words of encouragement to the soldiers, his perfect horsemanship, his princely bearing, and the courtesy of his

* It is singular that no one of the chroniclers gives us the name of the Moorish chief who commanded in Galera. A romance of the time calls him Abenhozmin.

"Marinero que la rige
Sarracino es natural,
criado acá en nuestra España
por su mal y nuestro mal:
Abenhozmin ha por nombre,
y es hombre de gran caudal."

Hita, Guerras de Granada, tom. ii. p. 470.

† "Relunbrante y fortísimo morrion adornado de un penacho bello y elegante, sentado sobre una rica medalla de la imagen de nuestra Señora de la Concepcion."—Hevia, ap. Hita, Guerras de Granada, tom. ii. p. 429.

manners reminded the veterans of the happier days of his father, the emperor. The cavaliers by whom he was surrounded emulated their chief in the richness of their appointments; and the Murcian chronicler, present on that day, dwells with complacency on the beautiful array of southern chivalry gathered together for the final assault upon Galera.*

From six o'clock till seven, a furious cannonade was kept up from the whole circle of batteries on the devoted town. Then came the order to fire the mines. The deafening roar of ordnance was at once hushed into a silence profound as that of death, while every soldier in the trenches waited, with nervous suspense, for the explosion. At length it came, overturning houses, shaking down a fragment of the castle, rending wider the breach in the perpendicular side of the rock, and throwing off the fragments with the force of a volcano. Only one mine, however, exploded. It was soon followed by the other, which, though it did less damage, spread such consternation among the garrison, that, fearing there might still be a third in reserve, the men abandoned their works, and took refuge in the town.

When the smoke and dust had cleared away, an officer with a few soldiers was sent to reconnoitre the breach. They soon returned with the tidings that the garrison had fled, and left the works wholly unprotected. On hearing this, the troops, with furious shouts, called out to be led at once to the assault. It was in vain that the officers remonstrated, enforcing their remonstrances, in some instances, by blows with the flat of their sabres. The blood of the soldiery was up; and, like an ill-disciplined rabble, they sprang from their trenches in wild disorder, as before, and, hurrying their officers along with them, soon scaled the perilous ascent, and crowned the heights without opposition from the enemy. Hurrying over the *débris* that strewed the ground, they speedily made themselves masters of the deserted fortress and its outworks,—filling the air with shouts of victory.

The fugitives saw their mistake, as they beheld the enemy occupying the position they had abandoned. There was no more apprehension of mines. Eager to retrieve their error, they rushed back, as by a common impulse, to dispute the possession of the ground with the Spaniards. It was too late. The guns were turned on them from their own battery. The arquebusiers who lined the ravelin showered down on their heads missiles more formidable than stones and arrows. But, though their powder was nearly gone, the Moriscos could still make fight with sword and dagger, and they boldly closed, in a hand-to-hand contest with their enemy. It was a deadly struggle, calling out—as close personal contest is sure to do—the fiercest passions of the combatants. No quarter was given; none was asked. The Spaniard was nerved by the confidence of victory, the Morisco by the energy of despair. Both fought like men who knew that on the issue of this conflict depended the fate of Galera. Again the war-cries of the two religions rose above the din of battle, as the one party invoked their military apostle, and the other called on Mahomet. It was the same war-cry which for more than eight centuries had sounded over hill and valley in unhappy Spain. These were its dying notes, soon to expire with the exile or extermination of the conquered race.

The conflict was at length terminated by the arrival of a fresh body of troops on the field with Padilla. That chief had attacked the town by the same avenue as before; everywhere he had met with the same spirit of resistance. But the means of successful resistance were gone. Many of the houses on the streets had been laid in ruins by the fire of the artillery. Such as still held out were defended by men armed with no better weapons than stones and arrows. One after another, most of them were stormed

* "Igualmente se arreo lo mejor que pudo toda la caballería, y era cosa digna de ver la elegancia y hermosura de un ejército tan lucido y gallardo."—Hevia, ap. Hita, Guerras de Granada, loc. cit.

and fired by the Spaniards; and those within were put to the sword, or perished in the flames.

It fared no better with the defenders of the barricades. Galled by the volleys of the Christians, against whom their own rude missiles did comparatively little execution, they were driven from one position to another; as each redoubt was successively carried, a shout of triumph went up from the victors, which fell cheerily on the ears of their countrymen on the heights; and when Padilla and his veterans burst on the scene of action, it decided the fortunes of the day.

There was still a detachment of Turks, whose ammunition had not been exhausted, and who were maintaining a desperate struggle with a body of Spanish infantry, in which the latter had been driven back to the very verge of the precipice. But the appearance of their friends under Padilla gave the Spaniards new heart; and Turk and Morisco, overwhelmed alike by the superiority of the numbers and of the weapons of their antagonists, gave way in all directions. Some fled down the long avenues which led from the summit of the rock. They were hotly pursued by the Spaniards. Others threw themselves into the houses, and prepared to make a last defence. The Spaniards scrambled along the terraces, letting themselves down from one level to another by means of the Moorish ladders used for that purpose. They hewed openings in the wooden roofs of the buildings, through which they fired on those within. The helpless Moriscoes, driven out by the pitiless volleys, sought refuge in the street. But the fierce hunters were there, waiting for their miserable game, which they shot down without mercy,—men, women, and children; none were spared. Yet they did not fall unavenged; and the corpse of many a Spaniard might be seen stretched on the bloody pavement, lying side by side with that of his Moslem enemy.

More than one instance is recorded of the desperate courage to which the women as well as the men were roused in their extremity. A Morisco girl, whose father had perished in the first assault in the Gardens, after firing her dwelling, is said to have dragged her two little brothers along with one hand, and, wielding a scimitar with the other, to have rushed against the foe, by whom they were all speedily cut to pieces. Another instance is told, of a man who, after killing his wife and his two daughters, sallied forth, and calling out, "There is nothing more to lose; let us die together!" threw himself madly into the thick of the enemy.* Some fell by their own weapons, others by those of their friends, preferring to receive death from any hands but those of the Spaniards.

Some two thousand Moriscoes were huddled together in a square not far from the gate, where a strong body of Castilian infantry cut off the means of escape. Spent with toil and loss of blood, without ammunition, without arms, or with such only as were too much battered or broken for service, the wretched fugitives would gladly have made some terms with their pursuers, who now closed darkly around them. But the stag at bay might as easily have made terms with his hunters and the fierce hounds that were already on his haunches. Their prayers were answered by volley after volley, until not a man was left alive.

More than four hundred women and children were gathered together without the walls, and the soldiers, mindful of the value of such a booty, were willing to spare their lives. This was remarked by Don John, and no sooner did he observe the symptoms of lenity in the troops, than the flinty-hearted chief rebuked their remissness, and sternly reminded them of the orders of the day. He even sent the halberdiers of his guard and the cavaliers about his person to assist the soldiers in their bloody work; while he sat a calm spectator, on his

* These anecdotes are given by Hevia, ap. Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 449-451.

horse, as immovable as a marble statue, and as insensible to the agonizing screams of his victims and their heart-breaking prayers for mercy.*

While this was going on without the town, the work of death was no less active within. Every square and enclosure that had afforded a temporary refuge to the fugitives was heaped with the bodies of the slain. Blood ran down the kennels like water after a heavy shower. The dwellings were fired, some by the conquerors, others by the inmates, who threw themselves madly into the flames rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. The gathering shadows of evening—for the fight had lasted nearly nine hours†—were dispelled by the light of the conflagration, which threw an ominous glare for many a league over the country, proclaiming far and wide the downfall of Galera.

At length Don John was so far moved from his original purpose as to consent that the women, and the children under twelve years of age, should be spared. This he did, not from any feeling of compunction, but from deference to the murmurs of his followers, whose discontent at seeing their customary booty snatched from them began to show itself in a way not to be disregarded.‡ Some fifteen hundred women and children, in consequence of this, are said to have escaped the general doom of their countrymen.§ All the rest, soldiers and citizens, Turks, Africans, and Moriscoes, were mercilessly butchered. Not one man, if we may trust the Spaniards themselves, escaped alive! It would not be easy, even in that age of blood, to find a parallel to so wholesale and indiscriminate a massacre.

Yet, to borrow the words of the Castilian proverb, "If Africa had cause to weep, Spain had little reason to rejoice."|| No success during the war was purchased at so high a price as the capture of Galera. The loss fell as heavily on the officers and men of rank as on the common file. We have seen the eagerness with which they had flocked to the standard of John of Austria. They showed the same eagerness to distinguish themselves under the eye of their leader. The Spanish chivalry were sure to be found in the post of danger. Dearly did they pay for that pre-eminence; and many a noble house in Spain wept bitter tears when the tidings came of the conquest of Galera.¶

Don John himself was so much exasperated, says the chronicler, by the thought of the grievous loss which he had sustained through the obstinate resistance of the heretics,** that he resolved to carry at once into effect his

* "Los quales mataron mas de quatrocientas mugeres y niños . . . y así hizo matar muchos en su presencia á los alabarderos de su guardia."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 248.

† "Duró el combate, despues de entrado el lugar, desde las ocho de la mañana hasta las cinco de la tarde."—Hevia, ap. Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 448.

‡ "Y no paráran hasta acabarlas á todas, si las quejas de los soldados, á quien se quitaba el premio de la vitoria, no le movieran; mas esto fue quando se entendió que la villa estaba ya por nosotros, y no quiso que se perdonase á varon que pasase de doce años."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 248.

§ "Se cautivaron hasta otras mil y quinientas personas de mugeres y niños, porque á hombre ninguno se tomó con vida, habiendo muerto todos sin quedar uno en este dia, y en los asaltos pasados."—Hevia, ap. Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 448.

|| Marmol, while he admits that not a man was spared, estimates the number of women and children saved at three times that given in the text.

¶ "Si Africa llora, España no rie."

¶ For the account of the final assault, as told by the various writers, with sufficient inconsistency in the details, compare Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 244-249; Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 266-268; Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 114, 115; Hevia, ap. Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 429 et seq.; Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, pp. 630, 631; Bleda, *Cronica*, p. 734; Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 143, 144.

** "Tanto le crecia la ira, pensando en el daño que aquellos hereges habian hecho."—Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 248.

menace of demolishing the town, so that not one stone should be left on another. Every house was accordingly burnt or levelled to the ground, which was then strewed with salt, as an accursed spot, on which no man was to build thereafter. A royal decree to that effect was soon afterwards published; and the village of straggling houses, which, undefended by a wall, still clusters round the base of a hill, in the Gardens occupied by Padilla, is all that now serves to remind the traveller of the once flourishing and strongly fortified city of Galera.

In the work of demolition Don John was somewhat retarded by a furious tempest of sleet and rain, which set in the day after the place was taken. It was no uncommon thing at that season of the year. Had it come on a few days earlier, the mountain torrents would infallibly have broken up the camp of the besiegers, and compelled them to suspend operations. That the storm was so long delayed, was regarded by the Spaniards as a special interposition of Heaven.

The booty was great which fell into the hands of the victors; for Galera, from its great strength, had been selected by the inhabitants of the neighbouring country as a safe place of deposit for their effects,—especially their more valuable treasures of gold, pearls, jewels, and precious stuffs. Besides these, there was a great quantity of wheat, barley, and other grain, stored in the magazines, which afforded a seasonable supply to the army.

No sooner was Don John master of Galera, than he sent tidings of his success to his brother. The king was at that time paying his devotions at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The tidings were received with exultation by the court,—by Philip with the stolid composure with which he usually received accounts either of the success or the discomfiture of his arms. He would allow no public rejoicings of any kind. The only way in which he testified his satisfaction was by offering up thanks to God and the Blessed Virgin, “to whom,” says the chronicler, “he thought the cause should be especially commended, as one in which more glory was to be derived from peace than from a bloody victory.”* With such humane and rational sentiments, it is marvellous that he did not communicate them to his brother, and thus spare the atrocious massacre of his Morisco vassals at Galera.

But, however revolting this massacre may appear in our eyes, it seems to have left no stain on the reputation of John of Austria in the eyes of his contemporaries. In reviewing this campaign, we cannot too often call to mind that it was regarded not so much as a war with rebellious vassals, as a war with the enemies of the Faith. It was the last link in that long chain of hostilities which the Spaniard for so many centuries had been waging for the recovery of his soil from the infidel. The sympathies of Christendom were not the less on his side, that now, when the trumpet of the crusader had ceased to send forth its notes in other lands, they should still be heard among the hills of Granada. The Moriscoes were everywhere regarded as infidels and apostates; and there were few Christian nations whose codes would not at that day have punished infidelity and apostasy with death. It was no harder for them that they should be exterminated by the sword than by the fagot. So far from the massacre of the Moriscoes tarnishing the reputation of their conqueror, it threw a gloomy *éclat* over his achievement, which may have rather served to add to its celebrity. His own countrymen, thinking only of the extraordinary difficulties which he had overcome, with pride beheld him entering on a splendid career, that would place his name among those of the great paladins of the nation. In Rome he was hailed as the champion of Christendom; and

* “Solo dar gracias á Dios y á la gloriosa virgen Maria, encomendandoles el Catholico Rey aquel negocio, por ser de calidad, que deseaba mas gloria de la concordia y paz, que de la vitoria sangrienta.”—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 240.

it was determined to offer him the baton of generalissimo of the formidable league which the pope was at this time organizing against the Ottoman empire.*

CHAPTER VIII.

REBELLION OF THE MORISCOES. -

Disaster at Seron—Death of Quixada—Rapid Successes of Don John—Submission of the Moriscoes—Fate of El Habaqui—Stern Temper of Aben-Aboc—Renewal of the War—Expulsion of the Moors—Don Juan returns to Madrid—Murder of Aben-Aboc—Fortunes of the Moriscoes.

1570, 1571.

DON JOHN was detained some days before Galera by the condition of the roads, which the storm had rendered impassable for heavy waggons and artillery. When the weather improved he began his march, moving south, in the direction of Baza. Passing through that ancient town, the scene of one of the most glorious triumphs of the good Queen Isabella the Catholic, he halted at Caniles. Here he left the main body of his army, and, putting himself at the head of a detachment of three thousand foot and two hundred horse, hastened forward to reconnoitre Seron, which he purposed next to attack.

Seron was a town of some strength, situated on the slope of the sierra, and defended by a castle held by a Morisco garrison. On his approach, most of the inhabitants, and many of the soldiers, evacuated the place, and sought refuge among the mountains. Don John formed his force into two divisions, one of which he placed under Quixada, the other under Requesens. He took up a position himself, with a few cavaliers and a small body of arquebusiers, on a neighbouring eminence, which commanded a view of the whole ground.

The two captains were directed to reconnoitre the environs, by making a circuit from opposite sides of the town. Quixada, as he pressed forward with his column, drove the Morisco fugitives before him, until they vanished in the recesses of the mountains. In the meantime, the beacon-fires, which for some hours had been blazing from the topmost peaks of the sierra, had spread intelligence far and wide of the coming of the enemy. The whole country was in arms; and it was not long before the native warriors, mustering to the number of six thousand, under the Morisco chief, El Habaqui, who held command in that quarter, came pouring through the defiles of the mountains, and fell with fury on the front and flank of the astonished Spaniards. The assailants were soon joined by the fugitives from Seron; and the Christians, unable to withstand this accumulated force, gave way, though slowly, and in good order, before the enemy.

Meanwhile, a detachment of Spanish infantry, under command of Lope de Figueroa, *maestro del campo*, had broken into the town, where they were busily occupied in plundering the deserted houses. This was a part of the military profession which the rude levies of Andalusia well understood. While they were thus occupied, the advancing Moriscoes, burning for revenge, burst into the streets of the town, and, shouting their horrid war-cries, set furiously on the marauders. The Spaniards, taken by surprise, and encumbered with their booty, offered little resistance. They were seized with a panic, and fled in all directions. They were soon mingled with their retreating comrades under

* "Cela fait, par sa renommée qui voloit par le monde, tant des chrestiens que des infidelles, il fut fait general de la sainte ligue."—Brantôme, Œuvres, tom. I. p. 326.

Quixada, everywhere communicating their own terror, till the confusion became general. It was in vain that Quixada and Figueroa, with the other captains, endeavoured to restore order. The panic-stricken soldiers heard nothing, saw nothing, but the enemy.

At this crisis, Don John, who from his elevated post had watched the impending ruin, called his handful of brave followers around him, and at once threw himself into the midst of the tumult. "What means this, Spaniards?" he exclaimed. "From whom are you flying? Where is the honor of Spain? Have you not, John of Austria, your commander, with you? At least, if you retreat, do it like brave men, with your front to the enemy."* It was in vain. His entreaties, his menaces, even his blows, which he dealt with the flat of his sabre, were ineffectual to rouse anything like a feeling of shame in the cowardly troops. The efforts of his captains were equally fruitless, though in making them they exposed their lives with a recklessness which cost some of them dear. Figueroa was disabled by a wound in the leg. Quixada was hit by a musket-ball on the left shoulder, and struck from his saddle. Don John, who was near, sprang to his assistance, and placed him in the hands of some troopers, with directions to bear him at once to Caniles. In doing this the young commander himself had a narrow escape; for he was struck on his helmet by a ball, which, however, fortunately glanced off without doing him injury.† He was now hurried along by the tide of fugitives, who made no attempt to rally for the distance of half a league, when the enemy ceased his pursuit. Six hundred Spaniards were left dead on the field. A great number threw themselves into the houses, prepared to make good their defence. But they were speedily enveloped by the Moriscoes, the houses were stormed or set on fire, and the inmates perished to a man.‡

Don John, in a letter dated the nineteenth of February, two days after this disgraceful affair, gave an account of it to the king, declaring that the dastardly conduct of the troops exceeded anything he had ever witnessed, or indeed could have believed, had he not seen it with his own eyes. "They have so little heart in the service," he adds, "that no effort that I can make, not even the fear of the galleys or the gibbet, can prevent them from deserting. Would to Heaven I could think that they are moved to this by the desire to return to their families, and not by fear of the enemy."§ He gave the particulars of Quixada's accident, stating that the surgeons had made six incisions before they could ascertain where the ball, which had penetrated the shoulder, was lodged; and that, with all their efforts, they had as yet been unable to extract it. "I now deeply feel," he says, "how much I have been indebted to his military experience, his diligence, and care and how important his preservation is to the service of your majesty. I trust in God he may be permitted to regain his health, which is now in a critical condition."||

* "Qué es esto, Españoles? de qué hais? dónde está la honra de España? No tenéis delante á Don Juan de Austria, vuestro capitán? de qué teméis? Retiraos con orden como hombres de guerra pon el rostro al enemigo."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 257.

† "Acudiendo á todas las necesidades con peligro de su persona, porque le dieron un escopetazo en la cabeza sobre una celada fuerte que llevaba, que á no ser tan buena, le matáran."—Ibid: p. 258.

‡ Carta de D. Juan de Austria al Rey, 19 de Febrero, 1570, MS.—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 253 et seq.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, p. 273.—Villafañe, *Vida de Magdalena de Ulloa*.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 116, 117.

§ "Conforme á esto entenderá V. M. la poca costancia y afición que tienen á la guerra, estos que la dejan al mejor tiempo sin poderles reprimir galeas, ni horca ni cuantas diligencias se hacen. Y plega á Dios que el amor de los hijos y parientes sea la causa y no miedo de los enemigos."—Carta de D. Juan de Austria al Rey, 19 de Febrero, 1570, MS.

|| Ibid.

In his reply to this letter, the king expressed his sense of the great loss which both he and his brother would sustain by the death of Quixada. "You will keep me constantly advised of the state of his health," he says. "I know well it is unnecessary for me to impress upon you the necessity of watching carefully over him." Philip did not let the occasion pass for administering a gentle rebuke to Don John for so lightly holding the promise he had made to him from Galera, not again to expose himself heedlessly to danger. "When I think of your narrow escape at Seron, I cannot express the pain I have felt at your rashly incurring such a risk. In war, every one should confine himself to the duties of his own station; nor should the general affect to play the part of the soldier, any more than the soldier that of the general."*

It seems to have been a common opinion, that Don John was more fond of displaying his personal prowess than became one of his high rank; in short, that he showed more the qualities of a knight-errant, than those of a great commander.†

Meanwhile, Quixada's wound, which from the first had been attended with alarming symptoms, grew so much worse as to baffle all the skill of the surgeons: His sufferings were great, and every hour he grew weaker. Before a week had elapsed, it became evident that his days were numbered.

The good knight received the intelligence with composure,—for he did not fear death. He had not the happiness in this solemn hour to have her near him on whose conjugal love and tenderness he had reposed for so many years.‡ But the person whom he cherished next to his wife, Don John of Austria, was by his bedside, watching over him with the affectionate solicitude of a son, and ministering those kind offices which soften the bitterness of death. The dying man retained his faculties to the last, and dictated, though he had not the strength to sign, a letter to the king, requesting some favour for his widow, in consideration of his long services. He then gave himself up wholly to his spiritual concerns; and on the twenty-fourth of February, 1570, he gently expired, in the arms of his foster-son.

Quixada received a soldier's funeral. His obsequies were celebrated with the military pomp suited to his station. His remains, accompanied by the whole army, with arms reversed, and banners trailing in the dust, were borne in solemn procession to the church of the Jeronimites in Caniles; and "we may piously trust," says the chronicler, "that the soul of Don Luis rose up to heaven with the sweet incense which burned on the altars of St. Jerome; for he spent his life, and finally lost it, in fighting like a valiant soldier the battles of the faith."§

* "Que cada uno ha de hacer su oficio y no el general de soldado, ni el soldado el de general."—Carta del Rey á D. Juan de Austria, 24 de Febrero, 1570, MS.

† One evidence of this is afforded by the frankness of his friend, Ruy Gomez de Silva. "La primera," he writes to Don John, "que por quanto V. Ex.^a está reputado de atrevido y de hombre que quiere mas ganar crédito de soldado que de general, que mude este estilo y se deje gobernar."—(Carta de 4 de Marzo, 1570, MS.) It is to Don John's credit that, in his reply, he thanks Ruy Gomez warmly for his admonition, and begs his monitor to reprove him without hesitation, whenever he deems it necessary, since, now that his guardian is gone, there is no other who can take this liberty.—Carta de D. Juan de Austria á Ruy Gomez de Silva, MS.

‡ According to Villafañe, Doña Magdalena left Madrid on learning her husband's illness, and travelled with such despatch that she arrived in time to receive his last sighs. This also speaks of her presence at his bedside. But as seven days only elapsed between the date of the knight's wound and that of his death, one finds it difficult to believe that this could have allowed time for the courier who brought the tidings, and for the lady afterwards, whether in the saddle or litter, to have travelled a distance of over four hundred and fifty miles, along execrable roads, with much of the way lying through the wild passes of the Alpujarras.

§ "Creemos piadosamente que el alma de D. Luis subirá al cielo con el oloroso incienso VOL. III.

Quixada was austere in his manners, and a martinet in enforcing discipline. He was loyal in his nature, of spotless integrity, and possessed so many generous and knightly qualities, that he commanded the respect of his comrades; and the regret for his loss was universal. Philip, writing to Don John, a few days after the event, remarks: "I did not think that any letter from you could have given me so much pain as that acquainting me with the death of Quixada. I fully comprehend the importance of his loss, both to myself and to you, and cannot wonder you should feel it so keenly. It is impossible to allude to it without sorrow. Yet we may be consoled by the reflection that, living and dying as he did, he cannot fail to have exchanged this world for a better."*

Quixada's remains were removed, the year following, to his estate at Villagarcía, where his disconsolate widow continued to reside. Immediately after her lord's decease, Don John wrote to Doña Magdalena, from the camp, a letter of affectionate condolence, which came from the fulness of his heart: "Luis died as became him, fighting for the glory and safety of his son, and covered with immortal honour. Whatever I am, whatever I shall be, I owe to him, by whom I was formed, or rather begotten in a nobler birth. Dear sorrowing widowed mother! I only am left to you; and to you, indeed, do I of right belong, for whose sake Luis died, and you have been stricken with this woe. Moderate your grief with your wonted wisdom. Would that I were near you now, to dry your tears, or mingle mine with them! Farewell, dearest and most honoured mother! and pray to God to send back your son from these wars to your bosom."†

Doña Magdalena survived her husband many years, employing her time in acts of charity and devotion. From Don John she ever experienced the same filial tenderness which he evinces in the letter above quoted. Never did he leave the country or return to it without first paying his respects to his mother, as he always called her. She watched with maternal pride his brilliant career; and when that was closed by an early death, the last link which had bound her to this world was snapped for ever. Yet she continued to live on till near the close of the century, dying in 1598, and leaving behind her a reputation for goodness and piety little less than that of a saint.

Don John, having paid the last tribute of respect to the memory of his guardian, collected his whole strength, and marched at once against Seron. But the enemy, shrinking from an encounter with so formidable a force, had abandoned the place before the approach of the Spaniards. The Spanish commander soon after encountered El Habaqui in the neighbourhood, and defeated him. He then marched on Tijola, a town perched on a bold cliff, which a resolute garrison might have easily held against an enemy. But the Moriscoes, availing themselves of the darkness of the night, stole out of the place, and succeeded, without much loss, in escaping through the lines of the besiegers.‡ The fall of Tijola was followed by that of

que se quemó en los altares de S. Gerónimo, porque siempre había empleado la vida en pelear contra enemigos de nuestra santa fe, y por último murió batallando con ellos como soldado valeroso."—Hita, *Guerras de Granada*, tom. II. p. 487.

* Carta del Rey á D. Juan de Austria, 3 de Marzo, 1570, MS.

† The letter is translated by Stirling from a manuscript, entitled "*Joannis Austriaci Vita*, auctore Antonio Ossorio," in the National Library at Madrid.—See *Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth* (Am. ed.), p. 286.

‡ Tijola is the scene of the story, familiar to every lover of Castilian romance, and better suited to romance than history, of the Moor Tuzani and his unfortunate mistress, the beautiful Maleha. It forms the most pleasing episode in Hita's second volume (pp. 523-540), and is translated with pathos and delicacy by Circourt, *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. III. p. 345 et seq.

Purchena. In a short time the whole Rio de Almanzora was overrun, and the victorious general, crossing the south-eastern borders of the Alpujarras, established his quarters, on the second of May, at Padules, about two leagues from Andarax.

These rapid successes are not to be explained simply by Don John's superiority over the enemy in strength or military science. Philip had turned a favourable ear to the pope's invitation to join the league against the Turk, in which he was complimented by having the post of commander-in-chief offered to his brother, John of Austria. But before engaging in a new war, it was most desirable for him to be released from that in which he was involved with the Moriscoes. He had already seen enough of the sturdy spirit of that race to be satisfied that to accomplish his object by force would be a work of greater time than he could well afford. The only alternative, therefore, was to have recourse to the conciliatory policy which had been so much condemned in the marquis of Mondejar. Instructions to that effect were accordingly sent to Don John, who, heartily weary of this domestic contest, and longing for a wider theatre of action, entered warmly into his brother's views. Secret negotiations were soon opened with El Habaqui, the Morisco chief, who received the offer of such terms for himself and his countrymen as left him in no doubt, at least, as to the side on which his own interest lay. As a preliminary step, he was to withdraw his support from the places in the Rio de Almanzora; and thus the war, brought within the narrower range of the Alpujarras, might be more easily disposed of. This part of his agreement had been faithfully executed; and the rebellious district on the eastern borders of the Alpujarras had, as we have seen, been brought into subjection, with little cost of life to the Spaniards.

Don John followed this up by a royal proclamation, promising an entire amnesty for the past to all who within twenty days should tender their submission. They were to be allowed to state the grievances which had moved them to take up arms, with an assurance that these should be redressed. All who refused to profit by this act of grace, with the exception of the women, and of children under fourteen years of age, would be put to the sword without mercy.

What was the effect of the proclamation we are not informed. It was probably not such as had been anticipated. The Moriscoes, distressed as they were, did not trust the promises of the Spaniards. At least we find Don John, who had now received a reinforcement of two thousand men, distributing his army into detachments, with orders to scour the country and deal with the inhabitants in a way that should compel them to submit. Such of the wretched peasantry as had taken refuge in their fastnesses were assailed with shot and shell, and slaughtered by hundreds. Some, who had hidden with their families in the caves in which the country abounded, were hunted out by their pursuers, or suffocated by the smoke of burning fagots at the entrance of their retreats. Everywhere the land was laid waste, so as to afford sustenance for no living thing. Such were the conciliatory measures employed by the government for the reduction of the rebels.*

Meanwhile the duke of Sesa had taken the field on the northern border of the Alpujarras, with an army of ten thousand foot and two thousand horse. He was opposed by Aben-Aboo with a force which in point of numbers was not inferior to his own. The two commanders adopted the same policy; avoiding pitched battles, and confining themselves to the desultory tactics of *guerrilla* warfare, to skirmishes and surprises; while each endeavoured to distress his adversary by cutting off his convoys and by wasting the territory with fire and sword. The Morisco chief had an advantage in the familiarity of his men

* Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 290-320, 340-346.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 119 et seq.—Ferrerias, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. p. 170 et seq.

with this wild mountain fighting, and in their better knowledge of the intricacies of the country. But this was far more than counterbalanced by the superiority of the Spaniards in military organization, and by their possession of cavalry, artillery, and muskets, in all of which the Moslems were lamentably deficient. Thus, although no great battle was won by the Christians, although they were sorely annoyed, and their convoys of provisions frequently cut off, by the skirmishing parties of the enemy, they continued steadily to advance, driving the Moriscoes before them, and securing the permanency of their conquests by planting a line of forts, well garrisoned, along the wasted territory in their rear. By the beginning of May, the duke of Sesa had reached the borders of the Mediterranean, and soon after united his forces, greatly diminished by desertion, to those of Don John of Austria at Padules.*

Negotiations, during this time, had been resumed with El Habaqui, who with the knowledge, if not the avowed sanction, of Aben-Abou, had come to a place called Fondon de Andarax, not far distant from the head-quarters of the Spanish commander-in-chief. He was accompanied by several of the principal Moriscoes, who were to take part in the discussions. On the thirteenth of May they were met by the deputies from the Castilian camp, and the conference was opened. It soon appeared that the demands of the Moriscoes were wholly inadmissible. They insisted, not only on a general amnesty, but that things should be restored to the situation in which they were before the edicts of Philip the Second had given rise to the rebellion. The Moorish commissioners were made to understand that they were to negotiate only on the footing of a conquered race. They were advised to prepare a memorial preferring such requests as might be reasonably granted; and they were offered the services of Juan de Soto, Don John's secretary, to aid them in drafting the document. They were counselled, moreover, to see their master, Aben-Abou, and obtain full powers from him to conclude a definitive treaty.

Aben-Abou, ever since his elevation to the stormy sovereignty of the Alp-jarras, had maintained his part with a spirit worthy of his cause. But as he beheld town after town fall away from his little empire, his people butchered or swept into slavery, his lands burned and wasted, until the fairest portions were converted into a wilderness,—above all, when he saw that his cause excited no sympathy in the bosoms of the Moslem princes, on whose support he had mainly relied,—he felt more and more satisfied of the hopelessness of a contest with the Spanish monarchy. His officers, and indeed the people at large, had come to the same conviction; and nothing but an intense hatred of the Spaniards, and a distrust of their good faith, had prevented the Moriscoes from throwing down their arms and accepting the promises of grace which had been held out to them. The disastrous result of the recent campaign against the duke of Sesa tended still further to the discouragement of the Morisco chief; and El Habaqui and his associates returned with authority from their master to arrange terms of accommodation with the Spaniards.

On the nineteenth of May, the commissioners from each side again met at Fondon de Andarax. A memorial, drafted by Juan de Soto, was laid before Don John, whose quarters, as we have seen, were in the immediate neighbourhood. No copy of the instrument has been preserved, or at least none has been published. From the gracious answer returned by the prince, we may infer that it contained nothing deemed objectionable by the conquerors.

* Mendoza, Guerra de Granada, p. 271 et seq.—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. ii. pp. 283-289, 303-315, 321 et seq.

In a letter without date, of the duke of Sesa, forming part of a mass of correspondence which I was so fortunate as to obtain from the collection at Holland House, he insists on starvation as a much more effectual means of reducing the enemy than the sword. "Esta guerra parece que no puede acabarse por medio mas cierto que el de la hambre que necesitara á los enemigos á rendirse ó perecer, y esta los acabará primero que el espada."—MS.

The deputies were not long in agreeing on terms of accommodation—or rather of submission. It was settled that the Morisco captain should proceed to the Christian camp, and there presenting himself before the commander-in-chief, should humbly crave forgiveness, and tender submission on behalf of his nation; that, in return for this act of humiliation, a general amnesty should be granted to his countrymen, who, though they were no longer to be allowed to occupy the Alpujarras, would be protected by the government wherever they might be removed. More important concessions were made to Aben-Aboo and El Habaqui. The last-mentioned chief, as the chronicler tells us, obtained all that he asked for his master, as well as for himself and his friends.* Such politic concessions by the Spaniards had doubtless their influence in opening the eyes of the Morisco leaders to the folly of protracting the war in their present desperate circumstances.

The same evening on which the arrangement was concluded, El Habaqui proceeded to his interview with the Spanish commander. He was accompanied by one only of the Morisco deputies. The others declined to witness the spectacle of their nation's humiliation. He was attended, however, by a body of three hundred arquebusiers. On entering the Christian lines, his little company was surrounded by four regiments of Castilian infantry, and escorted to the presence of John of Austria, who stood before his tent, attended by his officers, from whom his princely bearing made him easily distinguished.

El Habaqui, alighting from his horse, and prostrating himself before the prince, exclaimed, "Mercy! We implore your highness, in the name of his majesty, to show us mercy, and to pardon our transgressions, which we acknowledge have been great!"† Then unsheathing his scimitar, he presented it to Don John, saying that he surrendered his arms to his majesty in the name of Aben-Aboo and the rebel chiefs for whom he was empowered to act. At the same time the secretary, Juan de Soto, who had borne the Moorish banner, given him by El Habaqui, on the point of his lance, cast it on the ground before the feet of the prince. The whole scene made a striking picture, in which the proud conqueror, standing with the trophies of victory around him, looked down on the representative of the conquered race as he crouched in abject submission at his feet. Don John, the predominant figure in the *tableau*, by his stately demeanour tempered with a truly royal courtesy, reminded the old soldiers of his father the emperor, and they exclaimed, "This is the true son of Charles the Fifth!"

Stooping forward, he graciously raised the Morisco chief from the ground, and, returning him his sword, bade him employ it henceforth in the service of the king. The ceremony was closed by flourishes of trumpets and salvoes of musketry, as if in honour of some great victory.

El Habaqui remained some time after his followers had left the camp, where he met with every attention, was feasted and caressed by the principal officers, and was even entertained at a banquet by the bishop of Guadix. He received however, as we have seen, something more substantial than compliments. Under these circumstances, it was natural that he should become an object of jealousy and suspicion to the Moriscoes. It was soon whispered that El Habaqui, in his negotiations with the Christians, had been more mindful of his own interests than of those of his countrymen.‡

Indeed, the Moriscoes had little reason to congratulate themselves on the

* "Con estas cosas y otras particulares que El Habaqui pidió para Aben Aboo, y para los amigos, y para sí mismo, que todas se le concedieron."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 360.

† "Misericordia, Señor, misericordia nos conceda vuestra Alteza en nombre de su Magestad, y perdon de nuestras culpas, que conocemos haber sido graves."—*Ibid.* p. 361.

‡ The fullest account of these proceedings is to be found in Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 355–362.

result of a treaty which left them in the same forlorn and degraded condition as before the breaking out of the rebellion,—which in one important respect, indeed, left them in a worse condition, since they were henceforth to become exiles from the homes of their fathers. Yet, cruel and pitiable in the extreme as was the situation of the Moriscoes, the Spanish monks, as Don John complains to his brother, inveighed openly in their pulpits against the benignity and mercy of the king;* and this too, he adds, when it should rather have been their duty to intercede for poor wretches who, for the most part, had sinned through ignorance.† The ecclesiastic on whom his censure most heavily falls, is the President Deza,—a man held in such abhorrence by the Moriscoes as to have been one principal cause of their insurrection; and he beseeches the king to consult the interests of Granada by bestowing on him a bishopric, or some other dignity, which may remove him from the present scene of his labours.‡

Among those disappointed at the terms of the treaty, as it soon appeared, was Aben-Aboo himself. At first he affected to sanction it, and promised to do all he could to enforce its execution. But he soon cooled, and, throwing the blame on El Habaqui, declared that this officer had exceeded his powers, made a false report to him of his negotiations, and sacrificed the interests of the nation to his own ambition.§ The attentions lavished on that chief by the Spaniards, his early correspondence with them, and the liberal concessions secured to him by the treaty, furnished plausible grounds for such an accusation.

According to the Spanish accounts, however, Aben-Aboo at this time received a reinforcement of two hundred soldiers from Barbary, with the assurance that he would soon have more effectual aid from Africa. This, we are told, changed his views. Nor is it impossible that the Morisco chief, as the hour approached, found it a more difficult matter than he had anticipated to resign his royal state and descend into the common rank-and-file of the vassals of Castile,—the degraded caste of Moorish vassals, whose condition was little above that of serfs.

However this may be, the Spanish camp was much disquieted by the rumours which came in of Aben-Aboo's vacillation. It was even reported that, far from endeavouring to enforce the execution of the treaty, he was secretly encouraging his people to further resistance. No one felt more indignant at his conduct than El Habaqui, who had now become as loyal a subject as any other in Philip's dominions. Not a little personal resentment was mingled with his feeling towards Aben-Aboo; and he offered, if Don John would place him at the head of a detachment, to go himself, brave the Morisco prince in his own quarters, and bring him as a prisoner to the camp. Don John, though putting entire confidence in El Habaqui's fidelity,|| preferred, instead of men, to give

* "Predicando en los pulpitos publicamente contra la benignidad y clemencia que V. M. ha mandado usar con esta gente."—Carta de D. Juan de Austria al Rey, 7 de Junio, 1570, MS.

† "Que los religiosos que habrian de interceder con V. M. por estos miserables, que por la mayor parte ha pecado con ignorancia, hagan su esfuerzo en reprender la clemencia."—Ibid.

‡ "The wise king," as Bleda tells us, "did not forget Deza's eminent services. He became one of the richest cardinals, passing the remainder of his days in Rome, where he built a sumptuous palace for his residence."—(Cronica de España, p. 753.) Unfortunately this happy preferment did not take place till some time later—too late for the poor Moriscoes to profit by it.

§ "Que El Habaqui habia mirado mal por el bien comun, contendandose con lo que solamente Don Juan de Austria le habia querido conceder, y procurando el bien y provecho para si y para sus dudosos."—Marmol, Rebelion de Granada, tom. ii. p. 390.

|| "En lo que á esto toca, no tengo mas prendas que la palabra del Habaqui, el cual me

him money; and he placed eight hundred gold ducats in his hands, to enable him to raise the necessary levies among his countrymen.

Thus fortified, El Habaqui set out for the head-quarters of Aben-Aboo, at his ancient residence in Mecina de Bombaron. On the second day the Morisco captain fell in with a party of his countrymen lingering idly by the way, and he inquired, with an air of authority, why they did not go and tender their submission to the Spanish authorities, as others had done. They replied, they were waiting for their master's orders. To this El Habaqui rejoined, "All are bound to submit: and if Aben-Aboo, on his part, shows unwillingness to do so, I will arrest him at once, and drag him at my horse's tail to the Christian camp."* This foolish vaunt cost the braggart his life.

One of the party instantly repaired to Mecina and reported the words to Aben-Aboo. The Morisco prince, overjoyed at the prospect of having his enemy in his power, immediately sent a detachment of a hundred and fifty Turks to seize the offender and bring him to Mecina. They found El Habaqui at Burchal, where his family were living. The night had set in, when the chieftain received tidings of the approach of the Turks; and under cover of the darkness he succeeded in making his escape into the neighbouring mountains. The ensuing morning the soldiers followed closely on his track; and it was not long before they descried a person skulking among the rocks, whose white mantle and crimson turban proved him to be the object of their pursuit. He was immediately arrested and carried to Mecina. His sentence was already passed. Aben-Aboo, upbraiding him with his treachery, ordered him to be removed to an adjoining room, where he was soon after strangled. His corpse, denied the rights of burial, having been first rolled in a mat of reeds, was ignominiously thrown into a sewer; and the fate of the unhappy man was kept a secret for more than a month.†

His absence, after some time, naturally excited suspicions in the Spanish camp. A cavalier, known to Aben-Aboo, wrote to him to obtain information respecting El Habaqui, and was told, in answer, by the wily prince, that he had been arrested and placed in custody for his treacherous conduct, but that his family and friends need be under no alarm, as he was perfectly safe. Aben-Aboo hinted, moreover, that it would be well to send to him some confidential person with whom he might arrange the particulars of the treaty,—as if these had not been already settled. After some further delay, Don John resolved to despatch an agent to ascertain the real dispositions of the Moriscos towards the Christians, and to penetrate, if possible, the mystery that hung round the fate of El Habaqui.

The envoy selected was Hernan Valle de Palacios, a cavalier possessed of a courageous heart, yet tempered by a caution that well fitted him for the delicate and perilous office. On the thirtieth of July he set out on his mission. On the way he encountered a Morisco, a kinsman of the late monarch, Aben-Humeya, and naturally no friend to Aben-Aboo. He was acquainted with the particulars of El Habaqui's murder, of which he gave full details to Palacios. He added, that the Morisco prince, far from acquiescing in the recent treaty, was doing all in his power to prevent its execution. He could readily muster, at short notice, said the informer, a force of five thousand men, well armed, and provisioned for three months; and he was using all his efforts to obtain further reinforcements from Algiers.

podría engañar; pero certifico á V. M. que en su manera de proceder me parece hombre que trata verdad, y tal fama tiene."—Carta de D. Juan de Austria al Rey, 21 de Mayo, 1570, MS.

* "Que quando Aben Aboo de su voluntad no lo hiciese, le llevaria él atado á la cola de su caballo."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, torn. ii. p. 392.

† "Lo hizo ahogar secretamente, y mandó echar el cuerpo en un muladar envuelto en un zarzo de cañas, donde estuvo mas de treinta dias sin saberse de su muerte."—*Ibid.* p. 393.

Instructed in these particulars, the envoy resumed his journey. He was careful, however, first to obtain a safe-conduct from Aben-Aboo, which was promptly sent to him. On reaching Mecina, he found the place occupied by a body of five hundred arquebusiers; but by the royal order he was allowed to pass unmolested. Before entering the presence of "the little king of the Alpujarras," as Aben-Aboo, like his predecessor, was familiarly styled by the Spaniards, Palacios was carefully searched, and such weapons as he carried about him were taken away.

He found Aben-Aboo stretched on a divan, and three or four Moorish girls entertaining him with their national songs and dances. He did not rise, or indeed change his position, at the approach of the envoy, but gave him audience with the lofty bearing of an independent sovereign.

Palacios did not think it prudent to touch on the fate of El Habaqui. After expatiating on the liberal promises which he was empowered by Don John of Austria to make, he expressed the hope that Aben-Aboo would execute the treaty, and not rekindle a war which must lead to the total destruction of his country. The chief listened in silence; and it was not till he had called some of his principal captains around him, that he condescended to reply. He then said, that God and the whole world knew it was not by his own desire, but by the will of the people, that he had been placed on the throne. "I shall not attempt," he said, "to prevent any of my subjects from submitting that prefer to do so. But tell your master," he added, "that, while I have a single shirt to my back, I shall not follow their example. Though no other man should hold out in the Alpujarras, I would rather live and die a Mussulman than possess all the favours which King Philip can heap on me. At no time, and in no manner, will I ever consent to place myself in his power."* He concluded this spirited declaration by adding, that, if driven to it by necessity, he could bury himself in a cavern, which he had stowed with supplies for six years to come, during which it would go hard but he would find some means of making his way to Barbary. The desperate tone of these remarks effectually closed the audience. Palacios was permitted to return unmolested, and to report to his commander the failure of his mission.

The war, which Don John had flattered himself he had so happily brought to a close, now, like a fire smothered, but not quenched, burst forth again with redoubled fury. The note of defiance was heard loudest among the hills of Ronda, a wild sierra on the western skirts of the Alpujarras, inhabited by a bold and untamed race, more formidable than the mountaineers of any other district of Granada. Aben-Aboo did all he could to fan the flame of insurrection in this quarter, and sent his own brother, El Galipe, to take the command.

The Spanish government, now fully aroused, made more vigorous efforts to crush the spirit of rebellion than at any time during the war. Don John was ordered to occupy Guadix, and thence to scour the country in a northerly direction. Another army, under the Grand-Commander Requesens, marching from Granada, was to enter the Alpujarras from the north, and taking a route different from that of the duke of Sesa, in the previous campaign, was to carry a war of extermination into the heart of the mountains. Finally, the duke of Arcos, the worthy descendant of the great marquis of Cadiz, whose name was so famous in the first war of Granada, and whose large estates in this quarter he had inherited, was entrusted with the operations against the rebels of the Serrania de Ronda.

* "Que quando no quedase otro sino él en la Alpujarra con sola la camisa que tenía vestida, estimaba mas vivir y morir Moro, que todas quantas mercedes el Rey Filipe le podia hacer; y que fuese claro, que en ningún tiempo, ni por ninguna manera, se pondría en su poder."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. II. p. 419.

The grand-commander executed his commission in the same remorseless spirit in which it had been dictated. Early in September, quitting Granada, he took the field at the head of five thousand men. He struck at once into the heart of the country. All the evils of war in its most horrid form followed in his train. All along his track, it seemed as if the land had been swept by a conflagration. The dwellings were sacked and burned to the ground. The mulberry and olive groves were cut down; the vines were torn up by the roots; and the ripening harvests were trampled in the dust. The country was converted into a wilderness. Occasionally small bodies of the Moriscoes made a desperate stand. But for the most part, without homes to shelter or food to nourish them, they were driven, like unresisting cattle, to seek a refuge in the depths of the mountains, and in the caves in which this part of the country abounded. Their pursuers followed up the chase with the fierce glee with which the hunter tracks the wild animal of the forest to his lair. There they were huddled together, one or two hundred frequently in the same cavern. It was not easy to detect the hiding-place amidst the rocks and thickets which covered up and concealed the entrance. But when it was detected, it was no difficult matter to destroy the inmates. The green bushes furnished the materials for a smouldering fire, and those within were soon suffocated by the smoke, or, rushing out, threw themselves on the mercy of their pursuers. Some were butchered on the spot; others were sent to the gibbet or the gallies; while the greater part, with a fate scarcely less terrible, were given up as the booty of the soldiers, and sold into slavery.*

Aben-Abou had a narrow escape in one of these caverns, not far from Bérchul, where he had secreted himself with a wife and two of his daughters. The women were suffocated, with about seventy other persons. The Morisco chief succeeded in making his escape through an aperture at the farther end, which was unknown to his enemies.†

Small forts were erected at short intervals along the ruined country. No less than eighty-four of these towers were raised in different parts of the land, twenty-nine of which were to be seen in the Alpujarras and the vale of Lecrin alone.‡ There they stood, crowning every peak and eminence in the sierra, frowning over the horrid waste, the sad memorials of the conquest. This was the stern policy of the victors. Within this rocky girdle, long held as it was by the iron soldiery of Castile, it was impossible that rebellion should again gather to a head.

The months of September and October were consumed in these operations. Meanwhile the duke of Arcos had mustered his Andalusian levies, to the number of four thousand men, including a thousand of his own vassals. He took with him his son, a boy of not more than thirteen years of age,—following in this, says the chronicler, the ancient usage of the valiant house of Ponce de Leon.§ About the middle of September he began his expedition into the Sierra Vermeja, or Red Sierra. It was a spot memorable in Spanish history for the defeat and death of Alonso de Aguilar, in the time of Ferdinand and

* It is the language of Marmol, who will not be suspected of exaggerating the cruelties of his countrymen. He does not seem, indeed, to regard them as cruelties. "Unos enviaba el Comendador mayor á las galeras, otros hacia justiciá de ellos, y los mas consentía que los vendiesen los soldados para que fuesen aprovechados."—*Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 436.

† *Ibid.* p. 433.

‡ Circourt gives a precise enumeration of the fortresses in different districts of the country. *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. iii. pp. 135, 136.

§ "Llevando cerca de sí a su hijo, mozo quasi de trece años Don Luis Ponce de León, cosa usada en otra edad en aquella Casa de los Ponces de León, criarse los muchachos peleando con los Moros, i tener a sus padres por maestros."—*Mendoza, Guerra de Granada*, p. 318.

Isabella, and has furnished the theme of many a plaintive *romance* in the beautiful minstrelsy of the South. The wife of the duke of Arcos was descended from Alonso de Aguilar, as he himself was the grandson of the good count of Ureña, who, with better fortune than his friend, survived the disasters of that day. The route of the army led directly across the fatal field. As they traversed the elevated plain of Calaluz, the soldiers saw everywhere around the traces of the fight. The ground was still covered with fragments of rusty armour, bits of broken sword-blades, and heads of spears. More touching evidence was afforded by the bones of men and horses, which, in this solitary region, had been whitening in the blasts of seventy winters. The Spaniards knew well the localities, with which they had become familiar from boyhood in the legends and traditions of the country. Here was the spot where the vanguard, under its brave commander, had made its halt in the obscurity of the night. There were the faint remains of the enemy's entrenchments, which time had nearly levelled with the dust; and there, too, the rocks still threw their dark shadows over the plain, as on the day when the valiant Alonso de Aguilar fell at their base in combat with the renowned Fèrì de Ben Estepar. The whole scene was brought home to the hearts of the Spaniards. As they gazed on the unburied relics lying around them, the tears, says the eloquent historian who records the incident, fell fast down their iron cheeks; and they breathed a soldier's prayer for the repose of the noble dead. But these holier feelings were soon succeeded by others of a fierce nature, and they loudly clamoured to be led against the enemy.*

The duke of Arcos, profiting by the errors of Alonso de Aguilar, had made his arrangements with great circumspection. He soon came in sight of the Moriscoes, full three thousand strong. But, though well posted, they made a defence little worthy of their ancient reputation, or of the notes of defiance which they had so boldly sounded at the opening of the campaign. They indeed showed mettle at first, and inflicted some loss on the Christians. But the frequent reverses of their countrymen seemed to have broken their spirits; and they were soon thrown into disorder, and fled in various directions into the more inaccessible tracts of the sierra. The Spaniards followed up the fugitives, who did not attempt to rally. Nor did they ever again assemble in any strength, so effectual were the dispositions made by the victorious general. The insurrection of the Sierra Vermeja was at an end.†

The rebellion, indeed, might be said to be everywhere crushed within the borders of Granada. The more stout-hearted of the insurgents still held out among the caves and fastnesses of the Alpujarras, supporting a precarious existence until they were hunted down by detachments of the Spaniards, who were urged to the pursuit by the promise from government of twenty ducats a head for every Morisco. But nearly all felt the impracticability of further resistance. Some succeeded in making their escape to Barbary. The rest, broken in spirit, and driven to extremity by want of food in a country now turned into a desert, consented at length to accept the amnesty offered them, and tendered their submission.

On the twenty-eighth of October Don John received advices of a final edict of Philip, commanding that all the Moriscoes in the kingdom of Granada should be at once removed into the interior of the country. None were to be

* For the celebrated description of this event by Mendoza, see *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 301, 302. The Castilian historian, who probably borrowed the hint of it from Tacitus (*Annales*, lib. i. sec. 31), has painted the scene with a consummate art that raises him from the rank of an imitator to that of a rival. The reader may find a circumstantial account of Alonso de Aguilar's disastrous expedition, in 1501, in the *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, part ii. chap. 7.

† Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 298-314.—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 425-431.

excepted from this decree, not even the *Moriscos de la Paz*, as those were called who had loyally refused to take part in the rebellion.* The arrangements for this important and difficult step were made with singular prudence, and, under the general direction of Don John of Austria, the Grand-Commander Requesens, and the dukes of Sesa and Arcos, were carried into effect with promptness and energy.

By the terms of the edict, the lands and houses of the exiles were to be forfeited to the crown. But their personal effects—their flocks, their herds, and their grain—would be taken, if they desired it, at a fixed valuation by the government. Every regard was to be paid to their personal convenience and security; and it was forbidden, in the removal, to separate parents from children, husbands from wives; in short, to divide the members of a family from one another;—"an act of clemency," says a humane chronicler, "which they little deserved; but his majesty was willing in this to content them."†

The country was divided into districts, the inhabitants of which were to be conducted, under the protection of a strong military escort, to their several places of destination. These seem to have been the territory of La Mancha, the northern borders of Andalusia, the Castiles, Estremadura, and even the remote province of Galicia. Care was taken that no settlement should be made near the borders of Murcia or Valencia, where large numbers of the Moriscos were living in comparative quiet on the estates of the great nobles, who were exceedingly jealous of any interference with their vassals.

The first of November, All-Saints' Day, was appointed for the removal of the Moriscos throughout Granada. On that day they were gathered in the principal churches of their districts, and after being formed into their respective divisions, began their march. The grand-commander had occupied the passes of the Alpujarras with strong detachments of the military. The different columns of emigrants were placed under the directions of persons of authority and character. The whole movement was conducted with singular order,—resistance being attempted in one or two places only, where the blame, it may be added, as intimated by a Castilian chronicler, was to be charged on the brutality of the soldiers.‡ Still, the removal of the Moriscos on the present occasion was attended with fewer acts of violence and rapacity than the former removal, from Granada. At least this would seem to be inferred by the silence of the chroniclers; though it is true such silence is far from being conclusive, as the chroniclers, for the most part, felt too little interest in the sufferings of the Moriscos to make a notice of them indispensable. However this may be, it cannot be doubted that, whatever precautions may have been taken to spare the exiles any unnecessary suffering, the simple fact of their being expelled from their native soil is one that suggests an amount of misery

* Circourt quotes a remarkable passage from the *Ordenanzas de Granada*, which well illustrates the conscientious manner in which the government dealt with the Moriscos. It forms the preamble of the law of February 24, 1571. "The Moriscos who took no part in the insurrection ought not to be punished. We should not desire to injure them; but they cannot hereafter cultivate their lands; and then it would be an endless task to attempt to separate the innocent from the guilty. We shall indemnify them certainly. Meanwhile their estates must be confiscated, like those of the rebel Moriscos."—Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne, tom. iii. p. 148.

† "Que las casas fuesen y estuviesen juntas; porque aunque lo merecian poco, quiso su Magestad que se les diese este contento."—Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. p. 439.

‡ "Saquearon los soldados las casas del lugar, y tomaron todas las mugeres por esclavas; cosa que dió harta sospecha de qué la desorden habia nacido de su codicia."—Ibid. p. 444.

The better feelings of the old soldier occasionally—and it is no small praise, considering the times—triumph over his national antipathies.

not to be estimated. For what could be more dreadful than to be thus torn from their pleasant homes, the scenes of their childhood, where every mountain, valley, and stream were as familiar friends,—a part of their own existence,—to be rudely thrust into a land of strangers, of a race differing from themselves in faith, language, and institutions, with no sentiment in common but that of a deadly hatred? That the removal of a whole nation should have been so quietly accomplished, proves how entirely the strength and spirit of the Moriscoes must have been broken by their reverses.*

The war thus terminated, there seemed no reason for John of Austria to prolong his stay in the province. For some time he had been desirous to obtain the king's consent to his return. His ambitious spirit, impatient of playing a part on what now seemed to him an obscure field of action, pent up within the mountain barrier of the Alpujarras, longed to display itself on a bolder theatre before the world. He aspired, too, to a more independent command. He addressed repeated letters to the king's ministers,—to the Cardinal Espinosa and Gomez de Silva in particular,—to solicit their influence in his behalf. "I should be glad," he wrote to the latter, "to serve his majesty, if I might be allowed, on some business of importance. I wish he may understand that I am no longer a boy. Thank God, I can begin to fly without the aid of others' wings, and it is full time, as I believe, that I was out of swaddling-clothes."† In another letter he expresses his desire to have some place more fitting the brother of such a monarch as Philip, and the son of such a father as Charles the Fifth.‡ On more than one occasion he alludes to the command against the Turk as the great object of his ambition.

His impatience to be allowed to resign his present office had continued from the beginning of summer, some months before the proper close of the campaign. It may be thought to argue an instability of character, of which a more memorable example was afforded by him at a later period of life. At length he was rejoiced by obtaining the royal consent to resign his command and return to court.

On the eleventh of November, Don John repaired to Granada. Till the close of the month he was occupied with making the necessary arrangements preparatory to his departure. The greater part of the army was paid off and disbanded. A sufficient number was reserved to garrison the fortresses and to furnish detachments which were to scour the country and hunt down such Moriscoes as still held out in the mountains. As Requens was to take part in the expedition against the Ottomans, the office of captain-general was placed in the hands of the valiant duke of Arcos. On the twenty-ninth of November, Don John, having completed his preparations, quitted Granada and set forth

* For the removal and dispersion of the Moriscoes, see Marmol, *Rebellion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 437-444; Ferraras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 227, 228; Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 126.

† It may well seem strange that an event of such moment as the removal of the Moriscoes should have been barely noticed, when indeed noticed at all, by the general historian. It is still more strange that it should have been passed over in silence by a writer like Mendoza, to whose narrative it essentially belonged, and who could bestow thirty pages or more on the expedition into the Serrania de Ronda. But this was a tale of Spanish glory. The haughty Castilian chronicler held the race of unbelievers in too great contempt to waste a thought on their calamities, except so far as they enabled him to exhibit the prowess of his countrymen.

‡ "Querria tambien que allá se entendiese que ya no soy mocho, y que puedo, á Dios gracias, començar en alguna manera á volar sin alas ajenas, y sospecho que ya tiempo de salir de pañales."—Carta de D. Juan de Austria á Ruy Gomez de Silva, 16 de Mayo, 1570, MS.

§ "No teniendo el lugar y auctoridad que ha de tener hijo de tal padre, y hermano de tal hermano."—Ibid., 4 de Junio, 1570, MS.

on his journey to Madrid, where the popular chieftain was welcomed with enthusiasm by the citizens, as a conqueror returned from a victorious campaign. By Philip and his newly-married bride, Anne of Austria, he was no less kindly greeted; and it was not long before the king gave a substantial proof of his contentment with his brother, by placing in his hands the baton, offered by the allies, of generalissimo in the war against the Turks.

There was still one Morisco insurgent who refused to submit, and who had hitherto eluded every attempt to capture him, but whose capture was of more importance than that of any other of his nation. This was Aben-Aboo, the "little king" of the Alpujarras. His force of five thousand men had dwindled to scarcely more than four hundred. But they were men devoted to his person, and seemed prepared to endure every extremity rather than surrender. Like the rest of his nation, the Morisco chief took refuge in the mountain caves, in such remote and inaccessible districts as had hitherto baffled every attempt to detect his retreat. In March, 1571, an opportunity presented itself for making the discovery.

Granada was at this time the scene of almost daily executions. As the miserable insurgents were taken, they were brought before Deza's tribunal, where they were at once sentenced by the inexorable president to the galleys or the gibbet, or the more horrible doom of being torn in pieces with red-hot pincers. Among the prisoners sentenced to death, was one Zatahari, who was so fortunate as to obtain a respite of his punishment at the intercession of a goldsmith named Barredo, a person of much consideration in Granada. From gratitude for this service, or perhaps as the price of it, Zatahari made some important revelations to his benefactor respecting Aben-Aboo. He disclosed the place of his retirement and the number of his followers, adding, that the two persons on whom he most relied were his secretary, Abou-Amer, and a Moorish captain named El Senix. The former of these persons was known to Barredo, who, in the course of his business, had frequent occasion to make journeys into the Alpujarras. He resolved to open a correspondence with the secretary, and, if possible, win him over to the Spanish interests. Zatahari consented to bear the letter, on condition of a pardon. This was readily granted by the president, who approved the plan, and who authorized the most liberal promises to Abou-Amer in case of his co-operation with Barredo.

Unfortunately—or, rather, fortunately for Zatahari, as it proved,—he was intercepted by El Senix, who, getting possession of the letter, carried it to Abou-Amer. The loyal secretary was outraged by this attempt to corrupt him. He would have put the messenger to death, had not El Senix represented that the poor wretch had undertaken the mission only to save his life.

Privately the Moorish captain assured the messenger that Barredo should have sought a conference with him, as he was ready to enter into negotiations with the Christians. In fact, El Senix had a grudge against his master, and had already made an attempt to leave his service and escape to Barbary.

A place of meeting was accordingly appointed in the Alpujarras, to which Barredo secretly repaired. El Senix was furnished with an assurance, under the president's own hand, of a pardon for himself and his friends, and of an annual pension of a hundred thousand maravedis, in case he should bring Aben-Aboo, dead or alive, to Granada.

The interview could not be conducted so secretly but that an intimation of it reached the ears of Aben-Aboo, who resolved to repair at once to the quarters of El Senix, and ascertain the truth for himself. That chief had secreted himself in a cabin in the neighbourhood. Aben-Aboo took with him his faithful secretary and a small body of soldiers. On reaching the cave, he left his followers without, and, placing two men at the entrance, he, with less prudence than was usual with him, passed alone into the interior.

There he found El Senix, surrounded by several of his friends and kinsmen.

Aben-Aboo, in a peremptory tone, charged him with having held a secret correspondence with the enemy, and demanded the object of his late interview with Barredo. Senix did not attempt to deny the charge, but explained his motives by saying that he had been prompted only by a desire to serve his master. He had succeeded so well, he said, as to obtain from the president an assurance that, if the Morisco would lay down his arms, he should receive an amnesty for the past, and a liberal provision for the future.

Aben-Aboo listened scornfully to this explanation; then, muttering the word, "Treachery!" he turned on his heel, and moved towards the mouth of the cave, where he had left his soldiers, intending probably to command the arrest of his perfidious officer. But he had not given them, it appears, any intimation of the hostile object of his visit to El Senix; and the men, supposing it to be on some matter of ordinary business, had left the spot to see some of their friends in the neighbourhood. El Senix saw that no time was to be lost. On a signal which he gave, his followers attacked the two guards at the door, one of whom was killed on the spot, while the other made his escape. They then all fell upon the unfortunate Aben-Aboo. He made a desperate defence. But though the struggle was fierce, the odds were too great for it to be long. It was soon terminated by the dastard Senix coming behind his master, and with the butt-end of his musket dealing him a blow on the back of his head that brought him to the ground, where he was quickly despatched by a multitude of wounds.*

The corpse was thrown out of the cavern. His followers, soon learning their master's fate, dispersed in different directions. The faithful secretary fell shortly after into the hands of the Spaniards, who, with their usual humanity in this war, caused him to be drawn and quartered.

The body of Aben-Aboo was transported to the neighbourhood of Granada, where preparations were made for giving the dead chief a public entrance into the city, as if he had been still alive. The corpse was set astride on a mule, and supported erect in the saddle by a wooden frame, which was concealed beneath ample robes. On one side of the body rode Barredo; on the other, El Senix, bearing the scimitar and arquebuse of his murdered master. Then followed the kinsmen and friends of the Morisco prince, with their arms by their side. A regiment of Castilian infantry and a troop of horse brought up the rear. As the procession defiled along the street of Zacatin, it was saluted by salvoes of musketry, accompanied by peals of artillery from the ancient towers of the Alhambra, while the population of Granada, with eager though silent curiosity, hurried out to gaze on the strange and ghastly spectacle.

In this way the company reached the great square of Vivarambla, where were assembled the president, the duke of Arcos, and the principal cavaliers and magistrates of the city. On coming into their presence, El Senix dismounted, and, kneeling before Deza, delivered to him the arms of Aben-Aboo. He was graciously received by the president, who confirmed the assurances which had been given him of the royal favour. The miserable ceremony of a public execution was then gone through with. The head of the dead man was struck off. His body was given to the boys of the city, who, after dragging it through the streets with scoffs and imprecations, committed it to the flames. Such was one of the lessons by which the Spaniards early stamped on the minds of their children an indelible hatred of the Morisco.

The head of Aben-Aboo, enclosed in a cage, was set up over the gate which opened on the Alpujarras. There, with the face turned towards his native hills, which he had loved so well, and which had witnessed his brief and dis-

* Marmol, *Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 449-454.—Mendoza, *Guerra de Granada*, pp. 324-327.—Bleda, *Cronica de España*, p. 752.—Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 781.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 123.

astrous reign, it remained for many a year. None ventured, by removing it, to incur the doom which an inscription on the cage denounced on the offender: "This is the head of the traitor Aben-Aboo. Let no one take it down, under penalty of death."*

Such was the sad end of Aben-Aboo, the last of the royal line of the Omeiyades who ever ruled in the Peninsula. Had he lived in the peaceful and prosperous times of the Arabian empire in Spain, he might have swayed the sceptre with as much renown as the best of his dynasty. Though the blood of the Moor flowed in his veins, he seems to have been remarkably free from some of the greatest defects in the Moorish character. He was temperate in his appetites, presenting in this respect a contrast to the gross sensuality of his predecessor. He had a lofty spirit, was cool and circumspect in his judgments, and, if he could not boast that fiery energy of character which belonged to some of his house, he had a firmness of purpose not to be intimidated by suffering or danger. Of this he gave signal proof when, as the reader may remember, the most inhuman tortures could not extort from him the disclosure of the lurking-place of his friends.† His qualities, as I have intimated, were such as peculiarly adapted him to a time of prosperity and peace. Unhappily, he had fallen upon evil times, when his country lay a wreck at his feet; when the people, depressed by long servitude, were broken down by the recent calamities of war; when, in short, it would not have been possible for the wisest and most warlike of his predecessors to animate them to a successful resistance against odds so overwhelming as those presented by the Spanish monarchy in the zenith of its power.

The Castilian chroniclers have endeavoured to fix a deep stain on his memory, by charging him with the murder of El Habaqui, and with the refusal to execute the treaty to which he had given his sanction. But, in criticising the conduct of Aben-Aboo, we must not forget the race from which he sprung, or the nature of its institutions. He was a despot, and a despot of the Oriental type. He was placed in a situation—much against his will, it may be added—which gave him absolute control over the lives and fortunes of his people. His word was their law. He passed the sentence, and enforced its execution. El Habaqui he adjudged to be a traitor; and, in sentencing him to the bowstring, he inflicted on him only a traitor's doom.

With regard to the treaty, he spoke of himself as betrayed, saying that its provisions were not such as he had intended. And when we consider that the instrument was written in the Spanish tongue; that it was drafted by a Spaniard; finally, that the principal Morisco agent who subscribed the treaty was altogether in the Spanish interest, as the favours heaped on him without measure too plainly proved, it can hardly be doubted that there were good grounds for the assertion of Aben-Aboo. From the hour of his accession, he seems to have devoted himself to the great work of securing the independence of his people. He could scarcely have agreed to a treaty which was to leave that people in even a worse state than before the rebellion. From what we know of his character, we may more reasonably conclude that he was sincere when he told the Spanish envoy, Palacios, who had come to press the execution of the treaty, and to remind him of the royal promises of grace, that "his people might do as they listed, but, for himself, he would rather live and die a Mussulman than possess all the favours which the king of Spain could heap on him." His deeds corresponded with his words; and, desperate as was his

* "Esta es la cabeza del traidor de Abenabú. Nadie la quite so pena de muerte."—*Manojo, Guerra de Granada*, p. 329.—*Marmol, Rebelion de Granada*, tom. ii. pp. 455, 456.—*Bleda, Cronica de España*, p. 752.—*Miniana, Hist. de España*, p. 383.

† *Ante*, p. 40.

condition, he still continued to bid defiance to the Spanish government, until he was cut off by the hand of a traitor.

The death of Aben-Aboo severed the last bond which held the remnant of the Moriscoes together. In a few years the sword, famine, and the gallows had exterminated the outcasts who still lurked in the fastnesses of the mountains. Their places were gradually occupied by Christians, drawn thither by the favourable terms which the government offered to settlers. But it was long before the wasted and famine-stricken territory could make a suitable return to the labours of the colonists. They were ignorant of the country, and were altogether deficient in the agricultural skill necessary for turning its unpromising places to the best account. The Spaniard, adventurous as he was, and reckless of danger and difficulty in the pursuit of gain, was impatient of the humble drudgery required for the tillage of the soil; and many a valley and hill-side which, under the Moriscoes, had bloomed with all the rich embroidery of cultivation, now relapsed into its primitive barrenness.

The exiles carried their superior skill and industry into the various provinces where they were sent. Scattered as they were, and wide apart, the presence of the Moriscoes was sure to be revealed by the more minute and elaborate culture of the soil, as the secret course of the mountain-stream is betrayed by the brighter green of the meadow. With their skill in husbandry they combined a familiarity with various kinds of handicraft, especially those requiring dexterity and fineness of execution, that was unknown to the Spaniards. As the natural result of this superiority, the products of their labour were more abundant, and could be afforded at a cheaper rate than those of their neighbours. Yet this industry was exerted under every disadvantage which a most cruel legislation could impose on it. It would be hard to find in the pages of history a more flagrant example of the oppression of a conquered race, than that afforded by the laws of this period in reference to the Moriscoes. The odious law of 1566, which led to the insurrection, was put in full force. By this the national songs and dances, the peculiar baths of the Moriscoes, the *fiestas* and ceremonies which had come down to them from their ancestors, were interdicted under heavy penalties. By another ordinance, dated October 6, 1572, still more cruel and absurd, they were forbidden to speak or to write the Arabic, under penalty of thirty days' imprisonment in irons for the first offence, double that term for the second, and for the third a hundred lashes and four years' confinement in the galleys. By another monstrous provision in the same edict, whoever read, or even had in his possession, a work written or printed in the Arabic, was to be punished with a hundred stripes and four years in the galleys. Any contract or public instrument made in that tongue was to be void, and the parties to it were condemned to receive two hundred lashes and to tug at the oar for six years.*

But the most oppressive part of this terrible ordinance related to the residence of the Moriscoes. No one was allowed to change his abode, or to leave the parish or district assigned to him, without permission from the regular authorities. Whoever did so, and was apprehended beyond these limits, was to be punished with a hundred lashes and four years' imprisonment in the galleys. Should he be found within ten leagues of Granada, he was condemned, if between ten and seventeen years of age, to toil as a galley-slave the rest of his days; if above seventeen, he was sentenced to death!† On the escape of a Morisco from his limits, the hue and cry was to be raised, as for the pursuit of a criminal. Even his own family were required to report his

* Nueva Recopilacion, lib. viii. tit. ii. ley 19.

† "Si estos tales que se huvieren huydo, y ausentado fueren hallados en el dicho Reyno de Granada, o dentro de diez leguas cercanas á el, caygan é incurran, en pena de muerte que sea en sus personas executada."—Ibid. ubi supra.

absence to the magistrate; and in case of their failure to do this, although it should be his wife or his children, says the law, they incurred the penalty of a whipping and a month's imprisonment in the common gaol.*

Yet, in the face of these atrocious enactments, we find the Moriscoes occasionally making their escape into the province of Valencia, where numbers of their countrymen were living as serfs on the estates of the great nobles, under whose powerful protection they enjoyed a degree of comfort, if not of independence, unknown to their race in other parts of the country. Some few, also, finding their way to the coast, succeeded in crossing the sea to Barbary. The very severity of the law served in some measure to defeat its execution. Indeed, Philip, in more than one instance in which he deemed that the edicts pressed too heavily on his Moorish vassals, judged it expedient to mitigate the penalty, or even to dispense with it altogether,—an act of leniency which seems to have found little favour with his Castilian subjects.†

Yet, strange to say, under this iron system, the spirit of the Moriscoes, which had been crushed by their long sufferings in the war of the rebellion, gradually rose again as they found a shelter in their new homes, and resumed their former habits of quiet industry. Though deprived of their customary amusements, their *fêtes*, their songs, and their dances,—though debarred from the use of the language which they had lisped from the cradle, which embodied their national traditions, and was associated with their fondest recollections,—they were said to be cheerful, and even gay. They lived to a good age, and examples of longevity were found among them, to which it was not easy to find a parallel among the Spaniards. The Moorish stock, like the Jewish, seems to have thriven under persecution.‡

One would be glad to find any authentic data for an account of the actual population at the time of their expulsion from Granada. But I have met with none. They must have been sorely thinned by the war of the insurrection and the countless woes it brought upon the country. One fact is mentioned by the chroniclers, which shows that the number of the exiles must have been very considerable. The small remnant still left in Granada, with its lovely *vegu* and the valley of Lecrin, alone furnished, we are told, over six thousand.§ In the places to which they were transported they continued to multiply to such an extent that the Cortes of Castile, in the latter part of the century, petitioned the king not to allow the census to be taken, lest it might disclose to the Moriscoes the alarming secret of their increase of numbers.|| Such a petition shows, as strongly as language can show, the terror in which the Spaniards still stood of this persecuted race.

Yet the Moriscoes were scattered over the country in small and isolated masses, hemmed in all around by the Spaniards. They were transplanted to the interior, where, at a distance from the coast, they had no means of communicating with their brethren of Africa. They were without weapons of any kind; and, confined to their several districts, they had not the power of acting in concert together. There would seem to have been little to fear from a people so situated. But the weakest individual, who feels that his wrongs are too great to be forgiven, may well become an object of dread to the person who has wronged him.

* Nueva Recopilacion, lib. viii. tit. ii. ley 19.

† Examples of this are cited by Circourt, *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. iii. pp. 150, 151.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 163.

M. de Circourt has collected, from some authentic and not very accessible sources, much curious information relative to this part of his subject.

§ Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. p. 237.

|| "Ils représentèrent que ce recensement allait leur révéler le secret de leur nombre effrayant; qu'ils fourmillaient."—Circourt, *Hist. des Arabes d'Espagne*, tom. iii. p. 164.

The course of the government in reference to the Moriscoes was clearly a failure. It was as impolitic as it was barbarous. Nothing but the blindest fanaticism could have prevented the Spaniards from perceiving this. The object of the government had been to destroy every vestige of nationality in the conquered race. They were compelled to repudiate their ancient usages, their festivals, their religion, their language,—all that gave them a separate existence as a nation. But this served only to strengthen in secret the sentiment of nationality. They were to be divorced for ever from the past. But it was the mistake of the government that it opened to them no future. Having destroyed their independence as a nation, it should have offered them the rights of citizenship, and raised them to an equality with the rest of the community. Such was the policy of ancient Rome towards the nations which she conquered; and such has been that of our own country towards the countless emigrants who have thronged to our shores from so many distant lands. The Moriscoes, on the contrary, under the policy of Spain, were condemned to exist as foreigners in the country,—as enemies in the midst of the community into which they were thrown. Experience had taught them prudence and dissimulation; and in all outward observances they conformed to the exactions of the law. But in secret they were as much attached to their national institutions as were their ancestors when the caliphs of Córdoba ruled over half the Peninsula. The Inquisition rarely gleaned an apostate from among them to swell the horrors of an *auto da fé*; but whoever recalls the facility with which, in the late rebellion, the whole population had relapsed into their ancient faith, will hardly doubt that they must have still continued to be Mahometans at heart.

Thus the gulf which separated the two races grew wider and wider every day. The Moriscoes hated the Spaniards for the wrongs which they had received from them. The Spaniards hated the Moriscoes the more, that they had themselves inflicted these wrongs. Their hatred was further embittered by the feeling of jealousy caused by the successful competition of their rivals in the various pursuits of gain,—a circumstance which forms a fruitful theme of complaint in the petition of the Cortes above noticed.* The feeling of hate became in time mingled with that of fear, as the Moriscoes increased in opulence and numbers; and men are not apt to be over scrupulous in their policy towards those whom they both hate and fear.

With these evil passions rankling in their bosoms, the Spaniards were gradually prepared for the consummation of their long train of persecutions by that last act, reserved for the reign of the imbecile Philip the Third,—the expulsion of the Moriscoes from the Peninsula,—an act which deprived Spain of the most industrious and ingenious portion of her population, and which must be regarded as one of the principal causes of the subsequent decline of the monarchy.

An historian less renowned than Mendoza, but of more importance to one who would acquaint himself with the story of the Morisco rebellion, is Luis del Marmol Carabajal. Little is known of him but what is to be gathered from brief notices of himself in his works. He was a native of Granada, but we are not informed of the date of his birth. He was of a good family, and followed the profession of arms. When a mere youth, as he tells us, he was present at the famous siege of Tunis, in 1535. He continued in the imperial service two-and-twenty years. Seven years he was a captive, and followed the victorious banner of Mohammed, Scherif of Morocco, in his campaigns in the west of Africa. His various fortunes and his long residence in different parts of the African continent, especially in Barbary and Egypt, supplied him with abundant information in respect to the subjects of his historical inquiries; and, as he knew the Arabic, he made

* "Qu'ils accaparaient tous les métiers, tout le commerce."—Ibid. loc. cit.

himself acquainted with such facts as were to be gleaned from books in that language. The fruits of his study and observation he gave to the world in his "*Description General de Africa*," a work in three volumes folio, the first part of which appeared at Granada in 1573. The remainder was not published till the close of the century.

The book obtained a high reputation for its author, who was much commended for the fidelity and diligence with which he had pushed his researches in a field of letters into which the European scholar had as yet rarely ventured to penetrate.

In the year 1600 appeared, at Malaga, his second work, the "*Historia del Rebelion y Castigo de los Moriscos del Reyno de Granada*," in one volume, folio. For the composition of this history the author was admirably qualified, not only by his familiarity with all that related to the character and condition of the Moriscos, but by the part which he had personally taken in the war of the insurrection. He held the office of commissary in the royal army, and served in that capacity from the commencement of the war to its close. In the warm colouring of the narrative, and in the minuteness of its details, we feel that we are reading the report of one who has himself beheld the scenes which he describes. Indeed, the interest which, as an actor, he naturally takes in the operations of the war, leads to an amount of detail which may well be condemned as a blemish by those who do not feel a similar interest in the particulars of the struggle. But if his style have somewhat of the rambling, discursive manner of the old Castilian chronicler, it has a certain elegance in the execution, which brings it much nearer to the standard of a classic author. Far from being chargeable with the obscurity of Mendoza, Marmol is uncommonly perspicuous.

With a general facility of expression, his language takes the varied character suited to the theme, sometimes kindled into eloquence and occasionally softened into pathos, for which the melancholy character of his story afforded too many occasions. Though loyal to his country and his faith, yet he shows but few gleams of the fiery intolerance that belonged to his nation, and especially to that portion of it which came into collision with the Moslems. Indeed, in more than one passage of his work we may discern gleams of that Christian charity which in Castile was the rarest, as it was, unhappily, the least precious of virtues, in the age in which he lived.

In the extensive plan adopted by Marmol, his history of the rebellion embraces a preliminary notice of the conquest of Granada, and of that cruel policy of the conquerors which led to the insurrection. The narrative, thus complete, supplied a most important hiatus in the annals of the country. Yet notwithstanding its importance in this view, and its acknowledged merit as a literary composition, such was the indifference of the Spaniards to their national history, that it was not till the close of the last century, in 1797, that a second edition of Marmol's work was permitted to appear. This was in two volumes, octavo, from the press of Sancha, at Madrid,—the edition used in the preparation of these pages.

The most comprehensive, and by far the most able history of the Moors of Spain with which I am acquainted, is that of the Count Albert de Circourt,—"*Histoire des Arabes en Espagne*." Beginning with the beginning, the author opens his narrative with the conquest of the Peninsula by the Moslems. He paints in glowing colours the magnificent empire of the Spanish caliphs. He dwells with sufficient minuteness on those interminable feuds which, growing out of a diversity of races and tribes, baffled every attempt at a permanent consolidation under one government. Then comes the famous war of Granada, with the conquest of the country by the "Catholic Kings;" and the work closes with the sad tale of the subsequent fortunes of the conquered races until their final expulsion from the Peninsula. Thus the rapidly shifting scenes of this most picturesque drama, sketched by a master's hand, are brought in regular succession before the eye of the reader.

In conducting his long story, the author, far from confining himself to a dry record of events, diligently explores the causes of these events. He scrutinizes with care every inch of debatable ground which lies in his path. He enriches his narrative with copious disquisitions on the condition of the arts, and the progress made by the Spanish Arabs in science and letters; thus presenting a complete view of that peculiar civilization which so curiously blended together the characteristic elements of European and Oriental culture.

If, in pursuing his speculations, M. de Circourt may be sometimes thought to refine too much, it cannot be denied that they are distinguished by candour and by a philosophical spirit. Even when we may differ from his conclusions, we must allow that they are the result of careful study, and display an independent way of thinking. I may regret that in one important instance—the policy of the government of Ferdinand and Isabella—he should have been led to dissent from the opinions which I had expressed in my history of those sovereigns. It is possible that the predilection which the writer, whether historian or

novelist, naturally feels for his hero when his conduct affords any ground for it, may have sometimes seduced me from the strict line of impartiality in my estimate of character and motives of action. I see, however, no reason to change the conclusions at which I had arrived after a careful study of the subject. Yet I cannot deny that the labours of the French historian have shed a light upon more than one obscure passage in the administration of Ferdinand and Isabella, for which the student of Spanish history owes him a debt of gratitude.

CHAPTER IX.

WAR WITH THE TURKS.

League against the Turks—Preparations for the War—Don John Commander-in-Chief—His Reception at Naples—His Departure from Messina.

1570—1571.

WHILE Philip was occupied with the Morisco insurrection, his attention was called to another quarter, where a storm was gathering that menaced Spain in common with the rest of Christendom. In 1566, Solymán the Magnificent closed his long and prosperous reign. His son and successor, Selim the Second, possessed few of the qualities of his great father. Bred in the seraglio, he showed the fruits of his education in his indolent way of life, and in the free indulgence of the most licentious appetites. With these effeminate tastes, he inherited the passion for conquest which belonged not only to his father, but to the whole of his warlike dynasty. Not that, like them, he headed his armies in the field. These were led by valiant commanders, who had learned the art of war under Solymán. Selim was, above all, fortunate in possessing for his grand vizier a minister whose untiring industry and remarkable talents for business enabled him to bear on his own shoulders the whole burden of government. It was fortunate for the state, as well as for the sultan, that Mahomet had the art to win the confidence of his master, and to maintain it unshaken through the whole of his reign.

The scheme which most occupied the thoughts of Selim was the conquest of Cyprus. This island, to which nature had been so prodigal of her gifts, belonged to Venice. Yet, placed at the extremity of the Mediterranean, it seemed in a manner to command the approaches to the Dardanelles, while its line of coast furnished convenient ports, from which swarms of cruisers might sally forth in time of war, and plunder the Turkish commerce.

Selim, resolved on the acquisition of Cyprus, was not slow in devising a pretext for claiming it from Venice as a part of the Ottoman empire. The republic, though willing to make almost any concession rather than come to a rupture with the colossal power under whose shadow she lay, was not prepared to surrender without a struggle the richest gem in her colonial diadem. War was accordingly declared against her by the Porte, and vast preparations were made for fitting out an armament against Cyprus. Venice, in her turn, showed her usual alacrity in providing for the encounter. She strained her resources to the utmost. In a very short time she equipped a powerful fleet, and took measures to place the fortifications of Cyprus in a proper state of defence. But Venice no longer boasted a navy such as in earlier days had enabled her to humble the pride of Genoa, and to ride the unquestioned mistress of the Mediterranean. The defences of her colonies, moreover, during her long repose, had gradually fallen into decay. In her extremity, she turned to the Christian powers of Europe, and besought them to make common cause with her against the enemy of Christendom.

Fortunately the chair of St. Peter was occupied, at this crisis, by Pius the

Fifth, one of those pontiffs who seem to have been called forth by the exigencies of the time, to uphold the pillars of Catholicism, as they were yet trembling under the assaults of Luther. Though he was near seventy years of age, the fire of youth still glowed in his veins. He possessed all that impetuous eloquence which, had he lived in the days of Peter the Hermit, would have enabled him, like that enthusiast, to rouse the nations of Europe to a crusade against the infidel. But the days of the crusades were past; and a summons from the Vatican had no longer the power to stir the souls of men like a voice from heaven. The great potentates of Europe were too intent on their own selfish schemes to be turned from these by the apprehension of a danger so remote as that which menaced them from the East. The forlorn condition of Venice had still less power to move them; and that haughty republic was now made to feel, in the hour of her distress, how completely her perfidious and unscrupulous policy had estranged from her the sympathies of her neighbours.

There was one monarch, however, who did not close his ears against the appeal of Venice,—and that monarch, one of more importance to her cause than any other, perhaps all others united. In the spring of 1570, Luigi Torres, clerk of the apostolic chamber, was sent to Spain by Pius the Fifth, to plead the cause of the republic. He found the king at Ecija, on the route from Córdoba, where he had been for some time presiding over a meeting of the Cortes. The legate was graciously received by Philip, to whom he presented a letter from his holiness, urging the monarch, in the most earnest and eloquent language, to give succour to Venice, and to unite with her in a league against the infidel. Philip did not hesitate to promise his assistance in the present emergency; but he had natural doubts as to the expediency of binding himself by a league with a power on whose good faith he had little reliance. He postponed his decision until his arrival at Seville. Accompanied by the legate, on the first of May, he made his solemn entry into the great commercial capital of the South. It was his first visit there, and he was received with tumultuous joy by the loyal inhabitants. Loyalty to their monarchs has ever been a predominant trait of the Spaniards; and to none of their princes did they ever show it in larger measure than to Philip the Second. No one of them, certainly, was more thoroughly Spanish in his own nature, or more deeply attached to Spain.

After swearing to respect the privileges of the city, the king received the homage of the authorities. He then rode through the streets under a gorgeous canopy, upheld by the principal magistrates, and visited the churches and monasteries, hearing *Te Deum*, and offering up his prayers in the cathedral. He was attended by a gay procession of nobles and cavaliers, while the streets of the populous city were thronged with multitudes, filled with enthusiasm at the presence of their sovereign. By this loyal escort Philip was accompanied to the place of his residence, the royal alcazar of Seville. Here he prolonged his stay for a fortnight, witnessing the shows and festivals which had been prepared for his entertainment. At his departure he received a more substantial proof of the attachment of the citizens, in a donation of six hundred thousand ducats. The object of this magnificent present was to defray, in part, the expenses of the king's approaching marriage with his fourth wife, Anne of Austria, the daughter of his cousin, the emperor Maximilian. The fair young bride had left her father's court, and was already on her way to Madrid, where her nuptials were to be celebrated, and where she was to take the place of the lovely Isabella, whose death, not two years since, had plunged the nation in mourning.*

* Ferreras, Hist. d'Espagne, tom. x. pp. 239, 240.—Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, p. 641.—Zuñiga, Anales de Sevilla, pp. 536–538.

The chroniclers paint in glowing colours the splendours of the royal reception at Seville,

While at Seville, Philip laid the subject of the league before his ministers. Some of these, and among the number Espinosa, president of the council of Castile, entertained great doubts as to the policy of binding Spain by a formal treaty with the Venetian republic. But, with all his distrust of that power, Philip took a broader view of the matter than his ministers. Independently of his willingness to present himself before the world as the great champion of the Faith, he felt that such an alliance offered the best opportunity for crippling the maritime power of Turkey, and thus providing for the safety of his own colonial possessions in the Mediterranean. After much deliberation, he dismissed the legate with the assurance that, notwithstanding the troubles which pressed on him both in the Low Countries and in Granada, he would furnish immediate succours to Venice, and would send commissioners to Rome, with full powers to unite with those of the pope and the republic in forming a treaty of alliance against the Ottoman Porte. The papal envoy was charged with a letter to the same effect, addressed by Philip to his holiness.

The ensuing summer, the royal admiral, the famous John Andrew Doria, who was lying with a strong squadron off Sicily, put to sea, by the king's orders. He was soon after reinforced by a few galleys which were furnished by his holiness, and placed under the command of Mark Antonio Colonna, the representative of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses in Rome. On the last of August, 1570, the combined fleet effected its junction with the Venetians at Candia, and a plan of operations was immediately arranged. It was not long before the startling intelligence arrived that Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus, had been taken and sacked by the Turks, with all the circumstances of cruelty which distinguish wars in which the feeling of national hostility is embittered by religious hatred. The plan was now to be changed. A dispute arose among the commanders as to the course to be pursued. No one had authority enough to enforce compliance with his own opinion. The dispute ended in a rupture. The expedition was abandoned; and the several commanders returned home with their squadrons, without having struck a blow for the cause. It was a bad omen for the success of the league.*

Still the stout-hearted pontiff was not discouraged. On the contrary, he endeavoured to infuse his own heroic spirit into the hearts of his allies, giving them the most cheering assurances for the future, if they would but be true to themselves. Philip did not need this encouragement. Once resolved, his was not a mind lightly to be turned from its purpose. Venice, on the other hand, soon showed that the Catholic king had good reason for distrusting her fidelity. Appalled by the loss of Nicosia, with her usual inconstancy, she despatched a secret agent to Constantinople, to see if some terms might not yet be made with the Sultan. The negotiation could not be managed so secretly, however; but that notice of it reached the ears of Pius the Fifth. He forthwith despatched an envoy to the republic to counteract this measure, and to persuade the Venetians to trust to their Christian allies rather than to the Turks, the enemies of their country and their religion. The person selected for this mission was Colonna, who was quite as much distinguished for his address as for his valour. He performed his task well. He represented so forcibly to the government that the course he recommended was the one dictated not less by interest than by honour, that they finally acquiesced, and recalled their agent from Constantinople. It must be acknowledged that Colonna's argu-

which, enriched by the Indian trade, took its place among the great commercial capitals of Christendom in the sixteenth century. It was a common saying,

"Quien no ha visto á Sevilla
No ha visto á maravilla."

* Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. i. p. 798 et seq.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. vi. cap. 17.—Sagredo, *Monarcas Othomanos*, p. 277.

ments were greatly strengthened by the cold reception given to the Venetian envoy at Constantinople, where it was soon seen that the conquest of the capital had by no means tended to make the sultan relax his hold on Cyprus.*

Towards the close of 1570, the deputies from the three powers met in Rome to arrange the terms of the league. Spain was represented by the cardinals Granvelle and Pacheco, together with the ambassador, Juan de Zuñiga, all three at that time being resident in Rome. It will readily be believed that the interests of Spain would not suffer in the hands of a commission with so skilful a tactician as Granvelle to direct it.

Yet though the parties seemed to be embarked in a common cause, there was found much difficulty in reconciling their different pretensions. The deputies from Venice, in the usual spirit of her diplomacy, regarded the league as exclusively designed for her benefit; in other words, for the protection of Cyprus against the Turks. The Spanish commissioners took a wider view, and talked of the war as one waged by the Christian against the Infidel; against the Moors no less than the Turks. In this politic view of the matter, the Catholic king was entitled to the same protection for his colonies on the coast of Africa as Venice claimed for Cyprus.

Another cause of disagreement was the claim of each of the parties to select a commander-in-chief for the expedition from its own nation. This pre-eminence was finally conceded to Spain, as the power that was to bear the largest share of the expenses.

It was agreed that the treaty should be permanent in its duration, and should be directed against the Moors of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers, as well as against the Turks; that the contracting parties should furnish two hundred galleys, one hundred transports and smaller vessels, fifty thousand foot, and four thousand five hundred horse, with the requisite artillery and munitions; that by April, at farthest, of every succeeding year, a similar force should be held in readiness by the allies for expeditions to the Levant; and that any year in which there was no expedition in common, and either Spain or the republic should desire to engage in one on her own account against the Infidel, the other confederates should furnish fifty galleys towards it; that if the enemy should invade the dominions of any of the three powers, the others should be bound to come to the aid of their ally; that three-sixths of the expenses of the war should be borne by the Catholic king, two-sixths by the republic, the remaining sixth by the Holy See; that the Venetians should lend his holiness twelve galleys, which he was to man and equip at his own charge, as his contribution towards the armament; that each power should appoint a captain-general; that the united voices of the three commanders should regulate the plan of operations; that the execution of this plan should be entrusted to the captain-general of the league, and that this high office should be given to Don John of Austria; that, finally, no one of the parties should make peace, or enter into a truce with the enemy, without the knowledge and consent of the others.†

Such were the principal provisions of the famous treaty of the Holy League. The very first article declares this treaty perpetual in its nature. Yet we should be slow to believe that the shrewd and politic statesmen who directed the affairs of Spain and the republic could for a moment believe in the perpetuity of a contract which imposed such burdensome obligations on the parties. In fact, the league did not hold together two years. But it held together long enough to accomplish a great result, and as such occupies an important place in the history of the times.

* Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, p. 667.—Sagredo, *Monarcas Othomanos*, p. 277.

† A copy of the treaty in Latin, dated May 25, 1571, exists in the library of the Academy of History, at Madrid. Señor Rosell has transferred it to the appendix of his work, *Historia del Combate Naval de Lepanto* (Madrid, 1853), pp. 180-189.

Although a draft of the treaty had been prepared in the latter part of the preceding year, it was not ratified till 1571.* On the twenty-fourth of May, the pope caused it to be read aloud in full consistory. He then, laying his hand on his breast, solemnly swore to the observance of it. The ambassadors of Spain and Venice made oath to the same effect, on behalf of their governments, placing their hands on a missal with a copy of the Gospels beneath it. On the day following, after mass had been performed, the treaty was publicly proclaimed in the church of St. Peter.†

The tidings of the alliance of the three powers caused a great sensation throughout Christendom. Far from dismaying the sultan, however, it only stimulated him to greater exertions. Availing himself of the resources of his vast empire, he soon got together a powerful fleet, partly drawn from his own dominions, and in part from those of the Moslem powers on the Mediterranean, who acknowledged allegiance to the Porte. The armada was placed under the command of Selim's brother-in-law, the Pacha Piali, a man of an intrepid spirit, who had given many proofs of a humane and generous nature; qualities more rare among the Turks, perhaps among all nations, than mere physical courage.

Early in the spring of 1571, the Ottoman admiral sailed out of the Golden Horn, and directed his course towards Candia. Here he remained until joined by a strong Algerine force under the redoubtable corsair Uluch Ali,—a Calabrian renegade, who had risen from the humblest condition to the post of dey of Algiers. Early in the season the combined fleets sailed for the Adriatic; and Piali, after landing and laying waste the territory belonging to the republic, detached Uluch with his squadron to penetrate higher up the gulf. The Algerine, in executing these orders, advanced so near to Venice as to throw the inhabitants of that capital into a consternation such as they had not felt since the cannon of the Genoese, two centuries before, had resounded over their waters. But it was not the dey's purpose to engage in so formidable an enterprise as an assault upon Venice; and soon drawing off, he joined the commander-in-chief at Corfu, where they waited for tidings of the Christian fleet.‡

The indefatigable Pius, even before the treaty was signed, had despatched his nephew, Cardinal Alessandrino, to the different courts, to rouse the drooping spirits of the allies, and to persuade other princes of Christendom to join the league. In the middle of May, the legate, attended by a stately train of ecclesiastics, appeared at Madrid. Philip gave him a reception that fully testified his devotion to the Holy See. The king's brother, Don John, and his favourite minister, Ruy Gomez de Silva, with some of the principal nobles, waited at once on the cardinal who had taken up his quarters in the suburbs, at the Dominican monastery of Atocha, tenanted by brethren of his own order. On the following morning the papal envoy made his entrance, in great state, into the capital. He was mounted on a mule, gorgeously caparisoned, the gift of the city. John of Austria rode on his right; and he was escorted by a pompous array of prelates and grandees, who seemed to vie with one another in the splendour of their costumes. On the way he was met by the royal cavalcade. As the legate paid his obeisance to the monarch, he remained with his head uncovered; and Philip, with a similar act of courtesy, while he addressed a few remarks to the churchman, held his hat in his hand.§ He

* A copy from the first draft of the treaty, as prepared in 1570, is incorporated in the *Documentos Inéditos* (tom. iii. pp. 337 et seq.). The original is in the library of the duke of Ossuna.

† Rosell, *Combate Naval de Lepanto*, p. 56.

‡ Paruta, *Guerra di Cipro*, p. 120 et seq.—Herrera, *Hist. General*, tom. ii. pp. 14, 15.

§ Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. ix. cap. 22.—Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. pp. 247, 247.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 152.

then joined the procession, riding between the legate on the right and his brother on the left, who was observed, from time to time, to take part in the conversation,—a circumstance occasioning some surprise, says an historian, as altogether contrary to the established etiquette of the punctilious Castilian court.*

The ceremonies were concluded by religious services in the church of Santa Maria, where the legate, after preaching a discourse, granted all present a full remission of the pains of purgatory for two hundred years.† A gift of more worth, in a temporal view, was the grant to the king of the *crusada*, the *excusada*, and other concessions of ecclesiastical revenue, which the Roman see knows so well how to bestow on the champions of the Faith. These concessions came in good time to supply the royal coffers, sorely drained by the costly preparations for the war.

Meanwhile, the Venetians were pushing forward their own preparations with their wonted alacrity,—indeed, with more alacrity than thoroughness. They were prompt in furnishing their quota of vessels, but discreditably remiss in their manner of equipping them. The fleet was placed under the charge of Sebastian Veniero, a noble who had grown grey in the service of his country. Zanne, who had had the command of the fleet in the preceding summer, was superseded on the charge of incapacity, shown especially in his neglect to bring the enemy to action. His process continued for two years, without any opportunity being allowed to the accused of appearing in his own vindication. It was finally brought to a close by his death,—the consequence, as it is said, of a broken heart. If it were so, it would not be a solitary instance of such a fate in the annals of the stern republic. Before midsummer the new admiral sailed with his fleet, or as much of it as was then ready, for the port of Messina, appointed as the place of rendezvous for the allies. Here he was soon joined by Colonna, the papal commander, with the little squadron furnished by his holiness; and the two fleets lay at anchor, side by side, in the capacious harbour, waiting the arrival of the rest of the confederates and of John of Austria.

Preparations for the war were now going actively forward in Spain. Preparations on so large a scale had not been seen since the war with Paul the Fourth and Henry the Third, which ushered in Philip's accession. All the great ports in the Peninsula, as well as in the kingdom of Naples, in Sicily, in the Balearic Isles, in every part of the empire in short, swarmed with artisans, busily engaged in fitting out the fleet which was to form Philip's contingent to the armament. By the terms of the treaty, he was to bear one-half of the charges of the expedition. In his naval preparations he spared neither cost nor care. Ninety royal galleys, and more than seventy ships of small dimensions, were got in readiness in the course of the summer. They were built and equipped in that thorough manner which vindicated the pre-eminence in naval architecture claimed by Spain, and formed a strong contrast to the slovenly execution of the Venetians.‡

* "No poco se maravillaron los curiosos, viéndole, ó por casualidad ó bien de intento, terciar llanamente en la conversacion, contra las etiquetas hasta entones observadas."—Rosell, *Combate Naval de Lepanto*, p. 59.

† "Y concede dozientos años de perdon á los presentes."—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 152.

‡ "De las mejores que jamas se han visto,"—"among the best galleys that were ever seen,"—says Don John in a letter, from Messina, to Don Garcia de Toledo.—*Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. p. 15.

The earlier part of the third volume of the *Documentos Inéditos* is taken up with the correspondence between John of Austria and Garcia de Toledo, in which the former asks information and advice in respect to the best mode of conducting the war. Don Garcia de Toledo, fourth marquis of Villafranca, was a man of high family, and of great sagacity and

Levies of troops were at the same time diligently enforced in all parts of the monarchy. Even a corps of three thousand German mercenaries was subsidized for the campaign. Troops were drawn from the veteran garrisons in Lombardy and the kingdom of Naples. As the Morisco insurrection was fortunately quelled, the forces engaged in it, among whom were the brave Neapolitan battalion and its commander, Padilla, could now be employed in the war against the Turk.

But it can hardly be said to have required extraordinary efforts to fill the ranks on the present occasion; for seldom had a war been so popular with the nation. Indeed, the Spaniards entered into it with an alacrity which might well have suggested the idea that their master had engaged in it on his own account, rather than as an ally. It was, in truth, a war that appealed in a peculiar manner to the sensibilities of the Castilian, familiar from his cradle with the sound of the battle-cry against the Infidel. The whole number of infantry raised by the confederates amounted to twenty-nine thousand. Of this number Spain alone sent over nineteen thousand well-appointed troops, comprehending numerous volunteers, many of whom belonged to the noblest houses of the Peninsula.*

On the sixth of June, Don John, after receiving the last instructions of his brother, set out from Madrid on his journey to the south. Besides his own private establishment, making a numerous train, he was escorted by a splendid company of lords and cavaliers, eager to share with him in the triumphs of the Cross. Anxious to reach the goal, he pushed forward at a more rapid rate than was altogether relished by the rest of the cavalcade. Yet, notwithstanding this speed on the road, there were matters that claimed his attention in the towns through which he passed that occasioned some delay. His journey had the appearance of a royal progress. The castles of the great lords were thrown open with princely hospitality to receive him and his suite. In the chief cities, as Saragossa and Barcelona, he was entertained by the viceroys with all the pomp and ceremony that could have been shown to the king himself. He remained some days in the busy capital of Catalonia, and found there much to engage his attention in the arsenals and dockyards, now alive with the bustle of preparation. He then made a brief pilgrimage to the neighbouring hermitage of our Lady of Montserrat, where he paid his devotions, and conversed with the holy fathers, whom he had always deeply revered, and had before visited in their romantic solitudes.

Embarking at Barcelona, he set sail with a squadron of more than thirty galleys,—a force strong enough to guard against the Moslem corsairs in the Mediterranean, and landed, on the twenty-fifth, at Genoa. The doge and the senate came out to welcome him, and he was lodged during his stay in the palace of Andrew Doria. Here he received embassies and congratulatory addresses from the different princes of Italy. He had already been greeted with an autograph letter, couched in the most benignant terms, from the sovereign pontiff. To all these communications Don John was careful to reply. He

experience. He had filled some of the highest posts in the government, and, as the reader may remember, was viceroy of Sicily at the time when Malta was besieged by the Turks. The coldness which on that occasion he appeared to show to the besieged, excited general indignation; and I ventured to state, on an authority which I did not profess to esteem the best, that in consequence of this he fell into disgrace, and was suffered to pass the remainder of his years in obscurity. (Ante, vol. ii. circ. fin.) An investigation of documents which I had not then seen shows this to have been an error. The ample correspondence which both Philip the Second and Don John carried on with him, gives undeniable proofs of the confidence which he continued to enjoy at court, and the high deference which was paid to his opinion.

* Authorities differ as usual as to the precise number both of vessels and troops. I have accepted the estimate of Rosell, who discreetly avoids the extremes on either side.

acquainted his holiness, in particular, with the whole course of his proceedings. While on the way, he had received a letter from his brother, giving him a full catalogue of the appropriate titles by which each one of his correspondents should be addressed. Nor was this list confined to crowned heads, but comprehended nobles and cavaliers, of every degree.* In no country has the perilous code of etiquette been more diligently studied than in Spain, and no Spaniard was better versed in it than Philip.

Pursuing his route by water, Don John, in the month of August, dropped anchor in the beautiful bay of Naples. Arrangements had been made in that city for his reception on a more magnificent scale than any he had witnessed on his journey. Granvelle, who had lately been raised to the post of viceroy, came forth, at the head of a long and brilliant procession, to welcome his royal guest. The houses that lined the streets were hung with richly-tinted tapestries, and gaily festooned with flowers. The windows and verandahs were graced with the beauty and fashion of that pleasure-loving capital; and many a dark eye sparkled as it gazed on the fine form and features of the youthful hero, who at the age of twenty-four had come to Italy to assume the baton of command, and lead the crusade against the Moslems. His splendid dress of white velvet and cloth of gold set off his graceful person to advantage. A crimson scarf floated loosely over his breast; and his snow-white plumes, drooping from his cap, mingled with the yellow curls that fell in profusion over his shoulders. It was a picture which the Italian maiden might love to look on. It was certainly not the picture of the warrior sheathed in the iron panoply of war. But the young prince, in his general aspect, might be relieved from the charge of effeminacy, by his truly chivalrous bearing and the dauntless spirit which beamed from his clear blue eye. In his own lineaments he seemed to combine all that was most comely in the lineaments of his race. Fortunately he had escaped the deformity of the heavy Burgundian lip, which he might perhaps have excused, as establishing his claims to a descent from the imperial house of Hapsburg.†

Don John had found no place more busy with preparations for the campaign than Naples. A fleet was riding at anchor in her bay, ready to sail under the command of Don Alvaro Bazan, first marquis of Santa Cruz, a nobleman who had distinguished himself by more than one gallant achievement in the Mediterranean, and who was rapidly laying the foundations of a fame that was one day to eclipse that of every other admiral in Castile.

Ten days Don John remained at Naples, detained by contrary winds. Though impatient to reach Messina, his time passed lightly amidst the fêtes and brilliant spectacles which his friendly hosts had provided for his entertainment. He entered gaily into the revels; for he was well skilled in the courtly and chivalrous exercises of the day. Few danced better than he, or rode, or fenced, or played at tennis with more spirit and skill, or carried off more frequently the prizes of the tourney. Indeed, he showed as much ambition to excel in the mimic game of war as on the field of battle. With his accomplishments and personal attractions, we may well believe that Don John had little reason to complain of coldness in the fair dames of Italy. But he seems to have been no less a favourite with the men. The young cavaliers, in particular, regarded him as the very mirror of chivalry, and studiously formed themselves on him as their model. His hair clustered thickly round his temples, and he was in the habit of throwing it back, so as to display his fine forehead to advantage. This suited his physiognomy. It soon became

* Vanderhammen has been careful to transcribe this precious catalogue.—Don Juan de Austria, fol. 156 et seq.

† Ibid. fol. 159 et seq.—FERRERAS, Hist. d'Espagne, tom. x. p. 251.—HERRERA, Hist. General, tom. ii. p. 15 et seq.

the mode with the gallants of the court; and even those whose physiognomies it did not suit were no less careful to arrange their hair in the same manner.

While at Naples he took part in a ceremony of an interesting and significant character. It was on the occasion of the presentation of a standard sent by Pius the Fifth for the Holy War. The ceremony took place in the church of the Franciscan convent of Santa Chiara. Granvelle officiated on the occasion. Mass was performed by the cardinal-vice-roy in his pontificals. *Te Deum* was then chanted, after which Don John, approaching the altar with a slow and dignified step, gracefully knelt before the prelate, who, first delivering to him the baton of generalissimo, in the name of his holiness, next placed in his hands the consecrated standard. It was of azure damask. A crucifix was embroidered on the upper part of the banner, while below were the arms of the Church, with those of Spain on the right, and of Venice on the left, united by a chain, from which were suspended the arms of John of Austria. The prelate concluded the ceremony by invoking the blessing of Heaven on its champion, and beseeching that he might be permitted to carry the banner of the Cross victorious over its enemies. The choir of the convent then burst forth into a triumphant peal, and the people from every quarter of the vast edifice shouted "Amen!"*

It was a striking scene, pregnant with matter for meditation to those who gazed on it. For what could be more striking than the contrast afforded by these two individuals,—the one in the morning of life, his eye kindling with hope and generous ambition, as he looked into the future and prepared to tread the path of glory under auspices as brilliant as ever attended any mortal; the other drawing near to the evening of his day, looking to the past rather than the future, with pale and thoughtful brow, as of one who, after many a toilsome day and sleepless night, had achieved the proud eminence for which his companion was panting,—and had found it barren!

The wind having become more favourable, Don John took leave of the gay capital of the South, and embarked for Messina, which he reached on the twenty-fifth of August. If in other places he had seen preparations for war, here he seemed to be brought on the very theatre of war. As he entered the noble port, he was saluted with the thunders of hundreds of pieces of ordnance from the combined fleets of Rome and Venice, which lay side by side awaiting his arrival. He landed beneath a triumphal arch of colossal dimensions, embossed with rich plates of silver, and curiously sculptured with emblematical bas-reliefs, and with complimentary legends in Latin verse, furnished by the classical poets of Italy.† He passed under two other arches of similar rich and elaborate construction, as he rode into the town amidst the ringing of bells, the cheers of the multitude, the waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs from the balconies, and other lively demonstrations of the public joy, such as might have intoxicated the brain of a less ambitious soldier than John of Austria. The festivities were closed in the evening by a general illumination of the city, and by a display of fireworks that threw a light far and wide over the beautiful harbour and the countless ships that floated on its waters.

Nothing could be finer, indeed, whether by day or by night, than the spectacle presented by the port of Messina. Every day a fresh reinforcement of squadrons, or of single galleys or brigantines, under some brave adventurer, entered the harbour to swell the numbers of the great armada. Many of these vessels, especially the galleys, were richly carved and gilt, after the fashion of

* "Luego su Alteza, el Coro, y Pueblo dixeron con musica, voces, y alegria; Amen."—Vanderhammen, Juan de Austria, fol. 159.

† For a minute account of these arches and their manifold inscriptions, see Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 160-162.

the time, and with their many-coloured streamers, and their flags displaying the arms of their several states, made a magnificent show as they glanced over the waters. None, in the splendour of their decorations, exceeded the *Real*, as the galley of the commander-in-chief was termed. It was of great size, and had been built in Barcelona, famous for its naval architecture all the world over. The stern of the vessel was profusely decorated with emblems and devices drawn from history. The interior was furnished in a style of luxury that seemed to be designed for pleasure, rather than for the rough duties of war. But the galley was remarkable for both strength and speed,—the two most essential qualities in the construction of a ship. Of this she gave ample evidence in her contest with the Turk.*

The whole number of vessels in the armada, great and small, amounted to something more than three hundred. Of these full two-thirds were "royal galleys." Venice alone contributed one hundred and six, besides six *galeazas*. These were ships of enormous bulk, and, as it would seem, of clumsy construction, carrying each more than forty pieces of artillery. The Spaniards counted a score of galleys less than their Venetian confederates. But they far exceeded them in the number of their frigates, brigantines, and vessels of smaller size. They boasted a still greater superiority in the equipment of their navy. Indeed, the Venetian squadron was found so indifferently manned, that Don John ordered several thousand hands to be drafted from the ships of the other Italian powers, and from the Spanish, to make up the necessary complement. This proceeding conveyed so direct a censure on the remissness of his countrymen, as to give great disgust to the admiral, Veniero. But in the present emergency he had neither the power to resist nor to resent it.†

The number of persons on board of the fleet, soldiers and seamen, was estimated at eighty thousand. The galleys, impelled by oars more than by sails, required a large number of hands to navigate them. The soldiers, as we have seen, did not exceed twenty-nine thousand; of which number more than nineteen thousand were furnished by Spain. They were well-appointed troops, most of them familiar with war, and officered by men, many of whom had already established a high reputation in the service. On surveying the muster-roll of cavaliers who embarked in this expedition, one may well believe that Spain had never before sent forth a fleet in which were to be found the names of so many of her sons illustrious for rank and military achievement. If the same can be said of Venice, we must consider that the present war was one in which the prosperity, perhaps the very existence, of the republic was involved. The Spaniard was animated by the true spirit of the Crusades, when, instead of mercenary motives, the guerdon for which men fought was glory in this world and paradise in the next.

Sebastian Veniero, trembling for the possessions of the republic in the Adriatic, would have put to sea without further delay, and sought out the enemy. But Don John, with a prudence hardly to have been expected, declined moving until he had been strengthened by all his reinforcements. He knew the resources of the Ottoman empire; he could not doubt that in the present emergency they would be strained to the utmost to equip a formidable armament; and he resolved not to expose himself unnecessarily to the chances of defeat, by neglecting any means in his power to prepare for the encounter.

* Rosell, *Combate Naval de Lepanto*, p. 84.

† Don John, in his correspondence with his friend Don Garcia de Toledo, speaks with high disgust of the negligence shown in equipping the Venetian galleys. In a letter dated Messina, August 30, he says: "Póneme cierta congoja ver que el mundo me obliga á hacer alguna cosa de momento, contando las galeras por número y no por cualidad."—*Documentos Inéditos* tom. iii. p. 18.

It was a discreet determination, which must have met the entire approbation of his brother.

While he was thus detained at Messina, a papal nuncio, Odescalco, bishop of Pena, arrived there. He was the bearer of sundry spiritual favours from the pontiff, whose real object, no doubt, was to quicken the movements of John of Austria. The nuncio proclaimed a jubilee; and every man in the armada, from the captain-general downwards, having fasted three days, confessed and partook of the communion. The prelate, in the name of his holiness, then proclaimed a full remission of their sins; and he conceded to them the same indulgences as had been granted to the deliverers of the Holy Sepulchre. To Don John the pope communicated certain revelations and two cheering prophecies from St. Isadore, which his holiness declared had undoubted reference to the prince. It is further stated, that Pius appealed to more worldly feelings, by intimating to the young commander that success could not fail to open the way to the acquisition of some independent sovereignty for himself.* Whether this suggestion first awakened so pleasing an idea in Don John's mind, or whether the wary pontiff was aware that it already existed there, it is certain that it became the spectre which from this time forward continued to haunt the imagination of the aspiring chieftain, and to beckon him onward in the path of perilous ambition to its melancholy close.

All being now in readiness, orders were given to weigh anchor; and on the sixteenth of September the magnificent armament—unrivalled by any which had rode upon these waters since the days of imperial Rome—stood out to sea. The papal nuncio, dressed in his pontificals, took a prominent station on the mole; and as each vessel passed successively before him, he bestowed on it his apostolic benediction. Then, without postponing a moment longer his return, he left Messina and hastened back to Rome to announce the joyful tidings to his master.†

CHAPTER X.

WAR WITH THE TURKS.

Plan of Operations—Tidings of the Enemy—Preparations for Combat—Battle of Lepanto—Rout of the Turkish Armada.

1571.

As the allied fleet coasted along the Calabrian shore, it was so much baffled by rough seas and contrary winds that its progress was slow. Not long before his departure Don John had sent a small squadron under a Spanish captain, Gil de Andrada, to collect tidings of the enemy. On his return that commander met the Christian fleet, and reported that the Turks, with a

* Rosell, *Combate Naval de Lepanto*, p. 82.

The clearest and by far the most elaborate account of the battle of Lepanto is to be found in the memoir of Don Cayetan Rosell, which received the prize of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, in 1853. It is a narrative which may be read with pride by Spaniards, for the minute details it gives of the prowess shown by their heroic ancestors on that memorable day. The author enters with spirit into the stormy scene he describes. If his language may be thought sometimes to betray the warmth of national partiality, it cannot be denied that he has explored the best sources of information, and endeavoured to place the result fairly before the reader.

† Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica de Guerra que ha acontecido en Italia y partes de Levante y Berberia desde 1570 en 1574* (Caragoça, 1579), fol. 54.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 165 et seq.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. ix. cap. 23.

powerful armament, were still in the Adriatic, where they had committed fearful ravages on the Venetian territories. Don John now steered his course for Corfu, which, however, he did not reach till the twenty-sixth of September. He soon had ample opportunities of seeing for himself the traces of the enemy, in the smoking hamlets and desolated fields along the coast. The allies were welcomed with joy by the islanders, who furnished them with whatever supplies they needed. Here Don John learned that the Ottoman fleet had been standing into the Gulf of Lepanto, where it lay as if waiting the coming of the Christians.

The young commander-in-chief had now no hesitation as to the course he ought to pursue. But he chose to call a council of his principal captains before deciding. The treaty of alliance, indeed, required him to consult with the other commanders before taking any decisive step in matters of importance; and this had been strenuously urged on him by the king, ever afraid of his brother's impetuosity.

The opinions of the council were divided. Some who had had personal experience of the naval prowess of the Turks appeared to shrink from encountering so formidable an armament, and would have confined the operations of the fleet to the siege of some place belonging to the Moslems. Even Doria, whose life had been spent in fighting with the infidel, thought it was not advisable to attack the enemy in his present position, surrounded by friendly shores, whence he might easily obtain succour. It would be better, he urged, to attack some neighbouring place, like Navarino, which might have the effect of drawing him from the gulf, and thus compel him to give battle in some quarter more advantageous to the allies.

But the majority of the council took a very different view of the matter. To them it appeared that the great object of the expedition was to destroy the Ottoman fleet, and that a better opportunity could not be offered than the present one, while the enemy was shut up in the gulf, from which, if defeated, he would find no means of escape. Fortunately, this was the opinion, not only of the majority, but of most of those whose opinions were entitled to the greatest deference. Among these were the gallant marquis of Santa Cruz, the Grand-Commander Requesens, who still remained near the person of Don John, and had command of a galley in his rear, Cardona, general of the Sicilian squadron, Barbarigo, the Venetian *provveditore*, next in authority to the captain-general of his nation, the Roman Colonna, and Alexander Farnese, the young prince of Parma, Don John's nephew, who had come, on this memorable occasion, to take his first lesson in the art of war,—an art in which he was destined to remain without a rival.

The commander-in-chief, with no little satisfaction, saw himself so well supported in his own judgment; and he resolved, without any unnecessary delay, to give the Turks battle in the position they had chosen. He was desirous, however, to be joined by part of his fleet, which, baffled by the winds, and without oars, still lagged far behind. For the galley, with its numerous oars in addition to its sails, had somewhat of the properties of a modern steamer, which so gallantly defies both wind and wave. As Don John wished also to review his fleet before coming into action, he determined to cross over to Comenizza, a capacious and well-protected port on the opposite coast of Albania.

This he did on the thirtieth of September. Here the vessels were got in readiness for immediate action. They passed in review before the commander-in-chief, and went through their various evolutions, while the artillerymen and musketeers showed excellent practice. Don John looked with increased confidence to the approaching combat. An event, however, occurred at this time, which might have been attended with the worst consequences.

A Roman officer, named Tortona, one of those who had been drafted to

make up the complement of the Venetian galleys, engaged in a brawl with some of his crew. This reached the ears of Veniero, the Venetian captain-general. The old man, naturally of a choleric temper, and still smarting from the insult which he fancied he had received by the introduction of the allies on board of his vessels, instantly ordered the arrest of the offender. Tortona for a long while resisted the execution of these orders; and when finally seized, with some of his companions, they were all sentenced by the vindictive Veniero to be hung at the yardarm. Such a high-handed proceeding caused the deepest indignation in Don John, who regarded it, moreover, as an insult to himself. In the first moments of his wrath he talked of retaliating on the Venetian admiral by a similar punishment. But, happily, the remonstrances of Colonna—who, as the papal commander, had in truth the most reason to complain—and the entreaties of other friends, prevailed on the angry chief to abstain from any violent act. He insisted, however, that Veniero should never again take his place at the council-board, but should be there represented by the *provveditore* Barbarigo, next in command,—a man, fortunately, possessed of a better control over his temper than was shown by his superior. Thus the cloud passed away, which threatened for a moment to break up the harmony of the allies, and to bring ruin on the enterprise.*

On the third of October, Don John, without waiting longer for the missing vessels, again put to sea, and stood for the Gulf of Lepanto. As the fleet swept down the Ionian Sea, it passed many a spot famous in ancient story. None, we may imagine, would be so likely to excite an interest at this time as Actium, on whose waters was fought the greatest naval battle of antiquity. But the mariner probably gave little thought to the past, as he dwelt on the conflict that awaited him at Lepanto. On the fifth, a thick fog enveloped the armada, and shut out every object from sight. Fortunately, the vessels met with no injury, and, passing by Ithaca, the ancient home of Ulysses, they safely anchored off the eastern coast of Cephalonia. For two days their progress was thwarted by headwinds. But on the seventh, Don John, impatient of delay, again put to sea, though wind and weather were still unfavourable.

While lying off Cephalonia he had received tidings that Famagosta, the second city of Cyprus, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and this under circumstances of unparalleled perfidy and cruelty. The place, after a defence that had cost hecatombs of lives to the besiegers, was allowed to capitulate on honourable terms. Mustapha, the Moslem commander, the same fierce chief who had conducted the siege of Malta, requested an interview at his quarters with four of the principal Venetian captains. After a short and angry conference, he ordered them all to execution. Three were beheaded. The other, a noble named Bragadino, who had held the supreme command, he caused to be flayed alive in the market-place of the city. The skin of the wretched victim was then stuffed; and with this ghastly trophy dangling from the yard-arm of his galley, the brutal monster sailed back to Constantinople, to receive the reward of his services from Selim.† These services were great. The fall of Famagosta secured the fall of Cyprus, which thus became permanently incorporated in the Ottoman empire.‡

The tidings of these shocking events filled the breast of every Venetian with an inextinguishable thirst for vengeance. The confederates entered heartily

* Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 64.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 178.—Parata, *Guerra di Cipro*, p. 143.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval que entre Christianos y Turcos hubo el año 1571*, MS.—*Otra Relacion, Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii p. 365.

† Parata, *Guerra di Cipro*, pp. 143, 144.—“Después hizo que lo degollassen vivo, y lleno el pellejo de paja lo hizo colgar de la entena de una galeota, y desta manera lo llevo por toda la ribera de la Suria.”—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 45.

‡ *Ibid.* fol. 44, 45.—Parata, *Guerra di Cipro*, pp. 130–144.—Sagrado, *Monarcas Othomanas*, pp. 283–289.

into these feelings ; and all on board of the armada were impatient for the hour that was to bring them hand to hand with the enemies of the Faith.

It was two hours before dawn, on Sunday, the memorable seventh of October, when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind had become lighter ; but it was still contrary, and the galleys were indebted for their progress much more to their oars than their sails. By sunrise they were abreast of the Curzolari,—a cluster of huge rocks, or rocky islets, which on the north defends the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. The fleet moved laboriously along, while every eye was strained to catch the first glimpse of the hostile navy. At length the watch on the fore-top of the *Real* called out "A sail !" and soon after declared that the whole Ottoman fleet was in sight. Several others, climbing up the rigging, confirmed his report ; and in a few moments more, word was sent to the same effect by Andrew Doria, who commanded on the right. There was no longer any doubt ; and Don John, ordering his pennon to be displayed at the mizen-peak, unfurled the great standard of the League, given by the pope, and directed a gun to be fired, the signal for battle. The report, as it ran along the rocky shores, fell cheerily on the ears of the confederates, who, raising their eyes towards the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts.*

The principal captains now came on board the *Real*, to receive the last orders of the commander-in-chief. Even at this late hour, there were some who ventured to intimate their doubts of the expediency of engaging the enemy in a position where he had a decided advantage. But Don John cut short the discussion. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the time for combat, not for counsel." He then continued the dispositions he was making for the attack.

He had already given to each commander of a galley written instructions as to the manner in which the line of battle was to be formed in case of meeting the enemy. The armada was now disposed in that order. It extended on a front of three miles. Far on the right, a squadron of sixty-four galleys was commanded by the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria,—a name of terror to the Moslems. The centre, or *battle*, as it was called, consisting of sixty-three galleys, was led by John of Austria, who was supported on the one side by Colonna, the captain-general of the pope, and on the other by the Venetian captain-general, Veniero. Immediately in the rear was the galley of the Grand-Commander Requesens, who still remained near the person of his former pupil ; though a difference which arose between them on the voyage, fortunately now healed, showed that the young commander-in-chief was wholly independent of his teacher in the art of war.

The left wing was commanded by the noble Venetian, Barbarigo, whose vessels stretched along the Ætolian shore, to which he approached as near as, in his ignorance of the coast, he dared to venture, so as to prevent his being turned by the enemy. Finally, the reserve, consisting of thirty-five galleys, was given to the brave marquis of Santa Cruz, with directions to act in any quarter where he thought his presence most needed. The smaller craft, some of which had now arrived, seem to have taken little part in the action, which was thus left to the galleys.

Each commander was to occupy so much space with his galley as to allow room for manœuvring it to advantage, and yet not enough to allow the enemy to break the line. He was directed to single out his adversary, to close with him at once, and board as soon as possible. The beaks of the galleys were pronounced to be a hindrance rather than a help in action. They were rarely strong enough to resist a shock from an antagonist, and they much interfered with the working and firing of the guns. Don John had the beak of his vessel

* Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 65.—Documentos Inéditos, tom. iii. p. 225.—Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, pp. 93, 94.

cut away. The example was followed throughout the fleet, and, as it is said, with eminently good effect. It may seem strange that this discovery should have been reserved for the crisis of a battle.*

When the officers had received their last instructions, they returned to their respective vessels; and Don John, going on board of a light frigate, passed rapidly through the part of the armada lying on his right, while he commanded Requesens to do the same with the vessels on his left. His object was to feel the temper of his men, and to rouse their mettle by a few words of encouragement. The Venetians he reminded of their recent injuries. The hour for vengeance, he told them, had arrived. To the Spaniards and other confederates he said—"You have come to fight the battle of the Cross; to conquer or to die. But whether you are to die or conquer, do your duty this day, and you will secure a glorious immortality." His words were received with a burst of enthusiasm which went to the heart of the commander, and assured him that he could rely on his men in the hour of trial. On returning to his vessel, he saw Veniero on his quarter-deck; and they exchanged salutations in as friendly a manner as if no difference had existed between them. At this solemn hour both these brave men were willing to forget all personal animosity in a common feeling of devotion to the great cause in which they were engaged.†

The Ottoman fleet came on slowly and with difficulty. For, strange to say, the wind, which had hitherto been adverse to the Christians, after lulling for a time, suddenly shifted to the opposite quarter, and blew in the face of the enemy.‡ As the day advanced, moreover, the sun, which had shone in the eyes of the confederates, gradually shot its rays into those of the Moslems. Both circumstances were of good omen to the Christians, and the first was regarded as nothing short of a direct interposition of Heaven. Thus plunging its way along, the Turkish armament, as it came more into view, showed itself in greater strength than had been anticipated by the allies. It consisted of nearly two hundred and fifty royal galleys, most of them of the largest class, besides a number of smaller vessels in the rear, which, like those of the allies, appear scarcely to have come into action. The men on board of every description were computed at not less than a hundred and twenty thousand.§ The galleys spread out, as usual with the Turks, in the form of a regular halfmoon, covering a wider extent of surface than the combined fleets, which they somewhat exceeded in number. They presented, indeed, as they drew nearer, a magnificent array, with their gilded and gaudily-painted prows, and their myriads of pennons and streamers, fluttering gaily in the breeze; while the rays of the morning sun glanced on the polished scimitars of Damascus and on the superb aigrettes of jewels which sparkled in the turbans of the Ottoman chiefs.

In the centre of the extended line, and directly opposite to the station occupied by the captain-general of the League, was the huge galley of Ali Pasha. The right of the armada was commanded by Mahomet Sirocco, viceroy

* Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 53.—Herrera, *Hist. General*, tom. ii. p. 30.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.—Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, pp. 95, 99, 100.

† Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 67 et seq.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.—*Otras Relaciones, Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. pp. 242, 262.

‡ Most of the authorities notice this auspicious change of the wind. Among others, see *Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.; *Relacion escrita por Miguel Servia, confesor de Don Juan*, *Documentos Inéditos*, tom. xi. p. 368; Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 75. The testimony is that of persons present in the action.

§ Amidst the contradictory estimates of the number of the vessels and the forces in the Turkish armada to be found in the different writers, and even in official relations, I have conformed to the statement given in Señor Rosell's *Memoria*, prepared after a careful comparison of the various authorities.—*Historia del Combate Naval*, p. 94.

of Egypt, a circumspect as well as courageous leader; the left, by Uluch Ali, dey of Algiers, the redoubtable corsair of the Mediterranean. Ali Pasha had experienced a difficulty like that of Don John, as several of his officers had strongly urged the inexpediency of engaging so formidable an armament as that of the allies. But Ali, like his rival, was young and ambitious. He had been sent by his master to fight the enemy; and no remonstrances, not even those of Mahomet Sirocco, for whom he had great respect, could turn him from his purpose.

He had, moreover, received intelligence that the allied fleet was much inferior in strength to what it proved. In this error he was fortified by the first appearance of the Christians; for the extremity of their left wing, commanded by Barbarigo, stretching behind the Ætolian shore, was hidden from his view. As he drew nearer, and saw the whole extent of the Christian lines, it is said his countenance fell. If so, he still did not abate one jot of his resolution. He spoke to those around him with the same confidence as before, of the result of the battle. He urged his rowers to strain every nerve. Ali was a man of more humanity in his nature than often belonged to his nation. His galley-slaves were all, or nearly all, Christian captives; and he addressed them in this brief and pithy manner: "If your countrymen are to win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it; yet if I win it, you shall certainly have your freedom. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me."*

As the Turkish admiral drew nearer, he made a change in his order of battle, by separating his wings further from his centre; thus conforming to the dispositions of the allies. Before he had come within cannon-shot, he fired a gun by way of challenge to his enemy. It was answered by another from the galley of John of Austria. A second gun discharged by Ali was as promptly replied to by the Christian commander. The distance between the two fleets was now rapidly diminishing. At this solemn moment a deathlike silence reigned throughout the armament of the confederates. Men seemed to hold their breath, as if absorbed in the expectation of some great catastrophe. The day was magnificent. A light breeze, still adverse to the Turks, played on the waters, somewhat fretted by the contrary winds. It was nearly noon; and as the sun, mounting through a cloudless sky, rose to the zenith, he seemed to pause, as if to look down on the beautiful scene, where the multitude of galleys, moving over the water, showed like a holiday spectacle rather than a preparation for mortal combat.

The illusion was soon dispelled by the fierce yells which rose on the air from the Turkish armada. It was the customary war-cry with which the Moslems entered into battle. Very different was the scene on board of the Christian galleys. Don John might be there seen, armed *cap-à-pié*, standing on the prow of the *Real*, anxiously awaiting the conflict. In this conspicuous position, kneeling down, he raised his eyes to heaven, and humbly prayed that the Almighty would be with His people on that day. His example was followed by the whole fleet. Officers and men, all prostrating themselves on their knees, and turning their eyes to the consecrated banner which floated from the *Real*, put up a petition like that of their commander. They then received absolution from the priests, of whom there were some in every vessel; and each man, as he rose to his feet, gathered new strength, as he felt assured that the Lord of Hosts would fight on his side.†

* "Si hoy es vuestro día, Dios os lo dó; pero estad ciertos que si gano la jornada, os daré libertad: por lo tanto haced lo que debeis á las obras que de mí habeis recebido."—Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, p. 101.

For the last pages see Paruta, *Guerra di Cipro*, pp. 150, 151; Sagredo, *Monarcas Otomanos*, p. 202; Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 63, 66; *Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.

† This fact is told by most of the historians of the battle. The author of the manuscript

When the foremost vessels of the Turks had come within cannon-shot, they opened their fire on the Christians. The firing soon ran along the whole of the Turkish line, and was kept up without interruption as it advanced. Don John gave orders for trumpet and atabal to sound the signal for action; which was followed by the simultaneous discharge of such of the guns in the combined fleet as could be brought to bear on the enemy. The Spanish commander had caused the *galeazas*, those mammoth war-ships of which some account has been already given, to be towed half a mile ahead of the fleet, where they might intercept the advance of the Turks. As the latter came abreast of them, the huge galleys delivered their broadsides right and left; and their heavy ordnance produced a startling effect. Ali Pasha gave orders for his galleys to open their line and pass on either side, without engaging these monsters of the deep, of which he had had no experience. Even so, their heavy guns did considerable damage to several of the nearest vessels, and created some confusion in the pacha's line of battle. They were, however, but unwieldy craft, and, having accomplished their object, seem to have taken no further part in the combat.

The action began on the left wing of the allies, which Mahomet Sirocco was desirous of turning. This had been anticipated by Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who commanded in that quarter. To prevent it, as we have seen, he lay with his vessels as near the coast as he dared. Sirocco, better acquainted with the soundings, saw there was space enough for him to pass; and darting by with all the speed that oars could give him, he succeeded in doubling on his enemy. Thus placed between two fires, the extreme of the Christian left fought at terrible disadvantage. No less than eight galleys went to the bottom, and several others were captured. The brave Barbarigo, throwing himself into the heat of the fight, without availing himself of his defensive armour, was pierced in the eye by an arrow, and, reluctant to leave the glory of the field to another, was borne to his cabin. The combat still continued with unabated fury on the part of the Venetians. They fought like men who felt that the war was theirs, and who were animated not only by the thirst for glory, but for revenge.*

Far on the Christian right a manœuvre similar to that so successfully executed by Sirocco was attempted by Uluch Ali, the dey of Algiers. Profiting by his superiority in numbers, he endeavoured to turn the right wing of the confederates. It was in this quarter that Andrew Doria commanded. He had foreseen this movement of his enemy, and he succeeded in foiling it. It was a trial of skill between the two most accomplished seamen in the Mediterranean. Doria extended his line so far to the right indeed, to prevent being surrounded, that Don John was obliged to remind him that he left the centre too much exposed. His dispositions were so far unfortunate for himself, that his own line was thus weakened, and afforded some vulnerable points to his assailant. These were soon detected by the eagle eye of Uluch Ali; and, like

so often cited by me further says, that it was while the fleet was thus engaged in prayer for aid from the Almighty that the change of wind took place. "Y en este medio, que en la oracion se pedia á Dios la victoria, estaba el mar alterado de que nuestra armada recibia gran daño y antes que se acabase la dicha oracion el mar estuvo tan quieto y sosegado que jamas se a visto, y fué fuerza á la armada enemiga amainar y venir al remo."

* Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 71.—Paruta, *Guerra di Cipro*, p. 156.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 688.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.—Otra *Relacion*, Documentos Inéditos, tom. xi. p. 368.

The inestimable collection of the Documentos Inéditos contains several narratives of the battle of Lepanto by contemporary pens. One of these is from the manuscript of Fray Miguel Servia, the confessor of John of Austria, and present with him in the engagement. The different narratives have much less discrepancy with one another than is usual on such occasions.

the king of birds swooping on his prey, he fell on some galleys separated by a considerable interval from their companions, and, sinking more than one, carried off the great *Capitana* of Malta in triumph as his prize.*

While the combat opened thus disastrously to the allies both on the right and on the left, in the centre they may be said to have fought with doubtful fortune. Don John had led his division gallantly forward. But the object on which he was intent was an encounter with Ali Pasha, the foe most worthy of his sword. The Turkish commander had the same combat no less at heart. The galleys of both were easily recognized, not only from their position, but from their superior size and richer decoration. The one, moreover, displayed the holy banner of the League; the other, the great Ottoman standard. This, like the ancient standard of the caliphs, was held sacred in its character. It was covered with texts from the Koran, emblazoned in letters of gold, and had the name of Allah inscribed upon it no less than twenty-eight thousand nine hundred times. It was the banner of the sultan, having passed from father to son since the foundation of the imperial dynasty, and was never seen in the field unless the Grand Seigneur or his lieutenant was there in person.†

Both the chiefs urged on their rowers to the top of their speed. Their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line, driven through the boiling surges as by the force of a tornado, and closed with a shock that made every timber crack, and the two vessels quiver to their very keels. So powerful, indeed, was the impetus they received, that the pacha's galley, which was considerably the larger and loftier of the two, was thrown so far upon its opponent that the prow reached the fourth bench of rowers. As soon as the vessels were disengaged from each other, and those on board had recovered from the shock, the work of death began. Don John's chief strength consisted in some three hundred Spanish arquebusiers, culled from the flower of his infantry. Ali, on the other hand, was provided with an equal number of janizaries. He was followed by a smaller vessel, in which two hundred more were stationed as a *corps de reserve*. He had, moreover, a hundred archers on board. The bow was still as much in use with the Turks as with the other Moslems.

The pacha opened at once on his enemy a terrible fire of cannon and musketry. It was returned with equal spirit and much more effect: for the Turks were observed to shoot over the heads of their adversaries. The Moslem galley was unprovided with the defences which protected the sides of the Spanish vessels; and the troops, crowded together on the lofty prow, presented an easy mark to their enemy's balls. But though numbers of them fell at every discharge, their places were soon supplied by those in reserve. They were enabled, therefore, to keep up an incessant fire, which wasted the strength of the Spaniards; and as both Christian and Mussulman fought with indomitable spirit, it seemed doubtful to which side victory would incline.

The affair was made more complicated by the entrance of other parties into the conflict. Both Ali and Don John were supported by some of the most valiant captains in their fleets. Next to the Spanish commander, as we have seen, were Colonna and the veteran Veniero, who, at the age of seventy-six, performed feats of arms worthy of a paladin of romance. In this way a little squadron of combatants gathered round the principal leaders, who sometimes found themselves assailed by several enemies at the same time. Still the chiefs

* Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 72.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.

The last-mentioned manuscript is one of many left us by parties engaged in the fight. The author of this relation seems to have written it on board one of the galleys, while lying at Petala, during the week after the engagement. The events are told in a plain, unaffected manner, that invites the confidence of the reader. The original manuscript, from which my copy was taken, is to be found in the library of the University of Leyden.

† A minute description of the Ottoman standard, taken from a manuscript of Luis del Marmol, is given in the *Collecion de Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. pp. 270 et seq.

did not lose sight of one another; but, beating off their inferior foes as well as they could, each, refusing to loosen his hold, clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.*

Thus the fight raged along the whole extent of the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto. The volumes of vapour rolling heavily over the waters effectually shut out from sight whatever was passing at any considerable distance, unless when a fresher breeze dispelled the smoke for a moment, or the flashes of the heavy guns threw a transient gleam on the dark canopy of battle. If the eye of the spectator could have penetrated the cloud of smoke that enveloped the combatants, and have embraced the whole scene at a glance, he would have perceived them broken into small detachments, separately engaged one with another, independently of the rest, and indeed ignorant of all that was doing in other quarters. The contest exhibited few of those large combinations and skilful manœuvres to be expected in a great naval encounter. It was rather an assemblage of petty actions, resembling those on land. The galleys, grappling together, presented a level arena, on which soldier and galley-slave fought hand to hand; and the fate of the engagement was generally decided by boarding. As in most hand-to-hand contests, there was an enormous waste of life. The decks were loaded with corpses, Christian and Moslem lying promiscuously together in the embrace of death. Instances are recorded where every man on board was slain or wounded.† It was a ghastly spectacle, where blood flowed in rivulets down the sides of the vessels, staining the waters of the gulf for miles around.

It seemed as if a hurricane had swept over the sea, and covered it with the wreck of the noble armaments which a moment before were so proudly riding on its bosom. Little had they now to remind one of their late magnificent array, with their hulls battered, their masts and spars gone or splintered by the shot, their canvas cut into shreds and floating wildly on the breeze, while thousands of wounded and drowning men were clinging to the floating fragments, and calling piteously for help. Such was the wild uproar which succeeded the Sabbath-like stillness that, two hours before, had reigned over these beautiful solitudes.

The left wing of the confederates, commanded by Barbarigo, had been sorely pressed by the Turks, as we have seen, at the beginning of the fight. Barbarigo himself had been mortally wounded. His line had been turned. Several of his galleys had been sunk. But the Venetians gathered courage from despair. By incredible efforts, they succeeded in beating off their enemies. They became the assailants in their turn. Sword in hand, they carried one vessel after another. The Capuchin was seen in the thickest of the fight, waving aloft his crucifix, and leading the boarders to the assault.‡ The Christian galley-slaves, in some instances, broke their fetters, and joined their countrymen against their masters. Fortunately, the vessel of Mahomet Sirocco the Moslem admiral, was sunk; and though extricated from the water himself, it was only to perish by the sword of his conqueror, Giovanni Contarini. The Venetian could find in his heart no mercy for the Turk.

* Documentos Inéditos, tom. iii. p. 265; tom. xi. p. 368.—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 70.—Paruta, *Guerra di Cipro*, pp. 156, 157.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.

† Herrera notices one galley, "*La Piamontesa de Saboya* degollada en ella toda la gente de cabo y remo y despedazado con once heridas D. Francisco de Saboya." Another, "*La Florentina*," says Rosell, "perdió todos los soldados, chusma, galeotes y caballeros de San Esteban que en ella habia, excepto su capitan Tomás de Médicis y diez y seis hombres más, aunque todos heridos y estropeados."—*Historia del Combate Naval*, p. 113.

‡ "Tomo una Alabarda o Pertesana, y ligando en ella el Sancto Crucifixo, verdadera pendor, se puso delante de todos así desarmado como estava, y fue el primero que entro en la Galera Turquesca, haziendo con su Alabarda cosas que ponian admiracion."—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 75.

The fall of their commander gave the final blow to his followers. Without further attempt to prolong the fight, they fled before the avenging swords of the Venetians. Those nearest the land endeavoured to escape by running their vessels ashore, where they abandoned them as prizes to the Christians. Yet many of the fugitives, before gaining the land, perished miserably in the waves. Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, who was still lingering in agony, heard the tidings of the enemy's defeat, and, uttering a few words expressive of his gratitude to Heaven, which had permitted him to see this hour, he breathed his last.*

During this time the combat had been going forward in the centre between the two commanders-in-chief, Don John and Ali Pasha, whose galleys blazed with an incessant fire of artillery and musketry, that enveloped them like "a martyr's robe of flames." The parties fought with equal spirit, though not with equal fortune. Twice the Spaniards had boarded their enemy, and both times they had been repulsed with loss. Still their superiority in the use of fire-arms would have given them a decided advantage over their opponents, if the loss they had inflicted had not been speedily repaired by fresh reinforcements. More than once the contest between the two chieftains was interrupted by the arrival of others to take part in the fray. They soon, however, returned to each other, as if unwilling to waste their strength on a meaner enemy. Through the whole engagement both commanders exposed themselves to danger as freely as any common soldier. In such a contest even Philip must have admitted that it would be difficult for his brother to find, with honour, a place of safety. Don John received a wound in the foot. It was a slight one, however, and he would not allow it to be dressed till the action was over.

Again his men were mustered, and a third time the trumpets sounded to the attack. It was more successful than the preceding. The Spaniards threw themselves boldly into the Turkish galley. They were met with the same spirit as before by the janizaries. Ali Pasha led them on. Unfortunately, at this moment, he was struck in the head by a musket-ball, and stretched senseless in the gangway. His men fought worthily of their ancient renown. But they missed the accustomed voice of their commander. After a short but ineffectual struggle against the fiery impetuosity of the Spaniards, they were overpowered, and threw down their arms. The decks were loaded with the bodies of the dead and the dying. Beneath these was discovered the Turkish commander-in-chief, severely wounded, but perhaps not mortally. He was drawn forth by some Castilian soldiers, who, recognizing his person, would at once have despatched him. But the disabled chief, having rallied from the first effects of his wound, had sufficient presence of mind to divert them from their purpose, by pointing out the place below where he had deposited his money and jewels; and they hastened to profit by the disclosure, before the treasure should fall into the hands of their comrades.

Ali was not so successful with another soldier, who came up soon after, brandishing his sword, and preparing to plunge it into the body of the prostrate commander. It was in vain that the latter endeavoured to turn the ruffian from his purpose. He was a convict, one of those galley-slaves whom Don John had caused to be unchained from the oar and furnished with arms. He could not believe that any treasure would be worth so much as the head of the pacha. Without further hesitation, he dealt him a blow which severed it from his shoulders. Then, returning to his galley, he laid the bloody trophy before Don John. But he had miscalculated on his recompense. His com-

* "Vivió hasta que sabiendo que la vitoria era ganada dijo: que daba gracias á Dios que lo hubiese guardado tanto que viese vencida la batalla y roto aquel comun enemigo que tanto deseó ver destruido."—Herrera, *Relacion de la Guerra de Cipro*, Documentos Inéditos tom. xxi. p. 360.

mander gazed on it with a look of pity mingled with horror. He may have thought of the generous conduct of Ali to his Christian captives, and have felt that he deserved a better fate. He coldly inquired "of what use such a present could be to him;" and then ordered it to be thrown into the sea. Far from the order being obeyed, it is said the head was stuck on a pike, and raised aloft on board of the captured galley. At the same time the banner of the Crescent was pulled down; while that of the Cross, run up in its place, proclaimed the downfall of the pacha.*

The sight of the sacred ensign was welcomed by the Christians with a shout of "Victory!" which rose high above the din of battle.† The tidings of the death of Ali soon passed from mouth to mouth, giving fresh heart to the confederates, but falling like a knell on the ears of the Moslems. Their confidence was gone. Their fire slackened. Their efforts grew weaker and weaker. They were too far from shore to seek an asylum there, like their comrades on the right. They had no resource but to prolong the combat or to surrender. Most preferred the latter. Many vessels were carried by boarding, others were sunk by the victorious Christians. Ere four hours had elapsed, the centre, like the right wing, of the Moslems might be said to be annihilated.

Still the fight was lingering on the right of the confederates, where, it will be remembered, Uluch Ali, the Algerine chief, had profited by Doria's error in extending his line so far as greatly to weaken it. Uluch Ali, attacking it on its most vulnerable quarter, had succeeded, as we have seen, in capturing and destroying several vessels; and would have inflicted still heavier losses on his enemy had it not been for the seasonable succour received from the marquis of Santa Cruz. This brave officer, who commanded the reserve, had already been of much service to Don John when the *Real* was assailed by several Turkish galleys at once during his combat with Ali Pasha; for at this juncture the marquis of Santa Cruz arriving, and beating off the assailants, one of whom he afterwards captured, enabled the commander-in-chief to resume his engagement with the pacha.

No sooner did Santa Cruz learn the critical situation of Doria, than, supported by Cardona, "general" of the Sicilian squadron, he pushed forward to his relief. Dashing into the midst of the *mêlée*, the two commanders fell like a thunderbolt on the Algerine galleys. Few attempted to withstand the shock. But in their haste to avoid it, they were encountered by Doria and his Genoese galleys. Thus beset on all sides, Uluch Ali was compelled to abandon his prizes, and provide for his own safety by flight. He cut adrift the Maltese *Capitana*, which he had lashed to his stern, and on which three hundred corpses attested the desperate character of her defence. As tidings reached

* *Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.—Herrera, Hist. General, tom. ii. p. 33.—Paruta, Guerra di Cipro, pp. 157, 158.—Documentos Inéditos, tom. iii. p. 244.

Torres y Aguilera tells a rather extraordinary anecdote respecting the great standard of the League in the *Real*. The figure of Christ emblazoned on it was not hit by ball or arrow during the action, notwithstanding every other banner was pierced in a multitude of places. Two arrows, however, lodged on either side of the crucifix, when a monkey belonging to the galley ran up the mast, and, drawing out the weapons with his teeth, threw them overboard! (*Chronica*, fol. 75.) Considering the number of ecclesiastics on board the fleet, it is remarkable that no more miracles occurred on this occasion.

† Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 72 et seq.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.—Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 182.—Documentos Inéditos, tom. iii. p. 247 et seq.—Paruta, Guerra di Cipro, p. 160.—Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, lib. ix. cap. 25, 26.

"Dó el estandarte bárbaro abatido
la Cruz del Redentor fue enarbolada
con un triunfo solene y grande gloria,
cantando abiertamente la vitoria."

Ercilla, *La Araucana*, par. ii. canto 24.

him of the discomfiture of the centre, and of the death of Ali Pasha, he felt that nothing remained but to make the best of his way from the fatal scene of action, and save as many of his own ships as he could. And there were no ships in the Turkish fleet superior to his, or manned by men under more perfect discipline. For they were the famous corsairs of the Mediterranean, who had been rocked from infancy on its waters.

Throwing out his signals for retreat, the Algerine was soon to be seen, at the head of his squadron, standing towards the north, under as much canvas as remained to him after the battle, and urged forward through the deep by the whole strength of his oarsmen. Doria and Santa Cruz followed quickly in his wake. But he was borne on the wings of the wind, and soon distanced his pursuers. Don John, having disposed of his own assailants, was coming to the support of Doria, and now joined in the pursuit of the viceroy. A rocky headland, stretching far into the sea, lay in the path of the fugitive; and his enemies hoped to intercept him there. Some few of his vessels were stranded on the rocks. But the rest, near forty in number, standing more boldly out to sea, safely doubled the promontory. Then, quickening their flight, they gradually faded from the horizon, their white sails, the last thing visible, showing in the distance like a flock of Arctic sea-fowl on their way to their native homes. The confederates explained the inferior sailing of their own galleys on this occasion by the circumstance of their rowers, who had been allowed to bear arms in the fight, being crippled by their wounds.

The battle had lasted more than four hours. The sky, which had been almost without a cloud through the day, began now to be overcast, and showed signs of a coming storm. Before seeking a place of shelter for himself and his prizes, Don John reconnoitred the scene of action. He met with several vessels too much damaged for further service. These, mostly belonging to the enemy, after saving what was of any value on board, he ordered to be burnt. He selected the neighbouring port of Petala, as affording the most secure and accessible harbour for the night. Before he had arrived there, the tempest began to mutter, and darkness was on the water. Yet the darkness rendered only more visible the blazing wrecks, which, sending up streams of fire mingled with showers of sparks, looked like volcanoes on the deep.

CHAPTER XI.

WAR WITH THE TURKS.

Losses of the Combatants—Don John's Generosity—Triumphant Return—Enthusiasm throughout Christendom—Results of the Battle—Operations in the Levant—Conquest of Tunis—Retaken by the Turks.

1571—1574.

LONG and loud were the congratulations now paid to the young commander-in-chief by his brave companions-in-arms, on the success of the day. The hours passed blithely with officers and men, while they recounted to one another their manifold achievements. But feelings of gloom mingled with their gaiety, as they gathered tidings of the loss of friends who had bought this victory with their blood.

It was, indeed, a sanguinary battle, surpassing, in this particular, any sea-fight of modern times. The loss fell much the most heavily on the Turks. There is the usual discrepancy about numbers; but it may be safe to estimate their loss at nearly twenty-five thousand slain and five thousand prisoners. What brought most pleasure to the hearts of the conquerors was the liberation

of twelve thousand Christian captives, who had been chained to the oar on board the Moslem galleys, and who now came forth, with tears of joy streaming down their haggard cheeks, to bless their deliverers.*

The loss of the allies was comparatively small,—less than eight thousand.† That it was so much less than that of their enemies, may be referred in part to their superiority in the use of fire-arms; in part also to their exclusive use of these, instead of employing bows and arrows, weapons on which, though much less effective, the Turks, like the other Moslem nations, seem to have greatly relied. Lastly, the Turks were the vanquished party, and in their heavier loss suffered the almost invariable lot of the vanquished.

As to their armada, it may almost be said to have been annihilated. Not more than forty galleys escaped out of near two hundred and fifty which entered into the action. One hundred and thirty were taken and divided among the conquerors. The remainder, sunk or burned, were swallowed up by the waves. To counterbalance all this, the confederates are said to have lost not more than fifteen galleys, though a much larger number, doubtless, were rendered unfit for service. This disparity affords good evidence of the inferiority of the Turks in the construction of their vessels, as well as in the nautical skill required to manage them. A great amount of booty, in the form of gold, jewels, and brocade, was found on board several of the prizes. The galley of the commander-in-chief alone is stated to have contained one hundred and seventy thousand gold sequins,—a large sum, but not large enough, it seems, to buy off his life.‡

The losses of the combatants cannot be fairly presented without taking into the account the quality as well as the number of the slain. The number of persons of consideration, both Christians and Moslems, who embarked in the expedition, was very great. The roll of slaughter showed that in the race of glory they gave little heed to their personal safety. The officer second in command among the Venetians, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish armament, and the commander of its right wing, all fell in the battle. Many a high-born cavalier closed at Lepanto a long career of honourable service. More than one, on the other hand, dated the commencement of their career from this day. Such was Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma. Though he was but a few years younger than his uncle, John of Austria, those few years had placed an immense distance between their conditions, the one filling the post of commander-in-chief, the other being only a private adventurer. Yet even so, he succeeded in winning great renown by his achievements. The galley in which he sailed was lying yardarm and yardarm alongside of a Turkish galley, with which it was hotly engaged. In the midst of the action Farnese sprang on board of the enemy, and with his good broadsword hewed down all who opposed him, opening a path into which his comrades poured one after another, and, after a short but murderous contest, succeeded in carrying the vessel. As Farnese's galley lay just astern of Don John's, the latter could witness the achievement of his nephew, which filled him with an admiration he did not affect to conceal. The intrepidity displayed by the young warrior

* The loss of the Moslems is little better than matter of conjecture, so contradictory are the authorities. The author of the Leyden MS. dismisses the subject with the remark, "*La gente muerta de Turcos no se ha podido saber por que la que se hecho en la mar fuera de los degollados fueron infinitos.*" I have conformed, as in my other estimates, to those of Señor Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, p. 118.

† Rosell computes the total loss of the allies at not less than seven thousand six hundred; of whom one thousand were Romans, two thousand Spaniards, and the remainder Venetians.—*Ibid.* p. 113.

‡ *Ibid.* ubi supra.—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 74 et seq.—*Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. pp. 245-249; tom. xi. p. 370.—Sagredo, *Monarcas Othomanos*, pp. 295, 296.—*Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.

on this occasion gave sugury of his character in later life, when he succeeded his uncle in command, and surpassed him in military renown.*

Another youth was in that fight, who, then humble and unknown, was destined one day to win laurels of a purer and more enviable kind than those which grow on the battle-field. This was Cervantes, who, at the age of twenty-four, was serving on board the fleet as a common soldier. He had been confined to his bed by a fever; but, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his captain, he insisted, on the morning of the action, not only on bearing arms, but on being stationed in the post of danger. And well did he perform his duty there, as was shown by two wounds on the breast, and by another in the hand, by which he lost the use of it. Fortunately it was the left hand. The right yet remained to indite those immortal productions which were to be known as household words, not only in his own land, but in every quarter of the civilized world.†

A fierce storm of thunder and lightning raged for four-and-twenty hours after the battle, during which time the fleet rode safely at anchor in the harbour of Petala. It remained there three days longer. Don John profited by the delay to visit the different galleys and ascertain their condition. He informed himself of the conduct of the troops, and was liberal of his praises to those who deserved them. With the sick and the wounded he showed the greatest sympathy, endeavouring to alleviate their sufferings, and furnishing them with whatever his galley contained that could contribute to their comfort. With so generous and sympathetic a nature, it is not wonderful that he should have established himself in the hearts of his soldiers.‡

But the proofs of this kindly temper were not confined to his own followers. Among the prisoners were two sons of Ali, the Turkish commander-in-chief. One was seventeen, the other only thirteen years of age. Thus early had their father desired to initiate them in a profession which, beyond all others, opened the way to eminence in Turkey. They were not on board of his galley; and when they were informed of his death, they were inconsolable. To this affliction was now to be added the doom of slavery.

As they were led into the presence of Don John, the youths prostrated themselves on the deck of his vessel. But raising them up, he affectionately embraced them, and said all he could to console them under their troubles. He caused them to be treated with the consideration due to their rank. His secretary, Juan de Soto, surrendered his quarters to them. They were provided with the richest apparel that could be found among the spoil. Their table was served with the same delicacies as that of the commander-in-chief; and his chamberlains showed the same deference to them as to himself. His kindness did not stop with these acts of chivalrous courtesy. He received a letter from their sister Fatima, containing a touching appeal to Don John's humanity, and soliciting the release of her orphan brothers. He had sent a courier to give their friends in Constantinople the assurance of their personal

* *Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, MS.

Don John notices this achievement of his gallant kinsman in the first letter which he wrote to Philip after the action. The letter, dated at Petala, October 10, is published by Aparici, *Documentos Inéditos relativos á la Batalla de Lepanto*, p. 26.

† Navarete, *Vida de Cervantes* (Madrid, 1819), p. 19.

Cervantes, in the prologue to the second part of "Don Quixote," alluding to Lepanto, enthusiastically exclaims, that, for all his wounds, he would not have missed the glory of being present on that day. "Quisiera antes haberme hallado en aquella faccion prodigiosa, que sano ahora de mis heridas, sin haberme hallado en ella."

‡ This humane conduct of Don John is mentioned, among other writers, by the author of the *Relacion de la Batalla Naval*, whose language shows that his manuscript was written on the spot: "El queda visitando los heridos y procurando su remedio haciendoles merced y dandoles todo lo que aviase menester."—MS.

safety; "which," adds the lady, "is held by all this court as an act of great courtesy,—*gran gentileza*;—and there is no one here who does not admire the goodness and magnanimity of your highness." She enforced her petition with a rich present, for which she gracefully apologized, as intended to express her own feelings, though far below his deserts.*

In the division of the spoil, the young princes had been assigned to the pope. But Don John succeeded in obtaining their liberation. Unfortunately, the elder died—of a broken heart, it is said—at Naples. The younger was sent home, with three of his attendants, for whom he had a particular regard. Don John declined keeping Fatima's present, which he gave to her brother. In a letter to the Turkish princess, he remarked that he had done this, not because he undervalued her beautiful gift, but because it had ever been the habit of his royal ancestors freely to grant their favours to those who stood in need of them, but not to receive aught by way of recompense.†

The same noble nature he showed in his conduct towards Veniero. We have seen the friendly demonstration he made to the testy Venetian on entering into battle. He now desired his presence on board his galley. As he drew near, Don John came forward frankly to greet him. He spoke of his desire to bury the past in oblivion, and complimenting the veteran on his prowess in the late engagement, saluted him with the endearing name of "father." The old soldier, not prepared for so kind a welcome, burst into tears; and there was no one, says the chronicler who tells the anecdote, that could witness the scene with a dry eye.‡

While at Petala, a council of war was called to decide on the next operations of the fleet. Some were for following up the blow by an immediate attack on Constantinople. Others considered that, from the want of provisions and the damaged state of the vessels, they were in no condition for such an enterprise. They recommended that the armada should be disbanded, that the several squadrons of which it was composed should return to their respective winter quarters, and meet again in the spring to resume operations. Others, again, among whom was Don John, thought that before disbanding, they should undertake some enterprise commensurate with their strength. It was accordingly determined to lay siege to Santa Maura, in the island of

* "Lo qual toda esta corte tuvo á gran gentileza, y no hazen sino alabar la virtud y grandeza de vuestra Alteza."

The letter of Fatima is to be found in Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica* (fol. 92). The chronicler adds a list of the articles sent by the Turkish princess to Don John, enumerating, among other things, robes of sable, brocade, and various rich stuffs, fine porcelain, carpets, and tapestry, weapons curiously inlaid with gold and silver, and Damascus blades ornamented with rubies and turquoises.

† "El presente que me embio dexe de rescibir, y le huvo el mismo Mahamet Bey, no por no preciarle como cosa venida de su mano, sino por que la grandeza de mis antecessores no acostumbra rescibir dones de los necessitados de favor, sino darlos y hazerles gracias."—*Ibid.* fol. 94.

‡ According to some, Don John was induced, by the persuasion of his friends, to make these advances to the Venetian admiral. (See Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 75; Vanderhaumen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 123.) It is certain he could not erase the memory of the past from his bosom, as appears from more than one of his letters, in which he speaks of the difficulty he should find, in another campaign, in acting in concert with a man of so choleric a temper. In consequence the Venetian government was induced, though very reluctantly, to employ Veniero on another service. In truth, the conduct which had so much disgusted Don John and the allies seems to have found favour with Veniero's countrymen, who regarded it as evidence of his sensitive concern for the honour of his nation. A few years later they made ample amends to the veteran for the slight put on him, by raising him to the highest dignity in the republic. He was the third of his family who held the office of doge, to which he was chosen in 1576, and in which he continued till his death.

Leucadia, a strongly-fortified place, which commanded the northern entrance into the Gulf of Lepanto.

The fleet, weighing anchor on the eleventh of October, arrived off Santa Maura on the following day. On a careful reconnaissance of the ground, it became evident that the siege would be a work of much greater difficulty than had been anticipated. A council of war was again summoned; and it was resolved, as the season was far advanced, to suspend further operations for the present, to return to winter quarters, and in the ensuing spring to open the campaign under more favourable auspices.

The next step was to make a division of the spoil taken from the enemy, which was done in a manner satisfactory to all parties. One half of the galleys and inferior vessels, of the artillery and small arms, and also of the captives, was set apart for the Catholic king. The other half was divided between the pope and the republic, in the proportion settled by the treaty of confederation.* Next proceeding to Corfu, Don John passed three days at that island, making some necessary repairs of his vessels; then, bidding adieu to the confederates, he directed his course to Messina, which he reached, after a stormy passage, on the thirty-first of the month.

We may imagine the joy with which he was welcomed by the inhabitants of that city, which he had left but little more than six weeks before, and to which he had now returned in triumph, after winning the most memorable naval victory of modern times. The whole population, with the magistrates at their head, hurried down to the shore to witness the magnificent spectacle. As the gallant armament swept into port, it showed the results of the late contest in many a scar. But the consecrated standard was still proudly flying at the masthead of the *Real*; and in the rear came the long line of conquered galleys, in much worse plight than their conquerors, trailing their banners ignominiously behind them in the water. On landing at the head of his troops, Don John was greeted with flourishes of music, while salves of artillery thundered from the fortresses which commanded the city. He was received under a gorgeous canopy, and escorted by a numerous concourse of citizens and soldiers. The clergy, mingling in the procession, broke forth into the *Te Deum*; and thus entering the cathedral, they all joined in thanksgivings to the Almighty, for granting them so glorious a victory.†

Don John was sumptuously lodged in the castle. He was complimented with a superb banquet,—a mode of expressing the public gratitude not confined to our day,—and received a more substantial guerdon in a present from the city of thirty thousand crowns. Finally, a colossal statue in bronze was executed by a skilful artist, as a permanent memorial of the conqueror of Lepanto. Don John accepted the money, but it was only to devote it to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. In the same generous spirit, he had ordered that all his own share of the booty taken in the Turkish vessels, including the large amount of gold and rich brocades found in the galley of Ali Pasha, should be distributed among the captors.‡

* The spoil found on board the Turkish ships was abandoned to the captors. There was enough of it to make many a needy adventurer rich. “Assi por la victoria havida como porque muchos venian tan riosos y prosperados que no havia hombre que se preciase de gastar moneda de plata sino Zequies, ni curasse de regatear en nada que comprasse.”—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 79.

† For the preceding pages see Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 186; Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 79; Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 696; Herrera, *Historia General*, tom. ii. p. 37; Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. p. 261.

‡ An old romance thus commemorates this liberal conduct of Don John:—

“Y así seda como de oro
Ninguna cosa ha querido

The news of the victory of Lepanto caused a profound sensation throughout Christendom ; for it had been a general opinion that the Turks were invincible by sea. The confederates more particularly testified their joy by such extraordinary demonstrations as showed the extent of their previous fears. In Venice, which might be said to have gained a new lease of existence from the result of the battle, the doge, the senators, and the people met in the great square of St. Mark, and congratulated one another on the triumph of their arms. By a public decree, the seventh of October was set apart, to be observed for ever as a national anniversary.

The joy was scarcely less in Naples, where the people had so often seen their coasts desolated by the Ottoman cruisers ; and when their admiral, the marquis of Santa Cruz, returned to port with his squadron, he was welcomed with acclamations such as greet the conqueror returning from his campaign.

But even these honours were inferior to those which in Rome were paid to Colonna, the Captain-general of the papal fleet. As he was borne in stately procession, with the trophies won from the enemy carried before him, and a throng of mourning captives in the rear, the spectacle recalled the splendours of the ancient Roman triumph. Pius the Fifth had, before this, announced that the victory of the Christians had been revealed to him from Heaven. But when the tidings reached him of the actual result, it so far transcended his expectations, that, overcome by his emotions, the old pontiff burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming in the words of the Evangelist, "There was a man sent from God ; and his name was John." *

We may readily believe that the joy with which the glad tidings were welcomed in Spain fell nothing short of that with which they were received in other parts of Christendom. While lying off Petala, Don John sent Lope de Figueroa with despatches for the king, together with the great Ottoman standard, as the most glorious trophy taken in the battle.† He soon after sent a courier with further letters. It so happened that neither the one nor the other arrived at the place of their destination till some weeks after the intelligence had reached Philip by another channel. This was the Venetian Minister, who on the last of October received despatches from his own government, containing a full account of the fight. Hastening with them to the palace, he found the king in his private chapel, attending vespers on the eve of All-Saints. The news, it cannot be doubted, filled his soul with joy ; though *it is said* that, far from exhibiting this in his demeanour, he continued to be occupied with his devotions, without the least change of countenance, till the services were concluded. He then ordered *Te Deum* to be sung.‡ All present joined with

Don Juan, como liberal,
 ■ mostrar do ha descendido,
 Sino que entre los soldados
 Fuese todo repartido
 En premio de sus trabajos
 Pues lo habian merecido."

Duran, *Romancero General* (Madrid, 1851), tom. ii. p. 185.

* Lorea, *Vida de Pio Quinto*, cap. xxiv. § ii.—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 80.—Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, pp. 124, 125.

† Philip, in a letter to his brother, dated from the Escorial in the following November, speaks of his delight at receiving this trophy from the hands of Figueroa. (See the letter, ap. Rosell, *Hist. del Combate Naval*, Apéud. No. 15.) The standard was deposited in the Escorial, where it was destroyed by fire in the year 1671.—*Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. p. 256.

‡ "Y S. M. no se alteró, ni demudó, ni hizo sentimiento alguno, y se estuvo con el semblante y serenidad que antes estaba, con el qual semblante estuvo hasta que se acabaron de cantar las vísperas."—*Memorias de Fray Juan de San Gerónimo*, *Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. p. 258.

overflowing hearts in pouring forth their gratitude to the Lord of Hosts for granting such a triumph to the Cross.*

That night there was a grand illumination in Madrid. The following day mass was said by the papal legate in presence of the king, who afterwards took part in a solemn procession to the church of St. Mary, where the people united with the court in a general thanksgiving.

In a letter from Philip to his brother, dated from the Escorial, the twentieth of November, he writes to him out of the fulness of his heart, in the language of gratitude and brotherly love:—"I cannot express to you the joy it has given me to learn the particulars of your conduct in the battle, of the great valour you showed in your own person, and your watchfulness in giving proper directions to others—all which has doubtless been a principal cause of the victory. So to you, after God, I am to make my acknowledgments for it, as I now do; and happy am I that it has been reserved for one so near and so dear to me to perform this great work, which has gained such glory for you in the eyes of God and of the whole world."†

The feelings of the king were fully shared by his subjects. The enthusiasm roused throughout the country by the great victory was without bounds. "There is no man," writes one of the royal secretaries to Don John, "who does not discern the hand of the Lord in it;—though it seems rather like a dream than a reality, so far does it transcend any naval encounter that the world ever heard of before."‡ The best sculptors and painters were employed to perpetuate the memory of the glorious event. Amongst the number was Titian, who in the time of Charles the Fifth had passed two years in Spain, and who now, when more than ninety years of age, executed the great picture of "The Victory of the League," still hanging on the walls of the *Museo* at Madrid.§ The lofty theme proved a fruitful source of inspiration to the Castilian muse. Among hecatombs of epics and lyrics, the heroic poem of Ercilla|| and the sublime *cancion* of Fernando de Herrera perpetuate the memory of the victory of Lepanto in forms more durable than canvas or marble—as imperishable as the language itself.

* The third volume of the *Documentos Inéditos* contains a copious extract from a manuscript in the Escorial written by a Jeronymite monk. In this the writer states that Philip received intelligence of the victory from a courier despatched by Don John, while engaged at vespers in the palace monastery of the Escorial. This account is the one followed by Cabrera (*Filipe Segundo*, p. 696) and by the principal Castilian writers. Its inaccuracy, however, is sufficiently attested by two letters written at the time to Don John of Austria, one by the royal secretary Alzamora, the other by Philip himself. According to their account, the person who first conveyed the tidings was the Venetian minister; and the place where they were received by the king was the private chapel of the palace of Madrid, while engaged at vespers on All-Saints eve. It is worthy of notice, that the secretary's letter contains no hint of the *nonchalance* with which Philip is said to have heard the tidings. The originals of these interesting despatches still exist in the National Library at Madrid. They have been copied by Señor Rosell for his memoir (*Apéndice*, Nos. 13, 15). One makes little progress in history before finding that it is much easier to repeat an error than to correct it.

† "Y así á vos (después de Dios) se ha de dar el parabien y las gracias della, como yo os las doy, y á mí de que por mano de persona que tanto me toca como la vuestra, y á quien yo tanto quiero, se haya hecho un tan gran negocio, y ganado vos tanta honra y gloria con Dios y con todo el mundo." - Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, *Apéndice*, No. 15.

‡ Carta del secretario Alzamora á Don Juan de Austria, Madrid, Nov. 11, 1571, ap. Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, *Apéndice*, No. 13.

§ See Ford, *Handbook for Spain*, vol. ii. p. 697.

|| Ercilla has devoted the twenty-fourth canto of the *Araucana* to the splendid episode of the battle of Lepanto. If Ercilla was not, like Cervantes, present in the fight, his acquaintance with the principal actors in it makes his epic, in addition to its poetical merits, of considerable value as historical testimony.

While all were thus ready to render homage to the talent and bravery which had won the greatest battle of the time, men, as they grew cooler, and could criticise events more carefully, were disposed to ask, where were the fruits of this great victory. Had Don John's father, Charles the Fifth, gained such a victory, it was said, he would not thus have quitted the field, but, before the enemy could recover from the blow, would have followed it up by another. Many expressed the conviction, that the young generalissimo should at once have led his navy against Constantinople.

There would indeed seem to be plausible ground for criticising his course after the action. But we must remember, in explanation of the conduct of Don John, that his situation was altogether different from that of his imperial father. He possessed no such absolute authority as the latter did over his army. The great leaders of the confederates were so nearly equal in rank, that they each claimed a right to be consulted on all measures of importance. The greatest jealousy existed among the three commanders, as there did also among the troops whom they commanded. They were all united, it is true, in their hatred to the Turk. But they were all influenced, more or less, by the interest of their own states, in determining the quarter where he was to be assailed. Every rood of territory wrung from the enemy in the Levant would only serve to enlarge the domain of Venice; while the conquests in the western parts of the Mediterranean would strengthen the empire of Castile. This feeling of jealousy between the Spaniards and the Venetians was, as we have seen, so great in the early part of the expedition, as nearly to bring ruin on it.

Those who censured Don John for not directing his arms against Constantinople would seem to have had but a very inadequate notion of the resources of the Porte—as shown in the course of that very year. There is a remarkable letter from the duke of Alva, written the month after the battle of Lepanto, in which he discusses the best course to be taken in order to reap the full fruits of the victory. In it he expresses the opinion, that an attempt against Constantinople, or indeed any part of the Turkish dominions, unless supported by a general coalition of the great powers of Christendom, must end only in disappointment—so vast were the resources of that great empire.* If this were so,—and no better judge than Alva could be found in military affairs,—how incompetent were the means at Don John's disposal for effecting this object—confederates held together, as the event proved, by a rope of sand, and a fleet so much damaged in the recent combat that many of the vessels were scarcely seaworthy!

In addition to this, it may be stated, that Don John knew it was his brother's wish that the Spanish squadron should return to Sicily to pass the winter.† If he persisted, therefore, in the campaign, he must do so on his own responsibility. He had now accomplished the great object for which he had put to sea. He had won a victory more complete than the most sanguine of his countrymen had a right to anticipate. To prolong the contest under the present circumstances, would be in a manner to provoke his fate, to jeopard the glory he had already gained, and incur the risk of closing the campaign with melancholy cypress, instead of the laurel-wreath of victory. Was it surprising that even an adventurous spirit like his should have shrunk from hazarding so vast a stake with the odds against him?

* The letter, which is dated Brussels, Nov. 17, 1571, is addressed to Juan de Zuñiga, the Castilian ambassador at the court of Rome. A copy from a manuscript of the sixteenth century, in the library of the duke of Ossuna, is inserted in the *Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. pp. 292-303.

† "Ya havreis entendido la orden que se os ha dado de que invernéis en Meçina, y las causas dello."—Carta del Rey á su hermano, ap. Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, Apéud. No. 15.

It is a great error to speak of the victory of Lepanto as a barren victory, which yielded no fruits to those who gained it. True, it did not strip the Turks of an inch of territory. Even the heavy loss of ships and soldiers which it cost them was repaired in the following year. But the loss of reputation—that tower of strength to the conqueror—was not to be estimated. The long and successful career of the Ottoman princes, especially of the last one, Solyman the Magnificent, had made the Turks to be thought invincible. There was not a nation in Christendom that did not tremble at the idea of a war with Turkey. The spell was now broken. Though her resources were still boundless, she lost confidence in herself. Venice gained confidence in proportion. When the hostile fleets met in the year following the battle of Lepanto, the Turks, though greatly the superior in numbers, declined the combat. For the seventy years which elapsed after the close of the present war, the Turks abandoned their efforts to make themselves masters of any of the rich possessions of the republic, which lay so temptingly around them. When the two nations came next into collision, Venice, instead of leaning on confederates, took the field single-handed, and disputed it with an intrepidity which placed her on a level with the gigantic power that assailed her. That power was already on the wane; and those who have most carefully studied the history of the Ottoman empire date the commencement of her decline from the battle of Lepanto.*

The allies should have been ready with their several contingents early in the spring of the following year, 1572. They were not ready till the summer was well advanced. One cause of delay was the difficulty of deciding on what quarter the Turkish empire was to be attacked. The Venetians, from an obvious regard to their own interests, were for continuing the war in the Levant. Philip, on the other hand, from similar motives, would have transferred it to the western part of the Mediterranean, and have undertaken an expedition against the Barbary powers. Lastly, Pius the Fifth, urged by that fiery enthusiasm which made him overlook or overleap every obstacle in his path, would have marched on Constantinople, and then carried his conquering banners to the Holy Land. These chimerical fancies of a crusader provoked a smile—it may have been a sneer—from men better instructed in military operations than the pontiff.†

Pius again laboured to infuse his own spirit into the monarchs of Christendom. But it was in vain that he urged them to join the League. All, for some reason or other, declined it. It is possible that they may have had less fear of the Turk, than of augmenting the power of the king of Spain. But the great plans of Pius the Fifth were terminated by his death, which occurred on the first of May, 1572. He was the true author of the League. It occupied his thoughts to the latest hour of his existence; and his last act was to appropriate to its uses a considerable sum of money lying in his coffers.‡ He may be truly said to have been the only one of the confederates who acted solely for what he conceived to be the interests of the Faith. This soon became apparent.

The affairs of Philip the Second were at this time in a critical situation. He

* See Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, p. 157; Lafuente, *Historia de España* (Madrid, 1850), tom. xiii. p. 588. Ranke, who has made the history of the Ottoman empire his particular study, remarks: "The Turks lost all their old confidence after the battle of Lepanto. They had no equal to oppose to John of Austria. The day of Lepanto broke down the Ottoman supremacy."—*Ottoman and Spanish Empires* (Eng. tr.), p. 23.

† "Su Santidad ha de querer que de gane Constantinopla y la Casa Santa, y que tendrá muchos que le querrán adular con facilitárselo, y que no faltarán entre estos algunos que hacen profesión de soldados y que como su Beatitud no pueden entender estas cosas."—*Carta del Duque de Alba*, ap. *Documentos Inéditos*, tom. iii. p. 300.

‡ Ranke, *History of the Popes* (Eng. tr.), vol. i. p. 384.

much feared that one of the French faction would be raised to the chair of St. Peter. He had great reason to distrust the policy of France in respect to the Netherlands. Till he was more assured on these points, he was not inclined to furnish the costly armament to which he was pledged as his contingent. It was in vain that the allies called on Don John to aid them with his Spanish fleet. He had orders from his brother not to quit Messina; and it was in vain that he chafed under these orders, which threatened thus prematurely to close the glorious career on which he had entered, and which exposed him to the most mortifying imputations. It was not till the sixth of July that the king allowed him to send a part of his contingent, amounting only to twenty-two galleys and five thousand troops, to the aid of the confederates.

Some historians explain the conduct of Philip, not so much by the embarrassments of his situation, as by his reluctance to afford his brother the opportunity of adding fresh laurels to his brow, and possibly of achieving for himself some independent sovereignty, like that to which Pius the Fifth had encouraged him to aspire. It may be thought some confirmation of this opinion—at least, it infers some jealousy of his brother's pretensions—that, in his despatches to his ministers in Italy, the king instructed them that, while they showed all proper deference to Don John, they should be careful not to address him in speech or in writing by the title of *Highness*, but to use that of *Excellency*; adding, that they were not to speak of this suggestion as coming from him.* He caused a similar notice to be given to the ambassadors of France, Germany, and England. This was but a feeble thread by which to check the flight of the young eagle as he was soaring to the clouds. It served to show, however, that it was not the will of his master that he should soar too high.

Happily Philip was relieved from his fears in regard to the new pope, by the election of Cardinal Buoncampagno to the vacant throne. This ecclesiastic, who took the name of Gregory the Thirteenth, was personally known to the king, having in earlier life passed several years at the court of Castile. He was well affected to that court, and he possessed in full measure the zeal of his predecessor for carrying on the war against the Moslems. He lost no time in sending his "briefs of fire,"† as Don John called them, to rouse him to new exertions in the cause. In France, too, Philip learned with satisfaction that the Guises, the devoted partisans of Spain, had now the direction of public affairs. Thus relieved from apprehensions on these two quarters, Philip consented to his brother's departure with the remainder of his squadron. It amounted to fifty-five galleys and thirty smaller vessels. But when the prince reached Corfu, on the ninth of August, he found that the confederates, tired of waiting, had already put to sea, under the command of Colonna, in search of the Ottoman fleet. ‡

The Porte had shown such extraordinary despatch, that in six months it had built and equipped a hundred and twenty galleys, making, with those already on hand, a formidable fleet.§ It was a remarkable proof of its resources, but suggested the idea of the wide difference between a Turkish galley of the sixteenth century and a man-of-war in our day. The command of the armament was given to the Algerine chieftain, Uluch Ali, who had so adroitly managed to bring off the few vessels which effected their escape at the battle of Lepanto. He stood deservedly high in the confidence of the sultan, and

* The letter, v. reme direction in maritime affairs.

Castilian ambace, *Historia de España*, tom. xiii. p. 530.

century, in *thes de fuego*."—*Ibid.* p. 529.

tom. iii. pp. 294 veduto, che quando gli fu data la gran rotta, in sei mesi rifabbricò cento
† "Ya havreis étre quelle che si trovavano in essere, cosa che essendo preveduta e scritta
causas dello."—Carata piuttosto impossibile che creduta."—*Relazione di Marcantino Barbaro*,
Apénd. No. 15.

—*Venete*, tom. iii. p. 306.

The two fleets came face to face with each other off the western coast of the Morea. But though the Algerine commander was much superior to the Christians in the number and strength of his vessels, he declined an action, showing the same adroitness in eluding a battle that he had before shown in escaping from one.

At the close of August the confederates returned to Corfu, where they were reinforced by the rest of the Spanish squadron. The combined fleet, with this addition, amounted to some two hundred and forty-seven vessels, of which nearly two-thirds were galleys. It was a force somewhat superior to that of the enemy. Thus strengthened, Don John, unfurling the consecrated banner as generalissimo of the League, weighed anchor, and steered with his whole fleet in a southerly direction. It was not long before he appeared off the harbours of Modon and Navarino, where the two divisions of the Turkish armada were lying at anchor. He would have attacked them separately, but, notwithstanding his efforts, failed to prevent their effecting a junction in the harbour of Modon. On the seventh of October, Uluch Ali ventured out of port, and seemed disposed to give battle. It was the anniversary of the fight of Lepanto; and Don John flattered himself that he should again see his arms crowned with victory, as on that memorable day. But if the Turkish commander was unwilling to fight the confederates when he was superior to them in numbers, it was not likely that he would fight them now that he was inferior. After some manœuvres which led to no result, he took refuge under the castle of Modon, and again retreated into port. There Don John would have followed him, with the design of forcing him to a battle. But from this he was dissuaded by the other leaders of the confederates, who considered that the chances of success in a place so strongly defended by no means warranted the risk.

It was in vain that the allies prolonged their stay in the neighbourhood, with the hope of enticing the enemy to an engagement. The season wore away with no prospect of a better result. Meantime provisions were failing, the stormy weather of autumn was drawing nigh, and Don John, disgusted with what he regarded as the timid counsels of his associates, and with the control which they were permitted to exercise over him, decided, as it was now too late for any new enterprise, to break up and postpone further action till the following spring, when he hoped to enter on the campaign at an earlier day than he had done this year. The allies, accordingly, on reaching the island of Paxo, late in October, parted from each other, and withdrew to their respective winter-quarters. Don John, with the Spanish armament, returned to Sicily.*

The pope and the king of Spain, nowise discouraged by the results of the campaign, resolved to resume operations early in the spring on a still more formidable scale than before. But their intentions were defeated by the startling intelligence, that Venice had entered into a separate treaty with the Porte. The treaty, which was negotiated, it is said, through the intervention of the French ambassador, was executed on the seventh of March, 1573. The terms seemed somewhat extraordinary, considering the relative positions of the parties. By the two principal articles the republic agreed to pay the annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats for three years to the sultan, and to cede the island of Cyprus, the original cause of the war. One might suppose it was the Turks, and not the Christians, who had won the battle of Lepanto.†

* For the preceding pages see Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 87-89; Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, lib. x. cap. 5; Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 159 et seq.; Paruta, *Guerra di Cipro*, p. 206 et seq.; Sagredo, *Monarcas Othomanos*, pp. 301, 302.

† It is Voltaire's reflection: "Il sembleroit que les Turques eussent gagné la bataille de Lepante."—*Essais sur les Mœurs*, chap. 160.

Venice was a commercial state, and doubtless had more to gain from peace than from any war, however well conducted. In this point of view, even such a treaty may have been politic with so formidable an enemy. But a nation's interests, in the long run, cannot, any more than those of an individual, be divorced from its honour. And what could be more dishonourable than for a state secretly to make terms for herself with the enemy, and desert the allies who had come into the war at her solicitation and in her defence? Such conduct, indeed, was too much in harmony with the past history of Venice, and justified the reputation for bad faith which had made the European nations so reluctant to enter into the League.*

The tidings were received by Philip with his usual composure. "If Venice," he said, "thinks she consults her own interests by such a proceeding, I can truly say that in what I have done I have endeavoured to consult both her interests and those of Christendom." He, however, spoke his mind more plainly afterwards to the Venetian ambassador. The pope gave free vent to his feelings in the consistory, where he denounced the conduct of Venice in the most bitter and contemptuous terms. When the republic sent a special envoy to deprecate his anger, and to excuse herself by the embarrassments of her situation, the pontiff refused to see him. Don John would not believe in the defection of Venice when the tidings were first announced to him. When he was advised of it by a direct communication from her government, he replied by indignantly commanding the great standard of the League to be torn down from his galley, and in its place to be unfurled the banner of Castile.†

Such was the end of the Holy League, on which Pius the Fifth had so fully relied for the conquest of Constantinople and the recovery of Palestine. Philip could now transfer the war to the quarter he had preferred. He resolved, accordingly, to send an expedition to the Barbary coast. Tunis was selected as the place of attack,—a thriving city, and the home of many a corsair who preyed on the commerce of the Mediterranean. It had been taken by Charles the Fifth, in the memorable campaign of 1535, but had since been recovered by the Moslems. The Spaniards, however, still retained possession of the strong fortress of the Goletta, which overlooked the approaches to Tunis.

In the latter part of September, 1574, Don John left the shores of Sicily at the head of a fleet consisting of about a hundred galleys, and nearly as many smaller vessels. The number of his troops amounted to not less than twenty thousand.‡ The story of the campaign is a short one. Most of the inhabitants of Tunis fled from the city. The few who remained did not care to bring the war on their heads by offering resistance to the Spaniards. Don John, without so much as firing a shot, marched in at the head of his battalions, through gates flung open to receive him. He found an ample booty awaiting him,—nearly fifty pieces of artillery, with ammunition and military stores, large quantities of grain, cotton and woollen cloths, rich silks and brocades, with various other kinds of costly merchandise. The troops spent more than a week in sacking the place.§ They gained, in short, everything—but glory; for little glory was to be gained where there were no obstacles to be overcome.

Don John gave orders that no injury should be offered to the persons of the inhabitants. He forbade that any should be made slaves. By a proclama-

* The treaty is to be found in Dumont, *Corps Diplomatique*, tom. v. par. i. pp. 218, 219.

† Rosell, *Historia del Combate Naval*, p. 149.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 747.—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 95.

‡ Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 172.

§ Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 765.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 174, 175.—Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 103 et seq.—The author last cited who was present at the capture of Tunis, gives a fearful picture of the rapacity of the soldiers.

tion, he invited all to return to their dwellings, under the assurance of his protection. In one particular his conduct was remarkable. Philip, disgusted with the expenses to which the maintenance of the castle of the Goletta annually subjected him, had recommended, if not positively directed, his brother to dismantle the place, and to demolish in like manner the fortifications of Tunis.* Instead of heeding these instructions, Don John no sooner saw himself in possession of the capital, than he commanded the Goletta to be thoroughly repaired, and at the same time provided for the erection of a strong fortress in the city. This work he committed to an Italian engineer, named Cerbelloni, a knight of Malta, with whom he left eight thousand soldiers, to be employed in the construction of the fort, and to furnish him with a garrison to defend it.

Don John, it is said, had been urged to take this course by his secretary, Juan de Soto, a man of ability, but of an intriguing temper, who fostered in his master those ambitious projects which had been encouraged, as we have seen, by Pius the Fifth. No more eligible spot seemed likely to present itself for the seat of his dominion than Tunis,—a flourishing capital surrounded by a well-peopled and fruitful territory. Philip had been warned of the unwholesome influence exerted by De Soto; and he now sought to remove him from the person of his brother by giving him a distinct position in the army, and by sending another to replace him in his post of secretary. The person thus sent was Juan de Escovedo. But it was soon found that the influence which Escovedo acquired over the young prince was both greater and more mischievous than that of his predecessor; and the troubles that grew out of this new intimacy were destined, as we shall see hereafter, to form some of the darkest pages in the history of the times.

Having provided for the security of his new acquisition, and received, moreover, the voluntary submission of the neighbouring town of Biserta, the Spanish commander returned with his fleet to Sicily. He landed at Palermo, amidst the roaring of cannon, the shouts of the populace, and the usual rejoicings that announce the return of the victorious commander. He did not, however, prolong his stay in Sicily. After dismissing his fleet, he proceeded to Naples, where he landed about the middle of November. He proposed to pass the winter in this capital, where the delicious climate and the beauty of the women, says a contemporary chronicler, had the attractions for him that belonged naturally to his age.* His partiality for Naples was amply requited by the inhabitants, especially that lovelier portion of them whose smiles were the well-prized guerdon of the soldier. If his brilliant exterior and the charm of his society had excited their admiration when he first appeared among them as an adventurer in the path of honour, how much was this

* The Castilian writers generally speak of it as the *peremptory command* of Philip. Cabrera, one of the best authorities, tells us: "Mandió el Rey Católico a Don Juan de Austria emplear su armada en la conquista de Tunex, i que le desmantelase, i la Goleta." But soon after he remarks: "Olvidando el buen acuerdo del Rey, por consejo de losongeros determinó de conservar la ciudad." (Filipe Segundo, pp. 763, 764.) From this qualified language we may infer that the king meant to give his brother his decided opinion, not amounting, however, to such an absolute command as would leave him no power to exercise his discretion in the matter. This last view is made the more probable by the fact that in the following spring a correspondence took place between the king and his brother, in which the former, after stating the arguments both for preserving and for dismantling the fortress of Tunis, concludes by referring the decision of the question to Don John himself. "Representadas todas estas dificultades, manda remitir S. M. al Señor Don Juan que él tome la resolución que mas convenga."—Documentos Inéditos, tom. iii. p. 139.

† "Porque la gentileza de la tierra i de las damas en su conservacion agradaba a su gallarda edad."—Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, p. 755.—Also Vanderhammen, Don Juan de Austria, fol. 176

admiration likely to be increased when he returned with the halo of glory beaming around his brow, as the successful champion of Christendom?

The days of John of Austria glided merrily along in the gay capital of Southern Italy. But we should wrong him did we suppose that all his hours were passed in idle dalliance. A portion of each day, on the contrary, was set apart for study. Another part was given to the despatch of business. When he went abroad, he affected the society of men distinguished for their science, or still more for their knowledge of public affairs. In his intercourse with these persons he showed dignity of demeanour tempered by courtesy; while his conversation revealed those lofty aspirations which proved that his thoughts were fixed on a higher eminence than any he had yet reached. It was clear to every observer that ambition was the moving principle of his actions,—the passion to which every other passion, even the love of pleasure, was wholly subordinate.

In the midst of the gaieties of Naples his thoughts were intent on the best means of securing his African empire. He despatched his secretary, Escovedo, to the pope, to solicit his good offices with Philip. Gregory entertained the same friendly feelings for Don John which his predecessor had shown, and he good-naturedly acquiesced in his petition. He directed his nuncio at the Castilian court to do all in his power to promote the suit of the young chief, and to assure the king that nothing could be more gratifying to the head of the Church than to see so worthy a recompense bestowed on one who had rendered such signal services to Christendom. Philip received the communication in the most gracious manner. He was grateful, he said, for the interest which the pope condescended to take in the fortunes of Don John; and nothing, certainly, would be more agreeable to his own feelings than to have the power to reward his brother according to his deserts. But to take any steps at present in the matter would be premature. He had received information that the sultan was making extensive preparations for the recovery of Tunis. Before giving it away, therefore, it would be well to see to whom it belonged.*

Philip's information was correct. No sooner had Selim learned the fate of the Barbary capital, than he made prodigious efforts for driving the Spaniards from their conquests. He assembled a powerful armament, which he placed under the command of Uluch Ali. As lord of Algiers, that chief had a particular interest in preventing any Christian power from planting its foot in the neighbourhood of his own dominions. The command of the land forces was given to Sinan Pasha, Selim's son-in-law.

Early in July, the Ottoman fleet arrived off the Barbary coast. Tunis offered as little resistance to the arms of the Moslems as it had before done to those of the Christians. That city had been so often transferred from one master to another, that it seemed almost a matter of indifference to the inhabitants to whom it belonged. But the Turks found it a more difficult matter to reduce the castle of the Goletta and the fort raised by the brave engineer Cerbelloni, now well advanced, though not entirely completed. It was not till the middle of September, after an incredible waste of life on the part of the assailants, and the extermination of nearly the whole of the Spanish garrisons, that both the fortresses surrendered.†

No sooner was he in possession of them, than the Turkish commander did

* Ferreras, *Hist. d'Espagne*, tom. x. p. 286.—Vanderhammen, *Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 178.

† Torres y Aguilera, *Chronica*, fol. 116 et seq.—*Relacion particular de Don Juan Sano-gara*, MS.

Vanderhammen states the loss of the Moslems at thirty-three thousand slain. (*Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 189.) But the arithmetic of the Castilian is little to be trusted as regards the infidel.

that which Philip had in vain wished his brother to do. He razed to the ground the fortress of the Goletta. Thus ended the campaign, in which Spain, besides her recent conquests, saw herself stripped of the strong castle which had defied every assault of the Moslems since the time of Charles the Fifth.

One may naturally ask, Where was John of Austria all this time? He had not been idle, nor had he remained an indifferent spectator of the loss of the place he had so gallantly won for Spain. But when he first received tidings of the presence of a Turkish fleet before Tunis, he was absent on a mission to Genoa, or rather to its neighbourhood. That republic was at this time torn by factions so fierce, that it was on the brink of a civil war. The mischief threatened to extend even more widely, as the neighbouring powers, especially France and Savoy, prepared to take part in the quarrel, in hopes of establishing their own authority in the state. At length Philip, who had inherited from his father the somewhat ill-defined title of "Protector of Genoa," was compelled to interpose in the dispute. It was on this mission that Don John was sent, to watch more nearly the rival factions. It was not till after this domestic broil had lasted for several months, that the prudent policy of the Spanish monarch succeeded in reconciling the hostile parties, and thus securing the republic from the horrors of a civil war. He reaped the good fruits of his temperate conduct in the maintenance of his own authority in the counsels of the republic; thus binding to himself an ally whose navy, in time of war, served greatly to strengthen his maritime resources.*

While detained on this delicate mission, Don John did what he could for Tunis, by urging the viceroys of Sicily and Naples to send immediate aid to the beleaguered garrisons.† But these functionaries seem to have been more interested in the feuds of Genoa than in the fate of the African colony. Granvelle, who presided over Naples, was even said to be so jealous of the rising fame of John of Austria, as not to be unwilling that his lofty pretensions should be somewhat humbled.‡ The supplies sent were wholly unequal to the exigency.

Don John, impatient of the delay, as soon as he could extricate himself from the troubles of Genoa, sailed for Naples, and thence speedily crossed to Sicily. He there made every effort to assemble an armament, of which he prepared, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, to take the command in person. But nature, no less than man, was against him. A tempest scattered his fleet: and when he had reassembled it, and fairly put to sea, he was baffled by contrary winds, and taking refuge in the neighbouring port of Trapani, was detained there until tidings reached him of the fall of Tunis. They fell heavily on his ear; for they announced to him that all his bright visions of an African empire had vanished, like the airy fabric of an Eastern tale. All that remained was the consciousness that he had displeased his brother by his scheme of independent sovereignty, and by his omission to raze the fortress of the Goletta, the unavailing defence of which had cost the lives of so many of his brave countrymen.

* For a brief but very perspicuous view of the troubles of Genoa, see San Miguel, *Hist. de Felipe Segundo* (tom. ii. cap. 36). The care of this judicious writer to acquaint the reader with contemporary events in other countries, as they bore more or less directly on Spain, is a characteristic merit of his history.

† *Torres y Aguilera, Chronica*, fol. 113.

‡ The principal cause of Granvelle's coldness to Don John, as we are told by Cabrera (*Filipe Segundo*, p. 794), echoed, as usual, by Vanderhammen (*Don Juan de Austria*, fol. 184), was envy of the fame which the hero of Lepanto had gained by his conquests both in love and in war. "La causa principal era el poco gusto que tenia de acudir á Don Juan, invidioso de sus favores de Marte i Venus." Considering the cardinal's profession, he would seem to have had no right to envy any one's success in either of these fields.

But Don John, however chagrined by the tidings, was of too elastic a temper to yield to despondency. He was a knight-errant in the true sense of the term. He still clung as fondly as ever to the hope of one day carving out with his good sword an independent dominion for himself. His first step, he considered, was to make his peace with his brother. Though not summoned thither, he resolved to return at once to the Castilian court,—for in that direction, he felt, lay the true road to preferment.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

Internal Administration of Spain—Absolute Power of the Crown—Royal Councils—Alva and Ruy Gomez—Espinoza—Personal Habits of Philip—Court and Nobles—The Cortes—The Guards of Castile.

SEVENTEEN years had now elapsed since Philip the Second ascended the throne of his ancestors,—a period long enough to disclose the policy of his government; longer, indeed, than that of the entire reigns of some of his predecessors. In the previous portion of this work, the reader has been chiefly occupied with the foreign relations of Spain, and with military details. It is now time to pause, and, before plunging anew into the stormy scenes of the Netherlands, to consider the internal administration of the country, and the character and policy of the monarch who presided over it.

The most important epoch in Castilian history since the great Saracen invasion in the eighth century, is the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, when anarchy was succeeded by law, and from the elements of chaos arose that beautiful fabric of order and constitutional liberty which promised a new era for the nation. In the assertion of her rights, Isabella, to whom this revolution is chiefly to be attributed, was obliged to rely on the support of the people. It was natural that she should requite their services by aiding them in the recovery of their own rights,—especially of those which had been usurped by the rapacious nobles. Indeed, it was the obvious policy of the crown to humble the pride of the aristocracy and abate their arrogant pretensions. In this it was so well supported by the commons, that the scheme perfectly succeeded. By the depression of the privileged classes and the elevation of the people, the different orders were brought more strictly within their constitutional limits; and the state made a nearer approach to a well-balanced limited monarchy than at any previous period of its history.

This auspicious revolution was soon, alas! to be followed by another, of a most disastrous kind. Charles the Fifth, who succeeded his grandfather Ferdinand, was born a foreigner,—and a foreigner he remained through his whole life. He was a stranger to the feelings and habits of the Spaniards, had little respect for their institutions, and as little love for the nation. He continued to live mostly abroad; was occupied with foreign enterprises; and the only people whom he really loved were those of the Netherlands, his native land. The Spaniards requited these feelings of indifference in full measure. They felt that the glory of the imperial name shed no lustre upon them. Thus estranged at heart, they were easily provoked to insurrection by his violation of their rights. The insurrection was a failure; and the blow which crushed the insurgents on the plains of Villalar, deprived them for ever of the few liberties which they had been permitted to retain. They were excluded from all share in the government, and were henceforth summoned to the Cortes only to swear allegiance to the heir apparent, or to furnish subsidies for their

master. They were indeed allowed to lay their grievances before the throne. But they had no means of enforcing redress; for, with the cunning policy of a despot, Charles would not receive their petitions until they had first voted the supplies.

The nobles, who had stood by their master in the struggle, fared no better. They found too late how short-sighted was the policy which had led them to put their faith in princes. Henceforth they could not be said to form a necessary part of the legislature. For as they insisted on their right to be excused from bearing any share in the burdens of the state, they could take no part in voting the supplies; and as this was almost the only purpose for which the Cortes was convened, their presence was no longer required in it. Instead of the powers which were left to them untouched by Ferdinand and Isabella, they were now amused with high-sounding and empty titles, or with offices about the person of the monarch. In this way they gradually sank into the unsubstantial though glittering pageant of a court. Meanwhile the government of Castile, assuming the powers of both making the laws and enforcing their execution, became in its essential attributes nearly as absolute as that of Turkey.

Such was the gigantic despotism which, on the death of Charles, passed into the hands of Philip the Second. The son had many qualities in common with his father. But among these was not that restless ambition of foreign conquest which was ever goading the emperor. Nor was he, like his father, urged by the love of glory to military achievement. He was of too sluggish a nature to embark readily in great enterprises. He was capable of much labour; but it was of that sedentary kind which belongs to the cabinet rather than the camp. His tendencies were naturally pacific: and up to the period at which we are now arrived, he had engaged in no wars but those into which he had been drawn by the revolt of his vassals, as in the Netherlands and Granada, or those forced on him by circumstances beyond his control. Such was the war which he had carried on with the pope and the French monarchy at the beginning of his reign.

But while less ambitious than Charles of foreign acquisitions, Philip was full as tenacious of the possessions and power which had come to him by inheritance. Nor was it likely that the regal prerogative would suffer any diminution in his reign, or that the nobles or commons would be allowed to retrieve any of the immunities which they had lost under his predecessors.

Philip understood the character of his countrymen better than his father had done. A Spaniard by birth, he was, as I have more than once had occasion to remark, a Spaniard in his whole nature. His tastes, his habits, his prejudices, were all Spanish. His policy was directed solely to the aggrandisement of Spain. The distant races whom he governed were all strangers to him. With a few exceptions, Spaniards were the only persons he placed in offices of trust. His Castilian countrymen saw with pride and satisfaction that they had a native prince on the throne, who identified his own interests with theirs. They contrasted this conduct with that of his father, and requited it with a devotion such as they had shown to few of his predecessors. They not only held him in reverence, says the Venetian minister Contarini, but respected his laws, as something sacred and inviolable.* It was the people of the Netherlands who rose up against him. For similar reasons it fared just the opposite with Charles. His Flemish countrymen remained loyal to the last: it was his Castilian subjects who were driven to rebellion.

Though tenacious of power, Philip had not the secret consciousness of strength which enabled his father, unaided as it were, to bear up so long under

* "Questa opinione, che di lui si hà, rende le sue leggi più sacrosante et inviolabili."—Relazione di Contarini, MS.

the burden of empire. The habitual caution of the son made him averse to taking any step of importance without first ascertaining the opinions of others. Yet he was not willing, like his ancestor, the good Queen Isabella, to invoke the co-operation of the Cortes, and thus awaken the consciousness of power in an arm of the government which had been so long smitten with paralysis. Such an expedient was fraught with too much danger. He found a substitute in the several councils, the members of which, appointed by the crown and removable at its pleasure, were pledged to the support of the prerogative.

Under Ferdinand and Isabella there had been a complete reorganization of these councils. Their number was increased under Charles the Fifth, to suit the increased extent of the empire. It was still further enlarged by Philip.* Under him there were no less than eleven councils, among which may be particularly noticed those of war, of finance, of justice, and of state.† Of these various bodies the council of state, charged with the most important concerns of the monarchy, was held in highest consideration. The number of its members varied. At the time of which I am writing, it amounted to sixteen.‡ But the weight of the business devolved on less than half that number. It was composed of both ecclesiastics and laymen. Among the latter were some eminent jurists. A sprinkling of men of the robe, indeed, was to be found in most of the councils. Philip imitated in this the policy of Ferdinand and Isabella, who thus intended to humble the pride of the great lords, and to provide themselves with a loyal militia, whose services would be of no little advantage in maintaining the prerogative.

Among the members of the council of state, two may be particularly noticed for their pre-eminence in that body. These were the duke of Alva and Ruy Gomez de Silva, prince of Eboli. With the former the reader is well acquainted. His great talents, his ample experience both in civil and military life, his iron will, and the fearlessness with which he asserted it, even his stern and overbearing manner, which seemed to proclaim his own superiority, all marked him out as the leader of a party.

The emperor appears to have feared the ascendancy which Alva might one day acquire over Philip. "The duke," wrote Charles to his son in a letter before cited, "is the ablest statesman and the best soldier I have in my dominions. Consult him, above all, in military affairs. But do not depend on him entirely in those or any other matters. Depend on no one but yourself." The advice was good; and Philip did not fail to profit by it. Though always seeking the opinions of others, it was the better to form his own. He was too jealous of power to submit to the control, even to the guidance, of another. With all his deference to Alva, on whose services he set the greatest value, the king seems to have shown him but little of that personal attachment which he evinced for his rival, Ruy Gomez.

This nobleman was descended from an ancient house in Portugal, a branch of which had been transplanted to Castile. He had been early received as a page in the imperial household, where, though he was several years older than Philip, his amiable temper, his engaging manners, and above all, that tact which made his fortune in later life, soon rendered him the prince's favourite. An anecdote is reported of him at this time, which, however difficult to credit, rests on respectable authority. While engaged in their sports, the page acci-

* A manuscript, entitled "*Origen de los Consejos*," without date or the name of the author, in the library of Sir Thomas Phillips, gives a minute account of the various councils under Philip the Second.

† "Sono XI.; il consiglio dell' Indie, Castiglia, d'Aragona, d'inquisitione, di camera, dell' ordini, di guerra, di hazienda, di giustizia, d'Italia, et di stato."—*Sommario del' ordine che si tiene alla corte di Spagna circa il governo dell' stati del Ré Catholico*, MS.

‡ Ibid. The date of this manuscript is 1570.

dently struck the prince. The emperor, greatly incensed, and conceiving that such an indignity to the heir-apparent was to be effaced only by the blood of the offender, condemned the unhappy youth to lose his life. The tears and entreaties of Philip at length so far softened the heart of his father, that he consented to commute the punishment of death for exile. Indeed, it is hard to believe that Charles had ever really intended to carry his cruel sentence into execution. The exile was of no long duration. The society of Gomez had become indispensable to the prince, who, pining under the separation, at length prevailed on his father to recall the young noble, and reinstate him in his former situation in the palace.*

The regard of Philip, who was not of a fickle disposition, seemed to increase with years. We find Ruy Gomez one of the brilliant suite who accompanied him to London on his visit there to wed the English queen. After the emperor's abdication, Ruy Gomez continued to occupy a distinguished place in Philip's household, as first gentleman of the bedchamber. By virtue of this office he was required to attend his master both at his rising and his going to rest. His situation gave him ready access at all hours to the royal person. It was soon understood that there was no one in the court who exercised a more important influence over the monarch; and he naturally became the channel through which applicants for favours sought to prefer their petitions.†

Meanwhile the most substantial honours were liberally bestowed on him. He was created duke of Pastraña, with an income of twenty-five thousand crowns—a large revenue, considering the value of money in that day. The title of Pastraña was subsequently merged in that of Eboli, by which he has continued to be known. It was derived from his marriage with the princess of Eboli, Anna de Mendoza, a lady much younger than he, and, though blind of one eye, celebrated for her beauty no less than her wit. She was yet more celebrated for her gallantries, and for the tragic results to which they led—a subject closely connected with the personal history of Philip, to which I shall return hereafter.

Among his other dignities Ruy Gomez was made a member of the council of state, in which body he exercised an influence not inferior, to say the least of it, to that of any of his associates. His head was not turned by his prosperity. He did not, like many a favourite before him, display his full-blown fortunes in the eye of the world; nor, though he maintained a state suited to his station, did he, like Wolsey, excite the jealousy of his master by a magnificence in his way of living that eclipsed the splendours of royalty. Far from showing arrogance to his inferiors, he was affable to all, did what he could to serve their interests with the king, and magnanimously spoke of his rivals in terms of praise. By this way of proceeding he enjoyed the good fortune, rare for a favourite, of being both caressed by his sovereign and beloved by the people.‡

There is no evidence that Ruy Gomez had the moral courage to resist the evil tendency of Philip's policy, still less that he ventured to open the monarch's eyes to his errors. He had too keen a regard to his own interests to attempt this. He may have thought, probably with some reason, that such

* *Relazione di Badoer*, MS.

† Instead of "Ruy Gomez," Badoer tells us they punningly gave him the title of "Rey Gomez," to denote his influence over the king. "Il titolo principal che gli vien dato è di Rey Gomez e non Ruy Gomez, perchè pare che non sia stato mai alcun privato con principe del mondo di tanta autorità e così stimato dal signor suo come egli è da questa Maestà."—*Relazione*, MS.

‡ *Cabrera, Felipe Segundo*, pp. 712, 713.

Cabrera has given us, in the first chapter of the tenth book of his history, a finished portrait of Ruy Gomez, which for the niceness of its discrimination and the felicity of its language may compare with the best compositions of the Castilian chroniclers

a course would avail little with the king, and would bring rain on himself. His life was passed in the atmosphere of a court, and he had imbibed its selfish spirit. He had profoundly studied the character of his master, and he accommodated himself to all his humours with an obsequiousness which does little honour to his memory. The duke of Alva, who hated him with all the hatred of a rival, speaking of him after his death, remarked: "Ruy Gomez, though not the greatest statesman that ever lived, was such a master in the knowledge of the humours and dispositions of kings, that we were all of us fools in comparison." *

Yet the influence of the favourite was, on the whole, good. He was humane and liberal in his temper, and inclined to peace,—virtues which were not too common in that iron age, and which in the council served much to counteract the stern policy of Alva. Persons of a generous nature ranged themselves under him as their leader. When John of Austria came to court, his liberal spirit prompted him at once to lean on Ruy Gomez as his friend and counsellor. The correspondence which passed between them when the young soldier was on his campaigns, in which he addressed the favourite by the epithet of "father," confessing his errors to him and soliciting his advice, is honourable to both.

The historian Cabrera, who had often seen him, sums up the character of Ruy Gomez by saying: "He was the first pilot who in these stormy seas both lived and died secure, always contriving to gain a safe port." † His death took place in July, 1573. "Living," adds the writer, in his peculiar style, "he preserved the favour of his sovereign;—dead, he was mourned by him,—and by the whole nation, which kept him in its recollection as the pattern of loyal vassals and prudent favourites." ‡

Besides the two leaders in the council, there were two others who deserve to be noticed. One of these was Figueron, count, afterwards created by Philip duke, of Feria, a grandee of Spain. He was one of those who accompanied the king on his first visit to England. He there married a lady of rank, and, as the reader may remember, afterwards represented his master at the court of Elizabeth. He was a man of excellent parts, enriched by that kind of practical knowledge which he had gained from foreign travel and a familiarity with courts. He lived magnificently, somewhat encumbering his large estates indeed by his profusion. His person was handsome; and his courteous and polished manners made him one of the most brilliant ornaments of the royal circle. He had a truly chivalrous sense of honour, and was greatly esteemed by the king, who placed him near his person as captain of his Spanish guard. Feria was a warm supporter of Ruy Gomez; and the long friendship that subsisted between the two nobles seems never to have been clouded by those feelings of envy and jealousy which so often arise between rivals contending for the smiles of their sovereign.

The other member of the council of state was a person of still more importance. This was the Cardinal Espinosa, who, though an ecclesiastic, possessed such an acquaintance with affairs as belonged to few laymen. Philip's eye readily discovered his uncommon qualities, and he heaped upon him offices in rapid succession, any one of which might well have engrossed his time.

* "El señor Ruy Gomez no fué de los mayores consejeros que ha habido, pero del humor y natural de los reyes le roconozco por tan gran maestro, que todos los que, por aquí dentro andamos tenemos la cabeza donde pensamos que traemos los pies."—Bermudez de Castro, Antonio Perez (Madrid, 1841), p. 28.

† "Fue Rui Gomez el primero piloto que en trabajos tan grandes vivió y murió seguro, tomando sienpre el mejor puerto."—Cabrera, p. 713.

‡ "Vivo conservó la gracia de su Rey, muerto le dolió su falta, i la lloró su Reyno, que en su memoria le á conservado paro exemplo de fieles vasallos i prudentes privados de los mayores Príncipes."—Ibid. ubi supra.

But Espinosa was as fond of labour as most men are of ease; and in every situation he not only performed his own share of the work, but very often that of his associates. He was made president of the council of Castile, as well as that of the Indies, and finally a member of the council of state. He was inquisitor-general, sat in the royal chancery of Seville, and held the bishopric of Sigüenza, one of the richest sees in the kingdom. To crown the whole, in 1568, Pius the Fifth, on the application of Philip, gave him a cardinal's hat. The king seems to have taken the greater pleasure in this rapid elevation of Espinosa, that he sprang from a comparatively humble condition; and thus the height to which he raised him served the more keenly to mortify the nobles.

But the cardinal, as is too often the case with those who have suddenly risen to greatness, did not bear his honours meekly. His love of power was insatiable; and when an office became vacant in any of his own departments, he was prompt to secure it for one of his dependents. An anecdote is told in relation to a place in the chancery of Granada, which had become open by the death of the incumbent. As soon as the news reached Madrid, Hernandez de Córdova, the royal equerry, made application to the king for it. Philip answered that he was too late, that the place had been already given away. "How am I to understand your majesty?" said the petitioner; "the tidings were brought to me by a courier the moment at which the post became vacant, and no one could have brought them sooner unless he had wings." "That may be," said the monarch; "but I have just given the place to another, whom the cardinal recommended to me as I was leaving the council."*

Espinosa, says a contemporary, was a man of noble presence. He had the air of one born to command. His haughty bearing, however, did little for him with the more humble suitors, and disgusted the great lords, who looked down with contempt on his lowly origin. They complained to the king of his intolerable arrogance; and the king was not unwilling to receive their charges against him. In fact, he had himself grown to be displeased with his minister's presumption. He was weary of the deference which, now that Espinosa had become a cardinal, he felt obliged to pay him; of coming forward to receive him when he entered the room; of taking off his cap to the churchman, and giving him a seat as high as his own; finally, of allowing him to interfere in all appointments to office. It seemed incredible, says the historian, that a prince so jealous of his prerogatives should have submitted to all this so long.† Philip was now determined to submit to it no longer; but to tumble from its pride of place the idol which he had raised with his own hands.

He was slow in betraying his intention, by word or act, to the courtiers, still more to the unfortunate minister, who continued to show the same security and confidence as if he were treading the solid ground, instead of the crust of a volcano.

At length an opportunity offered when Espinosa, in a discussion respecting the affairs of Flanders, made a statement which the king deemed not entirely conformable to truth. Philip at once broke in upon the discourse with an appearance of great indignation, and charged the minister with falsehood. The blow was the more effectual, coming from one who had been scarcely ever known to give way to passion.‡ The cardinal was stunned by it. He at once

* "Puede ser, pero el Cardenal Espinosa me consultó en saliendo del consejo, i proveí la plaza."—Cabrera, p. 700.

† "Que en principe tan zeloso de su inmunidad i oficio pareció increíble su tolerancia hasta allí."—Ibid. ubi supra.

‡ The anonymous author of a contemporary relation speaks of the king as a person little subject to passions of any kind. The language is striking: "E questo Re poco soggetto alle passioni, venga ciò, o per inclinazione naturale, o per costume; e quasi non

saw his ruin, and the vision of glory vanished for ever. He withdrew, more dead than alive, to his house. There he soon took to his bed; and in a short time, in September 1572, he breathed his last. His fate was that of more than one minister whose head had been made giddy by the height to which he had climbed.*

The council of state under its two great leaders, Alva and Ruy Gomez, was sure to be divided on every question of importance. This was a fruitful source of embarrassment, and to private suitors, especially, occasioned infinite delay. Such was the hostility of the parties to each other, that, if an applicant for favour secured the good-will of one of the chiefs, he was very certain to encounter the ill-will of the other.† He was a skilful pilot who in such cross seas could keep his course.

Yet the existence of these divisions does not seem to have been discouraged by Philip, who saw in them only the natural consequence of rivalry for his favour. They gave him, moreover, the advantage of seeing every question of moment well canvassed, and, by furnishing him with the opposite opinions of his councillors, enabled him the more accurately to form his own.

In the mean time, the value which he set on both the great chiefs made him careful not to disgust either by any show of preference for his rival. He held the balance adroitly between them; and if on any occasion he bestowed a mark of his favour on the one, it was usually followed by some equivalent to the other.‡ Thus, for the first twelve years of his reign, their influence may be said to have been pretty equally exerted. Then came the memorable discussion respecting the royal visit to the Netherlands, Alva, as the reader may remember, was of the opinion that Philip should send an army to punish the refractory and bring the country to obedience, when the king might visit it with safety to his own person. Ruy Gomez, on the other hand, recommended that Philip should go at once, without an army, and by mild and conciliatory measures win the malcontents back to their allegiance. Each advised the course most congenial to his own temper, and the one, moreover, which would have required the aid of his own services to carry into execution. Unfortunately, the violent measures of Alva were more congenial to the stern temper of the king, and the duke was sent at the head of his battalions.

But if Alva thus gained the victory, it was Ruy Gomez who reaped the fruits of it. Left without a rival in the council, his influence became predominant over every other. It became still more firmly established, as the result showed that his rival's mission was a failure. So it continued, after Alva's return, till the favourite's death. Even then his well-organized party was so deeply rooted, that for several years longer it maintained an ascendancy in the cabinet, while the duke languished in disgrace.

Philip, unlike most of his predecessors, rarely took his seat in the council of state. It was his maxim that his ministers would more freely discuss measures in the absence of their master than when he was there to overawe them. The course he adopted was for a *consulta*, or a committee of two or three members, to wait on him in his cabinet, and report to him the proceedings of the council.§ He more commonly, especially in the later years of his

appariscono in lui i primi movimenti nè dell' allegrezza, nè del dolore, nè dell' ira ancora."—MS.

* "El Rey le habló tan asperamente sobre el afinar una verdad, que le mató brevemente," says Cabrera emphatically.—Filipe Segundo, p. 699.]

† "Perchè chi vuole il favore del duca d'Alva perde quello di Ruy Gomez, e chi cerca il favore di Ruy Gomez, non ha quello del duca d'Alva."—Relazione di Soriano, MS.

‡ Ranke has given some pertinent examples of this in an interesting sketch which he has presented of the relative positions of these two statesmen in the cabinet of Philip.—Ottoman and Spanish Empires (Eng. trans.), p. 88.

§ "Non si trova mai S.M. presente alle deliberationi ne i consigli, ma deliberato chiama

reign, preferred to receive a full report of the discussion, written so as to leave an ample margin for his own commentaries. These were eminently characteristic of the man, and were so minute as usually to cover several sheets of paper. Philip had a reserved and unsocial temper. He preferred to work alone, in the seclusion of his closet, rather than in the presence of others. This may explain the reason, in part, why he seemed so much to prefer writing to talking. Even with his private secretaries, who were always near at hand, he chose to communicate by writing; and they had as large a mass of his autograph notes in their possession, as if the correspondence had been carried on from different parts of the kingdom.* His thoughts too—at any rate his words—came slowly; and by writing he gained time for the utterance of them.

Philip has been accused of indolence. As far as the body was concerned, such an accusation was well founded. Even when young, he had no fondness, as we have seen, for the robust and chivalrous sports of the age. He never, like his father, conducted military expeditions in person. He thought it wiser to follow the example of his great-grandfather, Ferdinand the Catholic, who stayed at home and sent his generals to command his armies. As little did he like to travel,—forming too in this respect a great contrast to the emperor. He had been years on the throne before he made a visit to his great southern capital, Seville. It was a matter of complaint in Cortes that he thus withdrew himself from the eyes of his subjects. The only sport he cared for—not by any means to excess—was shooting with his gun or his crossbow such game as he could find in his own grounds at the wood of Segovia, or Aranjuez, or some other of his pleasant country seats, none of them at a great distance from Madrid.

On a visit to such places he would take with him as large a heap of papers as if he were a poor clerk, earning his bread; and after the fatigues of the chase, he would retire to his cabinet and refresh himself with his despatches.† It would, indeed, be a great mistake to charge him with sluggishness of mind. He was content to toil for hours, and long into the night, at his solitary labours.‡ No expression of weariness or of impatience was known to escape him. A characteristic anecdote is told of him in regard to this. Having written a despatch, late at night, to be sent on the following morning, he handed it to his secretary to throw some sand over it. This functionary, who happened to be dozing, suddenly roused himself, and, snatching up the inkstand, emptied it on the paper. The king, coolly remarking that “it would have been better to use the sand,” set himself down, without any complaint, to rewrite the whole of the letter.§ A prince so much addicted to the pen, we may well believe, must have left a large amount of autograph materials behind him. Few monarchs, in point of fact, have done so much in this way to illustrate the history of their reigns. Fortunate would it have been for the

una delle tre consulte . . . alla qual sempre si ritrova, onde sono lette le risoluzioni del consiglio.”—Relazione di Tiepolo, MS.

* Ranke, *Ottoman and Spanish Empires*, p. 32.

† “El día que iba á caça bolvia con ansias de bolver al trabajo, como un oficial pobre que huviera de ganar la comida con ello.”—Los Dichos y Hechos, del Rey Phelipe II. (Brusselas, 1686), p. 214—See also Relazione di Pigafetta, MS.

‡ Relazione di Vandramino, MS.—Relazione di Contarini, MS.

“Distribuia las horas del día, se puede decir, todas en los negocios, quando yo lo conocí; porque aunque las tenia de ocio á ocupaciones forçosas de su persona, las gastava con tales criados elegidos tan á proposito que quanto hablava venia á ser informarse mucho, descanso en lo que á otro costara nota y fatiga.”—MS. Anon. in the Library of the dukes of Burgundy.

§ Dichos y Hechos de Phelipe II., pp. 839, 840.

historian who was to profit by it, if the royal composition had been somewhat less diffuse and the handwriting somewhat more legible.

Philip was an economist of time, and regulated the distribution of it with great precision. In the morning, he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. He afterwards heard mass. After mass came dinner, in his father's fashion. But dinner was not an affair with Philip of so much moment as it was with Charles. He was exceedingly temperate both in eating and drinking, and not unfrequently had his physician at his side, to warn him against any provocative of the gout,—the hereditary disease which at a very early period had begun to affect his health. After a light repast, he gave audience to such of his subjects as desired to present their memorials. He received the petitioners graciously, and listened to all they had to say with patience,—for that was his virtue. But his countenance was exceedingly grave,—which, in truth, was its natural expression; and there was a reserve in his deportment which made the boldest feel ill at ease in his presence. On such occasions he would say, "Compose yourself,"—a recommendation that had not always the tranquillizing effect intended.* Once when a papal nuncio forgot, in his confusion, the address he had prepared, the king coolly remarked: "If you will bring it in writing, I will read it myself, and expedite your business."† It was natural that men of even the highest rank should be overawed in the presence of a monarch who held the destinies of so many millions in his hands, and who surrounded himself with a veil of mystery which the most cunning politician could not penetrate.

The reserve so noticeable in his youth increased with age. He became more difficult of access. His public audiences were much less frequent. In the summer he would escape from them altogether, by taking refuge in some one of his country places. His favourite retreat was his palace-monastery of the Escorial, then slowly rising under his patronage, and affording him an occupation congenial with his taste. He seems, however, to have sought the country not so much from the love of its beauties as for the retreat it afforded him from the town. When in the latter, he rarely showed himself to the public eye, going abroad chiefly in a close carriage, and driving late, so as to return to the city after dark.‡

Thus he lived in solitude even in the heart of his capital, knowing much less of men from his own observation than from the reports that were made to him. In availing himself of these sources of information he was indefatigable. He caused a statistical survey of Spain to be prepared for his own use. It was a work of immense labour, embracing a vast amount of curious details, such as were rarely brought together in those days.§ He kept his spies at the principal European courts, who furnished him with intelligence; and he was as well acquainted with what was passing in England and in France, as if he had resided on the spot. We have seen how well he knew the smallest details of the proceedings in the Netherlands, sometimes even better than Margaret herself. He employed similar means to procure information that might be of service in making appointments to ecclesiastical and civil offices.

In his eagerness for information, his ear was ever open to accusations against

* "A estos estando turbados, y desalentados, los animava diciendoles, Sossegaos."—*Dichos y Hechos de Felipe II.*, p. 40.

† "Diciendole si lo traeis escrito, lo veré, y os haré despachar."—*Ibid.* p. 41.

‡ "Quando esce di Palazzo, suole montare in un cocchio coperto di tela incera'a, et serrata a modo che non si veda. . . . Suole quando va in villa ritornare la sera per le porte del Parco, senza esser veduto da alcuno."—*Relazione di Pigafetta*, MS.

§ Ranke, *Ottoman and Spanish Empires*, p. 82.

Ingis speaks of seeing this work in the library when he visited the Escorial.—Spain in 1830, vol. i. p. 348.

his ministers, which, as they were sure to be locked up in his own bosom, were not slow in coming to him.* This filled his mind with suspicions. He waited till time had proved their truth, treating the object of them with particular favour till the hour of vengeance had arrived. The reader will not have forgotten the terrible saying of Philip's own historian, "His dagger followed close upon his smile."†

Even to the ministers in whom Philip appeared most to confide, he often gave but half his confidence. Instead of frankly furnishing them with a full statement of facts, he sometimes made so imperfect a disclosure, that, when his measures came to be taken, his counsellors were surprised to find of how much they had been kept in ignorance. When he communicated to them any foreign despatches, he would not scruple to alter the original, striking out some passages and inserting others, so as best to serve his purpose. The copy, in this garbled form, was given to the council. Such was the case with a letter of Don John of Austria, containing an account of the troubles of Genoa; the original of which, with its numerous alterations in the royal handwriting, still exists in the archives of Simancas.‡

But though Philip's suspicious nature prevented him from entirely trusting his ministers,—though with chilling reserve he kept at a distance even those who approached him nearest,—he was kind, even liberal, to his servants, was not capricious in his humours, and seldom, if ever, gave way to those sallies of passion so common in princes clothed with absolute power. He was patient to the last degree, and rarely changed his ministers without good cause. Ruy Gomez was not the only courtier who continued in the royal service to the end of his days.

Philip was of a careful, or, to say truth, of a frugal disposition, which he may well have inherited from his father; though this did not, as with his father in later life, degenerate into parsimony. The beginning of his reign, indeed, was distinguished by some acts of uncommon liberality. One of these occurred at the close of Alva's campaigns in Italy, when the king presented that commander with a hundred and fifty thousand ducats, greatly to the discontent of the emperor. This was contrary to his usual policy. As he grew older, and the expenses of government pressed more heavily on him, he became more economical. Yet those who served him had no reason, like the emperor's servants, to complain of their master's meanness. It was observed, however, that he was slow to recompense those who served him until they had proved themselves worthy of it. Still it was a man's own fault, says a contemporary, if he was not well paid for his services in the end §

In one particular he indulged in a most lavish expenditure. This was his household. It was formed on the Burgundian model,—the most stately and magnificent in Europe. Its peculiarity consisted in the number and quality of the members who composed it. The principal officers were nobles of the highest rank, who frequently held posts of great consideration in the state. Thus the duke of Alva was chief major-domo; the prince of Eboli was first gentleman of the bedchamber; the duke of Feria was captain of the Spanish guard. There was the grand equerry, the grand huntsman, the chief muleteer, and a host of officers, some of whom were designated by menial titles, though

* Ranke, *Ottoman and Spanish Empires*, p. 33.

† See ante, vol. ii. circ. fin.

‡ Lafuente, *Historia de España*, tom. xiv. p. 44.

§ The historian tells us he has seen the original letter with the changes made in it by Philip.

§ "Chi comincia a servirlo può tener per certa la remunerazione, se il difetto non vien da lui."—Relazione Anon. MS.

nobles and cavaliers of family.* There were forty pages, sons of the most illustrious houses in Castile. The whole household amounted to no less than fifteen hundred persons.† The king's guard consisted of three hundred men, one-third of whom were Spaniards, one-third Flemings, and the remainder Germans.‡

The queen had also her establishment on the same scale. She had twenty-six ladies-in-waiting, and, among other functionaries, no less than four physicians to watch over her health.§

The annual cost of the royal establishment amounted to full two hundred thousand florins.|| The Cortes earnestly remonstrated against this useless prodigality, beseeching the king to place his household on the modest scale to which the monarchs of Castile had been accustomed.¶ And it seems singular that one usually so averse to extravagance and pomp should have so recklessly indulged in them here. It was one of those inconsistencies which we sometimes meet with in private life, when a man, habitually careful of his expenses, indulges himself in some, which taste, or, as in this case, early habits, have made him regard as indispensable. The emperor had been careful to form the household of his son, when very young, on the Burgundian model; and Philip, thus early trained, probably regarded it as essential to the royal dignity.

The king did not affect an ostentation in his dress corresponding with that of his household. This seemed to be suited to the sober-coloured livery of his own feelings, and was almost always of black velvet or satin, with shoes of the former material. He wore a cap garnished with plumes after the Spanish fashion. He used few ornaments, scarce any but the rich jewel of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck. But in his attire he was scrupulously neat, says the Venetian diplomatist who tells these particulars; and he changed his dress for a new one every month, giving away his cast-off suits to his attendants.**

It was a capital defect in Philip's administration, that his love of power and his distrust of others made him desire to do everything himself; even those things which could be done much better by his ministers. As he was slow in making up his own opinions, and seldom acted without first ascertaining those of his council, we may well understand the mischievous consequences of such delay. Loud were the complaints of private suitors, who saw month after month pass away without an answer to their petitions. The state suffered no less, as the wheels of government seemed actually to stand still under the accumulated pressure of the public business. Even when a decision did come, it often came too late to be of service; for the circumstances which led to it had wholly changed. Of this the reader has seen more than one example in the Netherlands. The favourite saying of Philip, that "time and he were a match for any other two," was a sad mistake. The time he demanded was his ruin. It was in vain that Granvelle, who at a later day came to Castile to assume the direction of affairs, endeavoured, in his courtly language, to convince the king of his error, telling him that no man could bear up under

* *Relazione della Corte di Spagna*, MS.—*Relazione di Badoer*, SM.—*Etiquetas de Palacio*, MS.

† *Relazione di Badoer*, MS.

‡ "Ha tre guardie die 100 persone l'una; la più honorata è di Borgognoni e Fiamminghi, che hanno ad esser ben nati e servono a cavallo, e si dicono Arcieri accompagnando bene il Re per la città a piede non in fila, ma alla rinfusa intorno alla persona reale; l'altri sono d'Albardi 100 di nazione tedesca, et altri e tanti Spagnuoli."—*Relazione della Corte di Spagna*, MS.

§ *Raumer*, *Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, vol. i. p. 106.

|| *Ibid.* p. 105.

¶ *Cortes of 1558*, petition 4.

** "Questi habiti sempre sono nuovi et puliti, perche ogni mese se gli muta, et poi gli dona quando ad uno, e quando ad un altro."—*Relazione di Pigafetta*, MS.

such a load of business, which sooner or later must destroy his health, perhaps his life.*

A letter addressed to the king by his grand almoner, Don Luis Manrique, told the truth in plainer terms, such as had not often reached the royal ear. "Your majesty's subjects everywhere complain," he says, "of your manner of doing business; sitting all day long over your papers, from your desire, as they intimate, to seclude yourself from the world, and from a want of confidence in your ministers.† Hence such interminable delays as fill the soul of every suitor with despair. Your subjects are discontented that you refuse to take your seat in the council of state. The Almighty," he adds, "did not send kings into the world to spend their days in reading or writing, or even in meditation and prayer,"—in which Philip was understood to pass much of his time,—“but to serve as public oracles, to which all may resort for answers. If any sovereign have received this grace, it is your majesty; and the greater the sin, therefore, if you do not give free access to all.”‡ One may be surprised to find that language such as this was addressed to a prince like Philip the Second, and that he should have borne it so patiently. But in this the king resembled his father. Churchmen and jesters—of which latter he had usually one or two in attendance—were privileged persons at his court. In point of fact, the homilies of the one had as little effect as the jests of the other.

The pomp of the royal establishment was imitated on a smaller scale by the great nobles living on their vast estates scattered over the country. Their revenues were very large, though often heavily burdened. Out of twenty-three dukes, in 1581, only three had an income so low as forty thousand ducats a year.§ That of most of the others ranged from fifty to a hundred thousand; and that of one, the duke of Medina Sidonia, was computed at a hundred and thirty-five thousand. Revenues like these would not easily have been matched in that day by the aristocracy of any other nation in Christendom.||

The Spanish grandees preferred to live on their estates in the country. But in the winter they repaired to Madrid, and displayed their magnificence at the court of their sovereign. Here they dazzled the eye by the splendour of their equipages, the beauty of their horses, their rich liveries, and the throng of their retainers. But with all this the Castilian court was far from appear-

* Gachard cites a passage from one of Granvelle's unpublished letters, in which he says, "Suplico á V. M., con la humildad que devo, que considerando quanto su vida importa al principe nuestro señor, á todos sus reynos y Estados, y vasallos suyos, y aun á toda la christiandad, mirando en que miserable estado quedaria sin V. M., sea servido mirar adelante más por su salud, descargandose de tan grande y continuo trabajo, que tanto daño le haze."—Rapport prefixed to the Correspondance de Philippe II. (tom. i. p. li.), in which the Belgian scholar, with his usual conscientiousness and care, enters into an examination of the character and personal habits of Philip.

† "Habiendo en otra ocasion avisado á vuestra magestad de la publica querella y desconuelo que habia del estilo que vuestra magestad habia tomado de negociar, estando perpetuamente asido á los papeles, por tener mejor título para huir de la gente, ademas de no quererse fiar de nadie."—Carta que escrivio al Señor Rey Felipe Segundo Don Luis Manrique, su limosnero mayor, MS.

‡ "No embio Dios á vuestra magestad y á todos los otros Reyes, que tienen sus veces en la tierra, para que se extravien leyendo ni escribiendo ni aun contemplando ni rezando, si no para que fuesen y sean publicos y patentes oráculos á donde todos sus subditos vengan por sus respuestas. . . . Y si á algún Rey en el mundo dió Dios esta gracia, es á vuestra magestad y por eso es mayor la culpa de no manifestarse á todos."—Ibid.

A copy of this letter is preserved among the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum.

§ Nota di tutti li Titolati di Spagna con li loro casate et rendite, &c. fatta nel 1581, MS.

|| Ibid.

The Spanish aristocracy, in 1581, reckoned twenty-three dukes, forty-two marquises, and fifty-six counts. All the dukes and thirteen of the inferior nobles were grandees.

ing in the eyes of foreigners a gay one ; forming in this respect a contrast to the Flemish court of Margaret of Parma. It seemed to have imbibed much of the serious and indeed sombre character of the monarch who presided over it. All was stately and ceremonious, with old-fashioned manners and usages. "There is nothing new to be seen there," write the Venetian envoys. "There is no pleasant gossip about the events of the day. If a man is acquainted with any news, he is too prudent to repeat it.* The courtiers talk little, and for the most part are ignorant ; in fact, without the least tincture of learning. The arrogance of the great lords is beyond belief ; and when they meet a foreign ambassador, or even the nuncio of his holiness, they rarely condescend to salute him by raising their caps.† They all affect that imperturbable composure, or apathy, which they term *sosiego*."‡

They gave no splendid banquets, like the Flemish nobles. Their chief amusement was gaming,—the hereditary vice of the Spaniard. They played deep, often to the great detriment of their fortunes. This did not displease the king. It may seem strange that a society so cold and formal should be much addicted to intrigue.§ In this they followed the example of their master.

Thus passing their days in frivolous amusements and idle dalliance, the Spanish nobles, with the lofty titles and pretensions of their ancestors, were a degenerate race. With a few brilliant exceptions, they filled no important posts in the state or in the army. The places of most consideration to which they aspired were those connected with the royal household ; and their greatest honour was to possess the empty privileges of the grandee, and to sit with their heads covered in the presence of the king. ||

From this life of splendid humiliation they were nothing loth to escape into the country, where they passed their days in their ancestral castles, surrounded by princely domains, which embraced towns and villages within their circuit, and a population sometimes reaching to thirty thousand families. Here the proud lords lived in truly regal pomp. Their households were formed on that of the sovereign. They had their major-domos, their gentlemen of the bedchamber, their grand equerries, and other officers of rank. Their halls were filled with hidalgos and cavaliers, and a throng of inferior retainers. They were attended by body-guards of one or two hundred soldiers. Their dwellings were sumptuously furnished, and their sideboards loaded with plate from the silver quarries of the New World. Their chapels were magnificent. Their wives affected a royal state : they had their ladies of honour ; and the page who served as cupbearer knelt while his mistress drank. Even knights of ancient blood, whom she addressed from her seat, did not refuse to bend the knee to her.¶

Amidst all this splendour, the Spanish grandees had no real power to corre-

* "La corte è muta ; in publico non si ragiona di nuove, et chi pure le sa, se le trace."—Relazione di Pigafetta, MS.

† "Sono d'animo tanto elevato . . . che è cosa molto difficile da credere . . . e quando avviene che incontrino o nunzi del pontefice o ambasciatori di qualche testa coronata o d'altro stato, pochissimi son quelli che si levin la berretta."—Relazione di Badoero, MS.

‡ "Non si attende à lettere, ma la Nobilità è a maraviglia ignorante e ritirata, mantenedo una certa sua alterigia, che loro chiamano *rustiego*, che vuol dire tranquillità et sicurezza, et quasi serenità."—Relazione di Pigafetta, MS.

§ "Non si convita, non si cavalca, si giuoca, et si fa all' amore."—Ibid.

See also the Relazioni of Badoero and Contarini.

|| Dr Salazar y Mendoza takes a very exalted view of the importance of this right to wear the hat in the presence of the king,—a prerogative," he remarks, "so illustrious in itself and so admirable in its effects, that it alone suffices to stamp its peculiar character on the dignity of the grandee."—*Dignidades de Castilla*, p. 84.

¶ Ranke, *Ottoman and Spanish Empires*, p. 57.

spond with it. They could no longer, as in the days of their fathers, engage in feuds with one another; nor could they enjoy the privilege, so highly prized, of renouncing their allegiance and declaring war upon their sovereign. Their numerous vassals, instead of being gathered as of yore into a formidable military array, had sunk into the more humble rank of retainers, who served only to swell the idle pomp of their lord's establishment: they were no longer allowed to bear arms, except in the service of the crown; and after the Moriscos had been reduced, the crown had no occasion for their services, unless in foreign war.*

The measures by which Ferdinand and Isabella had broken the power of the aristocracy had been enforced with still greater rigour by Charles the Fifth, and were now carried out even more effectually by Philip the Second; for Philip had the advantage of being always in Spain, while Charles passed most of his time in other parts of his dominions. Thus ever present, Philip was as prompt to enforce the law against the highest noble as against the humblest of his subjects.

Men of rank commanded the armies abroad, and were sent as viceroys to Naples, Sicily, Milan, and the provinces of the New World. But at home they were rarely raised to civil or military office. They no longer formed a necessary part of the national legislature, and were seldom summoned to the meetings of the Cortes; for the Castilian noble claimed exemption from the public burdens, and it was rarely that the Cortes were assembled for any other purpose than to impose those burdens. Thus, without political power of any kind, they resided like so many private gentlemen on their estates in the country. Their princely style of living gave no umbrage to the king, who was rather pleased to see them dissipate their vast revenues in a way that was attended with no worse evil than that of driving the proprietors to exactions which made them odious to their vassals.† Such, we are assured by a Venetian envoy—who, with great powers of observation, was placed in the best situation for exerting them—was the policy of Philip. “Thus,” he concludes, “did the king make himself feared by those who, if they had managed discreetly, might have made themselves feared by him.”‡

While the aristocracy was thus depressed, the strong arm of Charles the Fifth had stripped the Castilian commons of their most precious rights. Philip, happily for himself, was spared the odium of having reduced them to this abject condition. But he was as careful as his father could have been, that they should not rise from it. The legislative power of the commons—that most important of all their privileges—was nearly annihilated. The Castilian Cortes were, it is true, frequently convoked under Philip—more frequently, on the whole, than in any preceding reign; for in them still resided the power of voting supplies for the crown. To have summoned them so often, therefore, was rather a proof of the necessities of the government than of respect for the rights of the commons.

The Cortes, it is true, still enjoyed the privilege of laying their grievances before the king; but as they were compelled to vote the supplies before they presented their grievances, they had lost the only lever by which they could effectually operate on the royal will. Yet when we review their petitions, and see the care with which they watched over the interests of the nation, and the courage with which they maintained them, we cannot refuse our admiration. We must acknowledge that, under every circumstance of discouragement and

* *Relazione di Tiepolo, MS.—Relazione Anon. MS.—Relazione di Contarini, MS.*

† “Che per contrario affliggono i loro propri sudditi onde incorrono nel loro odio.—*Relazione di Contarini, MS.*”

‡ “Temono Sua Maestà, dove, quando si governassero prudentemente, sariano da essa per le loro forze temuti.”—*Ibid.*

oppression, the old Castilian spirit still lingered in the hearts of the people. In proof of this, it will not be amiss to cite a few of these petitions, which, whether successful or not, may serve at least to show the state of public opinion on the topics to which they relate.

One, of repeated recurrence, is a remonstrance to the king on the enormous expense of his household—"as great," say the Cortes, "as would be required for the conquest of a kingdom."* The Burgundian establishment, independently of its costliness, found little favour with the honest Castilian; and the Cortes prayed his majesty to abandon it, and to return to the more simple and natural usage of his ancestors. They represented "the pernicious effects which this manner of living necessarily had on the great nobles and others of his subjects, prone to follow the example of their master."† To one of these petitions Philip replied, that "he would cause the matter to be inquired into, and such measures to be taken as were most for his service." No alteration took place during his reign; and the Burgundian establishment, which in 1562 involved an annual charge of a hundred and fifty-six millions of maravedis, was continued by his successor.‡

Another remonstrance of constant recurrence—a proof of its inefficacy—was that against the alienation of the crown lands, and the sale of offices and the lesser titles of nobility. To this the king made answer in much the same equivocal language as before. Another petition besought him no longer to seek an increase of his revenue by imposing taxes without the sanction of the Cortes, required by the ancient law and usage of the realm. Philip's reply on this occasion was plain enough. It was, in truth, one worthy of an eastern despot. "The necessities," he said, "which have compelled me to resort to these measures, far from having ceased, have increased, and are still increasing, allowing me no alternative but to pursue the course I have adopted."§ Philip's embarrassments were indeed great,—far beyond the reach of any financial skill of his ministers to remove. His various expedients for relieving himself from the burden which, as he truly said, was becoming heavier every day, form a curious chapter in the history of finance. But we have not yet reached the period at which they can be most effectively presented to the reader.

The commons strongly urged the king to complete the great work he had early undertaken, of embodying in one code the municipal law of Castile.|| They gave careful attention to the administration of justice, showed their desire for the reform of various abuses, especially for quickening the despatch of business, proverbially slow in Spain, and, in short, for relieving suitors, as far as possible, from the manifold vexations to which they were daily exposed in the tribunals. With a wise liberality they recommended that, in order to secure the services of competent persons in judicial offices, their salaries—in many cases wholly inadequate—should be greatly increased.¶

The Cortes watched with a truly parental care over the great interests of the state—its commerce, its husbandry, and its manufactures. They raised a loud, and as it would seem not an ineffectual, note of remonstrance against the tyrannical practice of the crown in seizing for its own use the bullion which, as elsewhere stated, had been imported from the New World on their own account by the merchants of Seville.

Some of the petitions of the Cortes show what would be thought at the

* "Que bastarán para conquistar y ganar un reyno."—Cortes of Valladolid of 1558, pet. 4.

† Cortes of Toledo of 1560, pet. 3.

‡ Lafuente, *Historia de España*, tom. xiii. p. 118.

§ *Ibid.* tom. xiv. p. 397.

|| Cortes of Valladolid of 1558, pet. 12.

¶ Lafuente, *Historia de España*, tom. xiii. p. 125.

present day a strange ignorance of the true principles of legislation in respect to commerce. Thus, regarding gold and silver, independently of their value as a medium of exchange, as constituting in a peculiar manner the wealth of a country, they considered that the true policy was to keep the precious metals at home, and prayed that their exportation might be forbidden. Yet this was a common error in the sixteenth century with other nations besides the Spaniards. It may seem singular, however, that the experience of three-fourths of a century had not satisfied the Castilian of the futility of such attempts to obstruct the natural current of commercial circulation.

In the same spirit, they besought the king to prohibit the use of gold and silver in plating copper and other substances, as well as for wearing-apparel and articles of household luxury. It was a waste of the precious metals, which were needed for other purposes. This petition of the commons may be referred in part, no doubt, to their fondness for sumptuary laws, which in Castile formed a more ample code than could be easily found in any other country.* The love of costly and ostentatious dress was a passion which they may have caught from their neighbours, the Spanish Arabs, who delighted in this way of displaying their opulence. It furnished accordingly, from an early period, a fruitful theme of declamation to the clergy, in their invectives against the pomp and vanities of the world.

Unfortunately Philip, who was so frequently deaf to the wiser suggestions of the Cortes, gave his sanction to this petition; and in a *pragmatic* devoted to the object, he carried out the ideas of the legislature as heartily as the most austere reformer could have desired. As a state paper, it has certainly a novel aspect, going at great length into such minute specifications of wearing-apparel, both male and female, that it would seem to have been devised by a committee of tailors and milliners, rather than of grave legislators.† The tailors, indeed, the authors of these seductive abominations, did not escape the direct animadversion of the Cortes. In another petition they were denounced as unprofitable persons, occupied with needlework like women, instead of tilling the ground or serving his majesty in the wars, like men.‡

In the same spirit of impertinent legislation, the Cortes would have regulated the expenses of the table, which, they said, of late years had been excessive. They recommended that no one should be allowed to have more than four dishes of meat and four of fruit served at the same meal. They were further scandalized by the increasing use of coaches, a mode of conveyance which had been introduced into Spain only a few years before. They regarded as tempting men to an effeminate indulgence, which most of them could ill afford. They considered the practice, moreover, as detrimental to the good horsemanship for which their ancestors had been so renowned. They prayed, therefore, that, considering "the nation had done well for so many years without the

* The history of luxury in Castile, and of the various enactments for the restraint of it, forms the subject of a work by Sempere y Guarinos, containing many curious particulars, especially in regard to the life of the Castilians at an earlier period of their history.—*Historia del Luxo* (Madrid, 1788, 2 tom. 12mo.).

† "Anassi mismo mandamos que ninguna persona de ninguna condicion ni calidad que sea, no pueda traer ni traya en ropa ni en vestido, ni en calzas, ni jubon, ni en gualdrapa, ni guarnicion de mula ni de cavallo, ningun genero de bordado ni recanado, ni gaudujado, ni entorchado, ni chaperia de oro ni de plata, ni de oro de cañutillo, ni de martillo, ni ningun genero de trenza ni cordon ni cordoncillo, ni franja, ni pasamano, ni pespunte, ni perfil de oro ni plata ni seda, ni otra cosa, aunque el dicho oro y plata sean falsos," &c.—*Pragmatica expedida á petición de la Cortes de Madrid de 1563.*

‡ "Ocupados en este oficio y género de vivienda de coser, que habia de se para las mugeres, muchos hombres que podrian servir á S. M. en la guerra dejaban de ir á ella, y dejaban tambien de labrar los campos."—Cortes of 1573, pet. 75, ap. Lafuente, *Hist. de España*, tom. xiv. p. 407.

use of coaches, it might henceforth be prohibited."* Philip so far complied with their petition, as to forbid any one but the owner of four horses to keep a coach. Thus he imagined that, while encouraging the raising of horses, he should effectually discourage any but the more wealthy from affecting this costly luxury.

There was another petition, somewhat remarkable, and worth citing, as it shows the attachment of the Castilians to a national institution which has often incurred the censure of foreigners. A petition of the Cortes of 1573 prayed that some direct encouragement might be given to bull-fights, which of late had shown symptoms of decline. They advised that the principal towns should be required to erect additional circuses, and to provide lances for the combatants, and music for the entertainments, at the charge of the municipalities. They insisted on this as important for mending the breed of horses, as well as for furnishing a chivalrous exercise for the nobles and cavaliers. This may excite some surprise in a spectator of our day, accustomed to see only the most wretched hacks led to the slaughter, and men of humble condition skirmishing in the arena. It was otherwise in those palmy days of chivalry, when the horses employed were of a generous breed, and the combatants were nobles, who entered the lists with as proud a feeling as that with which they would have gone to a tourney. Even so late as the sixteenth century it was the boast of Charles the Fifth, that, when a young man, he had fought like a *matador*, and killed his bull. Philip gave his assent to this petition, with a promptness which showed that he understood the character of his countrymen.

It would be an error to regard the more exceptionable and frivolous petitions of the Cortes, some of which have been above enumerated, as affording a true type of the predominant character of Castilian legislation. The laws, or, to speak correctly, the petitions of that body, are strongly impressed with a wise and patriotic sentiment, showing a keen perception of the wants of the community, and a tender anxiety to relieve them. Thus we find the Cortes recommending that guardians should be appointed to find employment for such young and destitute persons as, without friends to aid them, had no means of getting a livelihood for themselves.† They propose to have visitors chosen, whose duty it should be to inspect the prisons every week, and see that fitting arrangements were made for securing the health and cleanliness of the inmates.‡ They desire that care should be taken to have suitable accommodations provided at the inns for travellers.§ With their usual fondness for domestic inquisition, they take notice of the behaviour of servants to their masters, and, with a simplicity that may well excite a smile, they animadvert on the conduct of maidens who, "in the absence of their mothers, spend their idle hours in reading romances full of lies and vanities, which they receive as truths for the government of their own conduct in their intercourse with the world."|| The books thus stigmatized were doubtless the romances of chivalry,

* Cortes of 1573, pet. 75, ap. Lafuente, Hist. de España, tom. xiv. p. 408.

† Ranke, Ottoman and Spanish Empires, p. 59.

‡ "Que cada semana ó cada mes se nombren en los ayuntamientos de cada ciudad ó villa destes Reynos, dos Regidores, los quales se hallen á la vision y visitas de la carcel."—Cortes of Toledo of 1569, 1560, pet. 102.

§ Provision real para que los mesones del reyno esten bien proveidos de los mantenimientos necesarios para los caminantes, Toledo, 20 de Octubre de 1560.

|| "Como los mancebos y las donzellas por su ociosidad se principalmente ocupan en aquello [ser libros de mentiras y vanidades], desvanescense y aficionanase en cierta manera á los casos que leen en aquellos libros haver acontecido, ansí da amores como de armas y otras vanidades: y aficionados, quando se ofrece algun caso semejante, danse á el mas á flanda sueita que si no lo huviesen leydo."—Cortes of 1568, pet. 107, cited by Ranke, Ottoman and Spanish Empires, p. 60.

which at this period were at the height of their popularity in Castile. Cervantes had not yet aimed at this pestilent literature those shafts of ridicule which did more than any legislation could have done towards driving it from the land.

The commons watched over the business of education as zealously as over any of the material interests of the state. They inspected the condition of the higher seminaries, and would have provision made for the foundation of new chairs in the universities. In accordance with their views, though not in conformity to any positive suggestion, Philip published a pragmatic in respect to these institutions. He complained of the practice, rapidly increasing among his subjects, of going abroad to get their education, when the most ample provision was made for it at home. The effect was eminently disastrous; for while the Castilian universities languished for want of patronage, the student who went abroad was pretty sure to return with ideas not the best suited to his own country. The king, therefore, prohibited Spaniards from going to any university out of his dominions, and required all now abroad to return. This edict he accompanied with the severe penalty of forfeiture of their secular possessions for ecclesiastics, and of banishment and confiscation of property for laymen.*

This kind of pragmatic, though made doubtless in accordance with the popular feeling, inferred a stretch of arbitrary power that cannot be charged on those which emanated directly from the suggestion of the legislature. In this respect, however, it fell far short of those ordinances which proceeded exclusively from the royal will, without reference to the wishes of the commons. Such ordinances—and they were probably more numerous than any other class of laws during this reign—are doubtless among the most arbitrary acts of which a monarch can be guilty; for they imply nothing less than an assumption of the law-making power into his own hands. Indeed, they met with a strong remonstrance in the year 1579, when Philip was besought by the commons not to make any laws but such as had first received the sanction of the Cortes†. Yet Philip might vindicate himself by the example of his predecessors—even of those who, like Ferdinand and Isabella, had most at heart the interests of the nation.‡

It must be further admitted, that the more regular mode of proceeding, with the co-operation of the Cortes, had in it much to warrant the idea, that the real right of legislation was vested in the king. A petition, usually couched in the most humble terms, prayed his majesty to give his assent to the law proposed. This he did in a few words; or, what was much more common, he refused to give it, declaring that, in the existing case, "it was not expedient that any change should be made." It was observed that the number of cases in which Philip rejected the petitions of the commons was much greater than had been usual with former sovereigns.

A more frequent practice with Philip was one that better suited his hesitating nature and habit of procrastination. He replied in ambiguous terms, that "he would take the matter into consideration," or "that he would lay it before his council, and take such measures as would be best for his service." Thus the Cortes adjourned in ignorance of the fate of their petitions. Even when he announced his assent, as it was left to him to prescribe the terms of the law, it might be more or less conformable to those of the petition. The

* *Pragmatica para que ningun natural de estos reynos vaya a estudiar fuera de ellos*, Aranjuez, 22 de Noviembre de 1559.

† Marina, *Teoria de las Cortes*, tom. ii. p. 219.

‡ See the "*Pragmaticas del Reyno*," first printed at Alcalá de Henares, at the close of Isabella's reign, in 1503. This famous collection was almost wholly made up of the ordinances of Ferdinand and Isabella. After passing through several editions it was finally absorbed in the "*Nueva Recopilacion*" of Philip the Second.

Cortes having been dismissed, there was no redress to be obtained if the law did not express their views, nor could any remonstrance be presented by that body until their next session, usually three years later. The practice established by Charles the Fifth, of postponing the presenting of petitions till the supplies had been voted, and the immediate adjournment of the legislature afterwards, secured an absolute authority to the princes of the house of Austria, that made a fearful change in the ancient constitution of Castile.

Yet the meetings of the Cortes, shorn as that body was of its ancient privileges, were not without important benefits to the nation. None could be better acquainted than the deputies with the actual wants and wishes of their constituents. It was a manifest advantage for the king to receive this information. It enabled him to take the course best suited to the interests of the people, to which he would naturally be inclined when he did not regard them as conflicting with his own. Even when he did, the strenuous support of their own views by the commons might compel him to modify his measures. However absolute the monarch, he would naturally shrink from pursuing a policy so odious to the people that, if persevered in, it might convert remonstrance into downright resistance.

The freedom of discussion among the deputies is attested by the independent tone with which in their petitions they denounce the manifold abuses in the state. It is honourable to Philip, that he should not have attempted to stifle this freedom of debate; though perhaps this may be more correctly referred to his policy, which made him willing to leave this safety-valve open for the passions of the people. He may have been content to flatter them with the image of power, conscious that he alone retained the substance of it. However this may have been, the good effect of the exercise of these rights, imperfect as they were, by the third estate, must be highly estimated. The fact of being called together to consult on public affairs gave the people a consideration in their own eyes which raised them far above the abject condition of the subjects of an Eastern despotism. It cherished in them that love of independence which was their birthright, inherited from their ancestors, and thus maintained in their bosoms those lofty sentiments which were the characteristics of the humbler classes of the Spaniards beyond those of any other nation in Christendom.

One feature was wanting to complete the picture of absolute monarchy. This was a standing army,—a thing hitherto unknown in Spain. There was, indeed, an immense force kept on foot in the time of Charles the Fifth, and many of the troops were Spaniards. But they were stationed abroad, and were intended solely for foreign enterprises. It is to Philip's time that we are to refer the first germs of a permanent military establishment, designed to maintain order and obedience at home.

The levies raised for this purpose amounted to twenty companies of men-at-arms, which, with the complement of four or five followers to each lance, made a force of some strength. It was further swelled by five thousand *ginetes*, or light cavalry.* These corps were a heavy charge on the crown. They were called "the Guards of Castile." The men-at-arms, in particular, were an object of great care, and were under admirable discipline. Even Philip, who had little relish for military affairs, was in the habit of occasionally reviewing them in person. In addition to these troops there was a body of thirty thousand militia, whom the king could call into the field when necessary. A corps of some sixteen hundred horsemen patrolled the southern coast of Andalusia, to guard the country from invasion by the African Moslems; and garrisons established in fortresses along the frontiers of Spain, both north and south, completed a permanent force for the defence of the kingdom against domestic insurrection, as well as foreign invasion.

* *Relazione di Contarini, MS.*

CHAPTER II.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

The Clergy—Their Subordination to the Crown—The Escorial—Queen Anne.

A REVIEW of the polity of Castile would be incomplete without a notice of the ecclesiastical order, which may well be supposed to have stood pre-eminent in such a country, and under such a monarch as Philip the Second. Indeed, not only did that prince present himself before the world as the great champion of the Faith, but he seemed ever solicitous in private life to display his zeal for religion and its ministers. Many anecdotes are told of him in connection with this. On one occasion, seeing a young girl going within the railing of the altar, he rebuked her, saying, "Where the priest enters is no place either for me or you."* A cavalier who had given a blow to a canon of Toledo he sentenced to death.†

Under his protection and princely patronage, the Church reached its most palmy state. Colleges and convents—in short, religious institutions of every kind—were scattered broadcast over the land. The good fathers loved pleasant and picturesque sites for their dwellings; and the traveller, as he journeyed through the country, was surprised by the number of stately edifices which crowned the hill-tops, or rested on their slopes, surrounded by territories that spread out for many a league over meadows and cultivated fields and pasture-land.

The secular clergy, at least the higher dignitaries, were so well endowed as sometimes to eclipse the grandees in the pomp of their establishments. In the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, the archbishop of Toledo held jurisdiction over fifteen principal towns and a great number of villages. His income amounted to full eighty thousand ducats a year.‡ In Philip's time the income of the archbishop of Seville amounted to the same sum, while that of the see of Toledo had risen to two hundred thousand ducats, nearly twice as much as that of the richest grandee in the kingdom.§ In power and opulence, the primate of Spain ranked next in Christendom to the pope.

The great source of all this wealth of the ecclesiastical order in Castile, as in most other countries, was the benefactions and bequests of the pious—of those, more especially, whose piety had been deferred till the close of life, when, anxious to make amends for past delinquencies, they bestowed the more freely that it was at the expense of their heirs. As what was thus bequeathed was locked up by entail, the constantly accumulating property of the Church had amounted, in Philip's time, if we may take the assertion of the Cortes, to more than one-half of the landed property in the kingdom.|| Thus the burden of providing for the expenses of the state fell with increased heaviness on the commons. Alienations in mortmain formed the subject of one of their earliest remonstrances after Philip's accession, but without effect; and though the same petition was urged in very plain language at almost every succeeding session, the king still answered that it was not expedient to make any change in the existing laws. Besides his goodwill to the ecclesiastical order, Philip

* "Vos ni yo no avemos de súbrir donde los Sacerdotes."—*Dichos y Hechos de Phelipe II.*, p. 96.

† Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 894.

‡ L. Marineo Siculo, *Cosas Memorables*, fol. 23.

§ Nota di tutti li Titolati di Spagna, MS.

|| Lafuente, *Historia de España*, tom. xiv. p. 416.

was occupied with the costly construction of the Escorial; and he had probably no mind to see the streams of public bounty, which had hitherto flowed so freely into the reservoirs of the Church, thus suddenly obstructed, when they were so much needed for his own infant institution.

While Philip was thus willing to exalt the religious order, already far too powerful, he was careful that it should never gain such a height as would enable it to overtop the royal authority. Both in the Church and in the council—for they were freely introduced into the councils—theologians were ever found the most devoted servants of the crown. Indeed, it was on the crown that they were obliged to rest all their hopes of preferment.

Philip perfectly understood that the control of the clergy must be lodged with that power which had the right of nomination to benefices. The Roman see, in its usual spirit of encroachment, had long claimed the exercise of this right in Castile, as it had done in other European states. The great battle with the Church was fought in the time of Isabella the Catholic. Fortunately the sceptre was held by a sovereign whose loyalty to the Faith was beyond suspicion. From this hard struggle she came off victorious; and the government of Castile henceforth retained possession of the important prerogative of appointing to vacant benefices.

Philip, with all his deference to Rome, was not a man to relinquish any of the prerogatives of the crown. A difficulty arose under Pius the Fifth, who contended that he still had the right, possessed by former popes, of nominating to ecclesiastical offices in Milan, Naples, and Sicily, the Italian possessions held by Spain. He complained bitterly of the conduct of the councils in those states, which refused to allow the publication of his bulls without the royal *exequatur*. Philip, in mild terms, expressed his desire to maintain the most amicable relations with the see of Rome, provided he was not required to compromise the interests of his crown. At the same time he intimated his surprise that his holiness should take exceptions at his exercise of the rights of his predecessors, to many of whom the Church was indebted for the most signal services. The pope was well aware of the importance of maintaining a good understanding with so devoted a son of the Church; and Philip was allowed to remain henceforth in undisturbed possession of this inestimable prerogative.*

The powers thus vested in the king he exercised with great discretion. With his usual facilities for information he made himself acquainted with the characters of the clergy in the different parts of his dominions. He was so accurate in his knowledge, that he was frequently able to detect an error or omission in the information he received. To one who had been giving him an account of a certain ecclesiastic, he remarked—"You have told me nothing of his amours." Thus perfectly apprised of the characters of the candidates, he was prepared, whenever a vacancy occurred, to fill the place with a suitable incumbent.†

It was his habit, before preferring an individual to a high office, to have proof of his powers by trying them first in some subordinate station. In his selection he laid much stress on rank, for the influence it carried with it. Yet frequently, when well satisfied of the merits of the parties, he promoted those whose humble condition had made them little prepared for such an elevation.‡ There was no more effectual way to secure his favour than to show

* Lafuente, Historia de España, tom. xiii. p. 261.—Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, pp. 432, 433.

† Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, lib. xi. cap. 11; lib. xii. cap. 21.—Relazione Anon. 1688, MS.

‡ "Otras vezes presentaba para Obispos Canonigos tan particulares i presbiteros tan apartados no solo de tal esperanza, mas pensamiento en si mismos, i en la comun opinion, que la cedula de su presentacion no admitia su rezelo de ser enfiados ó burlados. Eligia á quien no pedia, i merecia."—Cabrera, Felipe Segundo, p. 891.

a steady resistance to the usurpations of Rome. It was owing, in part at least, to the refusal of Quiroga, the bishop of Cuenca, to publish a papal bull without the royal assent, that he was raised to the highest dignity in the kingdom, as archbishop of Toledo. Philip chose to have a suitable acknowledgment from the person on whom he conferred a favour; and once, when an ecclesiastic, whom he had made a bishop, went to take possession of his see without first expressing his gratitude, the king sent for him back, to remind him of his duty.* Such an acknowledgment was in the nature of a homage rendered to his master on his preferment.

Thus gratitude for the past and hopes for the future were the strong ties which bound every prelate to his sovereign. In a difference with the Roman see, the Castilian churchman was sure to be found on the side of the sovereign, rather than on that of the pontiff. In his own troubles, in like manner, it was to the king, and not to the pope, that he was to turn for relief. The king, on the other hand, when pressed by those embarrassments with which he was too often surrounded, looked for aid to the clergy, who for the most part rendered it cheerfully and in liberal measure. Nowhere were the clergy so heavily burdened as in Spain.† It was computed that at least one-third of their revenues was given to the king. Thus completely were the different orders, both spiritual and temporal, throughout the monarchy, under the control of the sovereign.

A few pages back, while touching on alienations in mortmain, I had occasion to allude to the Escorial, that "eighth wonder of the world," as it is proudly styled by the Spaniards. There can be no place more proper to give an account of this extraordinary edifice, than the part of the narrative in which I have been desirous to throw as much light as possible on the character and occupations of Philip. The Escorial engrossed the leisure of more than thirty years of his life; it reflects in a peculiar manner his tastes, and the austere character of his mind; and whatever criticism may be passed on it as a work of art, it cannot be denied that, if every other vestige of his reign were to be swept away, that wonderful structure would of itself suffice to show the grandeur of his plans and the extent of his resources.

The common tradition that Philip built the Escorial in pursuance of a vow which he made at the time of the great battle of St. Quentin, the 10th of August, 1557, has been rejected by modern critics, on the ground that contemporary writers, and amongst them the historians of the convent, make no mention of the fact. But a recently-discovered document leaves little doubt that such a vow was actually made.‡ However this may have been, it is certain that the king designed to commemorate the event by this structure, as is intimated by its dedication to St. Lawrence, the martyr on whose day the victory was gained. The name given to the place was *El Sitio de San Lorenzo el Real*. But the monastery was better known from the hamlet near which it stood,—*El Escorial*, or *El Escorial*,—which latter soon became the orthography generally adopted by the Castilians.§

* Cabrera, Filipe Segundo, lib. xi. cap. 11.

† Relazione di Contarini, MS.—Ranke, Ottoman and Spanish Empires, p. 61.

‡ The document alluded to is a letter, without date or signature, but in the handwriting of the sixteenth century, and purporting to be written by a person entrusted with the task of drafting the necessary legal instruments for the foundation of the convent. He inquires whether in the preamble he shall make mention of his majesty's vow. "*El voto que S. M. hizo, si S. M. no lo quiere poner ni declarar, bien puede, porque no hay para que; pero si S. M. quisiere que se declare en las escrituras, avisemelo v. m.*"—Documentos Inéditos, tom. xxviii. p. 567.

§ Examples equally ancient, of both forms of spelling the name, may be found; though *Escorial*, now universal in the Castilian, seems to have been also the more common from

The motives which, after all, operated probably most powerfully on Philip, had no connection with the battle of St. Quentin. His father, the emperor, had directed by his will that his bones should remain at Yuste, until a more suitable place should be provided for them by his son. The building now to be erected was designed expressly as a mausoleum for Philip's parents, as well as for their descendants of the royal line of Austria. But the erection of a religious house on a magnificent scale, that would proclaim to the world his devotion to the Faith, was the predominant idea in the mind of Philip. It was, moreover, a part of his scheme to combine in the plan a palace for himself; for, with a taste which he may be said to have inherited from his father, he loved to live in the sacred shadows of the cloister. These ideas, somewhat incongruous as they may seem, were fully carried out by the erection of an edifice dedicated at once to the threefold purpose of a palace, a monastery, and a tomb.*

Soon after the king's return to Spain, he set about carrying his plan into execution. The site which, after careful examination, he selected for the building, was among the mountains of the Guadarrama, on the borders of New Castile,† about eight leagues north-west of Madrid. The healthiness of the place and its convenient distance from the capital combined with the stern and solitary character of the region, so congenial to his taste, to give it the preference over other spots, which might have found more favour with persons of a different nature. Encompassed by rude and rocky hills, which sometimes soar to the gigantic elevation of mountains, it seemed to be shut out completely from the world. The vegetation was of a thin and stunted growth, seldom spreading out into the luxuriant foliage of the lower regions; and the winds swept down from the neighbouring sierra with the violence of a hurricane. Yet the air was salubrious, and the soil was nourished by springs of the purest water. To add to its recommendations, a quarry, close at hand, of excellent stone, somewhat resembling granite in appearance, readily supplied the materials for building,—a circumstance, considering the vastness of the work, of no little importance.

The architect who furnished the plans, and on whom the king relied for superintending their execution, was Juan Bautista de Toledo. He was born in Spain, and, early discovering uncommon talents for his profession, was sent to Italy. Here he studied the principles of his art, under the great masters who were then filling their native land with those monuments of genius that furnished the best study to the artist. Toledo imbibed their spirit, and under their tuition acquired that simple, indeed severe taste, which formed a contrast to the prevalent tone of Spanish architecture, but which, happily, found favour with his royal patron.

Before a stone of the new edifice was laid, Philip had taken care to provide himself with the tenants who were to occupy it. At a general chapter of the Jeronymite fraternity, a prior was chosen for the convent of the Escorial, which was to consist of fifty members, soon increased to double that number. Philip had been induced to give the preference to the Jeronymite order, partly from their general reputation for ascetic piety, and in part from the regard shown for them by his father, who had chosen a convent of that order as the place of his last retreat. The monks were speedily transferred to the village

the first. The word is derived from *scoria*, the dross of iron-mines, found near the spot. See Ford, Handbook for Spain (3rd edition), p. 751.

* A letter of the royal founder, published by Siguencia, enumerates the objects to which the new building was to be specially devoted.—Historia de la Orden de San Geronimo, tom. iii. p. 534.

† "The Escorial is placed by some geographers in Old Castile; but the division of the provinces is carried on the crest of the Sierra which rises behind it."—Ford, Handbook for Spain, p. 750.

of the Escorial, where they continued to dwell until accommodations were prepared for them in the magnificent pile which they were thenceforth to occupy.

Their temporary habitation was of the meanest kind, like most of the buildings in the hamlet. It was without window or chimney, and the rain found its way through the dilapidated roof of the apartment which they used as a chapel; so that they were obliged to protect themselves by a coverlet stretched above their heads. A rude altar was raised at one end of the chapel, over which was scrawled on the wall, with charcoal, the figure of a crucifix.*

The king, on his visits to the place, was lodged in the house of the curate, in not much better repair than the other dwellings in the hamlet. While there, he was punctual in his attendance at mass, when a rude seat was prepared for him near the choir, consisting of a three-legged stool, defended from vulgar eyes by a screen of such old and tattered cloth that the inquisitive spectator might, without difficulty, see him through the holes in it.† He was so near the choir, that the monk who stood next to him could hardly avoid being brought into contact with the royal person. The Jeronymite who tells the story assures us that Brother Antonio used to weep as he declared that more than once, when he cast a furtive glance at the monarch, he saw his eyes filled with tears. "Such," says the good father, "were the devout and joyful feelings with which the king, as he gazed on the poverty around him, meditated his lofty plans for converting this poverty into a scene of grandeur more worthy of the worship to be performed there."‡

The brethren were much edified by the humility shown by Philip when attending the services in this wretched cabin. They often told the story of his one day coming late to matins, when, unwilling to interrupt the services, he quietly took his seat by the entrance, on a rude bench, at the upper end of which a peasant was sitting. He remained some time before his presence was observed, when the monks conducted him to his tribune.§

On the twenty-third of April, 1563, the first stone of the monastery was laid. On the twentieth of August following, the corner-stone of the church was also laid, with still greater pomp and solemnity. The royal confessor, the bishop of Cuenca, arrayed in his pontificals, presided over the ceremonies. The king was present, and laid the stone with his own hands. The principal nobles of the court were in attendance, and there was a great concourse of spectators, both ecclesiastics and laymen; the solemn services were concluded by the brotherhood, who joined in an anthem of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty, to whom so glorious a monument was to be reared in this mountain wilderness.||

The rude sierra now swarmed with life. The ground was covered with tents and huts. The busy hum of labour mingled with the songs of the labourers, which, from their various dialects, betrayed the different, and oftentimes

* Siguencia, Hist. de la Orden de San Geronimo, tom. iii. p. 549.—Memorias de Fray Juan de San Geronimo, Documentos Inéditos, tom. vii. p. 22.

† "Tenia de ordinario una banquetilla de tres pies, batísima y grosera, por silla, y cuando iba á missa porque estuviere con algun decencia se le ponía un paño viejo francés de Almaguer el contador, que ya de gastado y deshiliado hacía harto lugar por sus agujeros á los que querían ver á la Persona Real."—Memorias de Fray Juan de San Geronimo, Documentos Inéditos, tom. vii. p. 22.

‡ "Jurábame muchas veces llorando el dicho fray Antonio que muchas veces alzando cautamente los ojos ví correr por los de S. M. lágrimas; tanta era su devoción mezclada con el alegría de verse en aquella pobreza y ver tras esto aquella alta idea que en su mente traía de la grandeza á que pensaba levantar aquella pequeñez del divino culto."—Ibid., ubi supra.

§ "Para levantar tanta fábrica menester eran actos de humildad tan profunda!"—Ibid., p. 23.

|| Ibid., p. 25 et seq.—Siguencia, Hist. de la Orden de San Geronimo, tom. iii. p. 546.

distant, provinces from which they had come. In this motley host the greatest order and decorum prevailed; nor were the peaceful occupations of the day interrupted by any indecent brawls.

As the work advanced, Philip's visits to the Escorial were longer and more frequent. He had always shown his love for the retirement of the cloister, by passing some days of every year in it. Indeed, he was in the habit of keeping Holy Week not far from the scene of his present labours, at the convent of Guisando. In his present monastic retreat he had the additional interest afforded by the contemplation of the great work, which seemed to engage as much of his thoughts as any of the concerns of government.

Philip had given a degree of attention to the study of the fine arts seldom found in persons of his condition. He was a connoisseur in painting, and, above all, in architecture, making a careful study of its principles, and occasionally furnishing designs with his own hand.* No prince of his time left behind him so many proofs of his taste and magnificence in building. The royal mint at Segovia, the hunting-seat of the Pardo, the pleasant residence of Aranjuez, the alcazar of Madrid, the "Armeria Real," and other noble works which adorned his infant capital, were either built or greatly embellished by him. The land was covered with structures both civil and religious, which rose under the royal patronage. Churches and convents—the latter in lamentable profusion—constantly met the eye of the traveller. The general style of their execution was simple in the extreme. Some, like the great cathedral of Valladolid, of more pretension, but still showing the same austere character in their designs, furnished excellent models of architecture to counteract the meretricious tendencies of the age. Structures of a different kind from these were planted by Philip along the frontiers in the north and on the southern coasts of the kingdom; and the voyager in the Mediterranean beheld fortress after fortress crowning the heights above the shore, for its defence against the Barbary corsair. Nor was the king's passion for building confined to Spain. Wherever his armies penetrated in the semi-civilized regions of the New World, the march of the conqueror was sure to be traced by the ecclesiastical and military structures which rose in his rear.

Fortunately, similarity of taste led to the most perfect harmony between the monarch and his architect, in their conferences on the great work which was to crown the architectural glories of Philip's reign. The king inspected the details, and watched over every step in the progress of the building, with as much care as Toledo himself. In order to judge of the effect from a distance, he was in the habit of climbing the mountains at a spot about half a league from the monastery, where a kind of natural chair was formed by the crags. Here, with his spyglass in his hand, he would sit for hours, and gaze on the complicated structure growing up below. The place is still known as the "king's seat."†

It was certainly no slight proof of the deep interest which Philip took in the work, that he was content to exchange his palace at Madrid for a place that afforded him no better accommodations than the poverty-stricken village of the Escorial. In 1571 he made an important change in these accommodations, by erecting a chapel which might afford the monks a more decent house of worship than their old weather-beaten hovel; and with this he combined a comfortable apartment for himself. In these new quarters he passed still more of his time in cloistered seclusion than he had done before. Far from

* "Tenia tanta destreza en disponer las traças de Palacios, Castillos, Jardines, y otras cosas, que quando Francisco de Mora mi Tio Traçador mayor suyo, y Juan de Herrera su Antecesor le traian la primera planta, assi mandava quitar, ó poner, ó mudar, como si fuera un Vitruvio."—*Dichos y Hechos de Felipe II.*, p. 181.

† Lafuente, *Historia de España*, tom. xiii. p. 253.

confining his attention to a supervision of the Escorial, he brought his secretaries and his papers along with him, read here his despatches from abroad, and kept up a busy correspondence with all parts of his dominions. He did four times the amount of work here, says a Jeronymite, that he did in the same number of days in the capital.* He used to boast that, thus hidden from the world, with a little bit of paper, he ruled over both hemispheres. That he did not always wisely rule, is proved by more than one of his despatches relating to the affairs of Flanders, which issued from this consecrated place. Here he received accounts of the proceedings of his heretic subjects in the Netherlands, and of the Morisco insurgents in Granada. And as he pondered on their demolition of church and convent, and their desecration of the most holy symbols of the Catholic faith, he doubtless felt a proud satisfaction in proving his own piety to the world by the erection of the most sumptuous edifice ever dedicated to the Cross.

In 1577, the Escorial was so far advanced towards its completion as to afford accommodations not merely for Philip and his personal attendants, but for many of the court, who were in the habit of spending some time there with the king during the summer. On one of these occasions, an accident occurred which had nearly been attended with most disastrous consequences to the building.

A violent thunderstorm was raging in the mountains, and the lightning struck one of the great towers of the monastery. In a short time the upper portion of the building was in a blaze. So much of it, fortunately, was of solid materials, that the fire made slow progress. But the difficulty of bringing water to bear on it was extreme. It was eleven o'clock at night when the fire broke out, and in the orderly household of Philip all had retired to rest. They were soon roused by the noise. The king took his station on the opposite tower, and watched with deep anxiety the progress of the flames. The duke of Alba was one among the guests. Though sorely afflicted with the gout at the time, he wrapped his dressing-gown about him, and climbed to a spot which afforded a still nearer view of the conflagration. Here the "good duke" at once assumed the command, and gave his orders with as much promptness and decision as on the field of battle.†

All the workmen, as well as the neighbouring peasantry, were assembled there. The men showed the same spirit of subordination which they had shown throughout the erection of the building. The duke's orders were implicitly obeyed; and more than one instance is recorded of daring self-devotion among the workmen, who toiled as if conscious they were under the eye of their sovereign. The tower trembled under the fury of the flames; and the upper portion of it threatened every moment to fall in ruins. Great fears were entertained that it would crush the hospital, situated in that part of the monastery. Fortunately, it fell in an opposite direction, carrying with it a splendid chime of bells that was lodged in it, but doing no injury to the spectators. The loss which bore most heavily on the royal heart was that of sundry inestimable relics which perished in the flames. But Philip's sorrow was mitigated when he learned that a bit of the true cross, and the right arm of St. Lawrence, the martyred patron of the Escorial, were rescued from the flames. At length, by incredible efforts, the fire, which had lasted till six in the morning, was happily extinguished, and Philip withdrew to his chamber,

* "Sabese de cierto que se negociava aqui mas en un dia que en Madrid en quatro."—Siguencia, *Hist. de la Orden de San Geronimo*, tom. iii. p. 575.

† "El buen Duque de Alba, aunque su vejez y gota no le daban lugar, se subió á lo alto de la torre á dar ánimo y esfuerzo á los oficiales y gente; . . . y esto lo hacia S. E. como diestro capitan y como quien se habia visto en otros mayores peligros en la guerra."—*Memorias de Fray Juan de San Geronimo, Documentos Inéditos*, tom. vii. p. 197.

where his first act, we are told, was to return thanks to the Almighty for the preservation of the building consecrated to his service.*

The king was desirous that as many of the materials as possible for the structure should be collected from his own dominions. These were so vast, and so various in their productions, that they furnished nearly every article required for the construction of the edifice, as well as for its interior decoration. The grey stone, of which its walls were formed, was drawn from a neighbouring quarry. It was called *berroquena*,—a stone bearing a resemblance to granite, though not so hard. The blocks hewn from the quarries, and dressed there, were of such magnitude as sometimes to require forty or fifty yoke of oxen to drag them. The jasper came from the neighbourhood of Burgo de Osma. The more delicate marbles, of a great variety of colours, were furnished by the mountain-ranges in the south of the Peninsula. The costly and elegant fabrics were many of them supplied by native artisans. Such were the damasks and velvets of Granada. Other cities, as Madrid, Toledo, and Saragossa, showed the proficiency of native art in curious manufactures of bronze and iron, and occasionally of the more precious metals.

Yet Philip was largely indebted to his foreign possessions, especially those in Italy and the Low Countries, for the embellishment of the interior of the edifice, which, in its sumptuous style of decoration, presented a contrast to the stern simplicity of its exterior. Milan, so renowned at that period for its fine workmanship in steel, gold, and precious stones, contributed many exquisite specimens of art. The walls were clothed with gorgeous tapestries from the Flemish looms. Spanish convents vied with each other in furnishing embroideries for the altars. Even the rude colonies in the New World had their part in the great work, and the American forests supplied their cedar and ebony and richly-tinted woods, which displayed all their magical brilliancy of colour under the hands of the Castilian workman.†

Though desirous, as far as possible, to employ the products of his own dominions, and to encourage native art, in one particular he resorted almost exclusively to foreigners. The oil-paintings and frescoes which profusely decorated the walls and ceilings of the Escorial were executed by artists drawn chiefly from Italy, whose schools of design were still in their glory. But of all living painters, Titian was the one whom Philip, like his father, most delighted to honour. To the king's generous patronage the world is indebted for some of that great master's noblest productions, which found a fitting place on the walls of the Escorial.

The prices which Philip paid enabled him to command the services of the most eminent artists. Many anecdotes are told of his munificence. He was, however, a severe critic. He did not prematurely disclose his opinion. But when the hour came, the painter had sometimes the mortification to find the work he had executed, it may be with great confidence than skill, peremptorily rejected, or at best condemned to some obscure corner of the building. This was the fate of an Italian artist, of much more pretension than power, who, after repeated failures according to the judgment of the king—which later critics have not reversed—was dismissed to his own country. But even here Philip dealt in a magnanimous way with the unlucky painter. "It is not Zuccaro's fault," he said, "but that of the persons who brought him here;" and when he put him back to Italy, he gave him a considerable sum of money in addition to his large salary.‡

* *Memorias de Fray Juan de San Geronimo, Documentos Inéditos*, tom. vii. p. 201.

† Siquenza, *Hist. de la Orden de San Geronimo*, tom. iii. p. 696.—*Dichos y Hechos de Philippe II.*, p. 239.—Lafuente, *Hist. de España*, tom. xiv. p. 427.

‡ *Stirling, Annals of the Artists of Spain*, tom. i. p. 211.

Before this magnificent pile, in a manner the creation of his own taste, Philip's nature appeared to expand, and to discover some approach to those generous sympathies for humanity which elsewhere seemed to have been denied him. He would linger for hours while he watched the labours of the artist, making occasional criticisms, and laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder.* He seemed to put off the coldness and reserve which formed so essential a part of his character. On one occasion, it is said, a stranger, having come into the Escorial when the king was there, mistook him for one of the officials, and asked him some questions about the pictures. Philip, without undeceiving the man, humoured his mistake, and good-naturedly undertook the part of *cicerone*, by answering his inquiries, and showing him some of the objects most worth seeing.† Similar anecdotes have been told of others. What is strange is, that Philip should have acted the part of the good-natured man.

In 1584, the masonry of the Escorial was completed. Twenty-one years had elapsed since the first stone of the monastery was laid. This certainly must be regarded as a short period for the erection of so stupendous a pile. St. Peter's church, with which one naturally compares it as the building nearest in size and magnificence, occupied more than a century in its erection, which spread over the reigns of at least eighteen popes. But the Escorial, with the exception of the subterraneous chapel constructed by Philip the Fourth for the burial-place of the Spanish princes, was executed in the reign of one monarch. That monarch held in his hands the revenues of both the Old World and the New; and as he gave, in some sort, a personal supervision to the work, we may be sure that no one was allowed to sleep on his post.

Yet the architect who designed the building was not permitted to complete it. Long before it was finished, the hand of Toledo had mouldered in the dust. By his death it seemed that Philip had met with an irreparable loss. He felt it to be so himself; and with great distrust consigned the important task to Juan de Herrera, a young Asturian. But though young, Herrera had been formed on the best models; for he was the favourite pupil of Toledo, and it soon appeared that he had not only imbibed the severe and elevated tastes of his master, but that his own genius fully enabled him to comprehend all Toledo's great conceptions, and to carry them out as perfectly as that artist could have done himself. Philip saw with satisfaction that he had made no mistake in his selection. He soon conferred as freely with the new architect as he had done with his predecessor. He even showed him greater favour, settling on him a salary of a thousand ducats a year, and giving him an office in the royal household, and the cross of St. Iago. Herrera had the happiness to complete the Escorial. Indeed, he lived some six years after its completion. He left several works, both civil and ecclesiastical, which perpetuate his fame. But the Escorial is the monument by which his name, and that of his master, Toledo, have come down to posterity as those of the two greatest architects of whom Spain can boast.

This is not the place for criticism on the architectural merits of the Escorial. Such criticism more properly belongs to a treatise on art. It has been my object simply to lay before the reader such an account of the execution of this great work as would enable him to form some idea of the object to which Philip devoted so large a portion of his time, and which so eminently reflected his peculiar cast of mind.

Critics have greatly differed from each other in their judgments of the Escorial. Few foreigners have been found to acquiesce in the undiluted pan-

* Stirling, *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, tom. i. p. 208.

† *Dichos y Hechos de Felipe II.*, p. 81.

gyric of those Castilians who pronounce it the eighth wonder of the world.* Yet it cannot be denied that few foreigners are qualified to decide on the merits of a work, to judge of which correctly requires a perfect understanding of the character of the country in which it was built, and of the monarch who built it. The traveller who gazes on its long lines of cold grey stone, scarcely broken by an ornament, feels a dreary sensation creeping over him, while he contrasts it with the lighter and more graceful edifices to which his eye has been accustomed. But he may read in this the true expression of the founder's character. Philip did not aim at the beautiful, much less at the festive and cheerful. The feelings which he desired to raise in the spectator were of that solemn, indeed sombre complexion, which corresponded best with his own religious faith.

Whatever defects may be charged on the Escorial, it is impossible to view it from a distance, and see the mighty pile as it emerges from the gloomy depths of the mountains, without feeling how perfectly it conforms in its aspect to the wild and melancholy scenery of the sierra. Nor can one enter the consecrated precincts without confessing the genius of the place, and experiencing sensations of a mysterious awe as he wanders through the desolate halls, which fancy peoples with the solemn images of the past.

The architect of the building was embarrassed by more than one difficulty of a very peculiar kind. It was not simply a monastery that he was to build. The same edifice, as we have seen, was to comprehend at once a convent, a palace, and a tomb. It was no easy problem to reconcile objects so discordant, and to infuse into them a common principle of unity. It is no reproach to the builder that he did not perfectly succeed in this, and that the palace should impair the predominant tone of feeling raised by the other parts of the structure, looking in fact like an excrescence, rather than an integral portion of the edifice.

Another difficulty, of a more whimsical nature, imposed on the architect, was the necessity of accommodating the plan of the building to the form of a gridiron—as typical of the kind of martyrdom suffered by the patron saint of the Escorial. Thus the long lines of cloisters, with their intervening courts, served for the bars of the instrument. The four lofty spires at the corners of the monastery, represented its legs inverted; and the palace, extending its slender length on the east, furnished the awkward handle.

It is impossible for language to convey any adequate idea of a work of art. Yet architecture has this advantage over the sister arts of design, that the mere statement of the dimensions helps us much in forming a conception of the work. A few of these dimensions will serve to give an idea of the magnitude of the edifice. They are reported to us by Los Santos, a Jeronymite monk, who has left one of the best accounts of the Escorial.

The main building, or monastery, he estimates at seven hundred and forty Castilian feet in length by five hundred and eighty in breadth. Its greatest height, measured to the central cross above the dome of the great church, is three hundred and fifteen feet. The whole circumference of the Escorial, including the palace, he reckons at two thousand nine hundred and eighty feet, or near three-fifths of a mile. The patient inquirer tells us there were no less than twelve thousand doors and windows in the building; that the weight of the keys alone amounted to fifty *arrobas*, or twelve hundred and fifty pounds; and, finally, that there were sixty-eight fountains playing in the halls and courts of this enormous pile.†

* One of its historians, Father Francisco de los Santos, styles it on his title-page. "*Unica Maravilla del Mundo*."—*Descripcion del Real Monasterio de San Lorenzo de el Escorial* (Madrid, 1698).

† Los Santos, *Descripcion del Escorial*, fol. 116.

The cost of its construction and interior decoration, we are informed by Father Sigença, amounted to very near six millions of ducats.* Sigença was prior of the monastery, and had access, of course, to the best sources of information. That he did not exaggerate, may be inferred from the fact that he was desirous to relieve the building from the imputation of any excessive expenditure incurred in its erection—a common theme of complaint, it seems, and one that was urged with strong marks of discontent by contemporary writers. Probably no single edifice ever contained such an amount and variety of inestimable treasures as the Escorial,—so many paintings and sculptures by the greatest masters,—so many articles of exquisite workmanship, composed of the most precious materials. It would be a mistake to suppose that, when the building was finished, the labours of Philip were at an end. One might almost say they were but begun. The casket was completed; but the remainder of his days was to be passed in filling it with the rarest and richest gems. This was a labour never to be completed. It was to be bequeathed to his successors, who with more or less taste, but with the revenues of the Indies at their disposal, continued to lavish them on the embellishment of the Escorial.†

Philip the Second set the example. He omitted nothing which could give a value, real or imaginary, to his museum. He gathered at an immense cost several hundred cases of the bones of saints and martyrs, depositing them in rich silver shrines, of elaborate workmanship. He collected four thousand volumes, in various languages, especially the Oriental, as the basis of the fine library of the Escorial.

The care of successive princes, who continued to spend there a part of every year, preserved the palace-monastery and its contents from the rude touch of Time. But what the hand of Time had spared, the hand of violence destroyed. The French, who in the early part of the present century swept like a horde of Vandals over the Peninsula, did not overlook the Escorial. For in it they saw the monument designed to commemorate their own humiliating defeat. A body of dragoons under La Houssaye burst into the monastery in the winter of 1808; and the ravages of a few days demolished what it had cost years and the highest efforts of art to construct. The apprehension of similar violence from the Carlists, in 1837, led to the removal of the finest paintings to Madrid. The Escorial ceased to be a royal residence: tenantless and unprotected, it was left to the fury of the blasts which swept down the hills of the Guadarrama.

The traveller who now visits the place will find its condition very different from what it was in the beginning of the century. The bare and mildewed walls no longer glow with the magical tints of Raphael and Titian, and the sober pomp of the Castilian school. The exquisite specimens of art with which the walls were filled have been wantonly demolished, or more frequently pilfered for the sake of the rich materials. The monks, so long the guardians of the place, have shared the fate of their brethren elsewhere; since the suppression of religious houses, and their venerable forms have disappeared.

* Sigença, *Hist. de la Orden de San Geronimo*, tom. iii. p. 862.

† The enthusiasm of Fray Alonso de San Geronimo carries him so far, that he does not hesitate to declare that the Almighty owes a debt of gratitude to Philip the Second for the dedication of so glorious a structure to the Christian worship! "*Este Templo, Señor, deve á Filipo Segun do vuestra Grandeza; con que gratitud le estará mirando, en el Imperio, vuestra Divinidad!*"

This language, so near akin to blasphemy, as it would be thought in our day, occurs in a panegyric delivered at the Escorial on the occasion of a solemn festival in honour of the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. A volume compiled by Fray Luis de Santa Maria is filled with a particular account of the ceremonies, under the title of "*Octava sagradamente culta, celebrada en la Octava Maravilla,*" &c. (Madrid, 1664, folio)

Silence and solitude reign throughout the courts, undisturbed by any sound save that of the ceaseless winds, which seem to be ever chanting their melancholy dirge over the faded glories of the Escorial. There is little now to remind one of the palace or of the monastery. Of the three great objects to which the edifice was devoted, one alone survives,—that of a mausoleum for the royal line of Castile. The spirit of the dead broods over the place,—of the sceptred dead, who lie in the same dark chamber where they have lain for centuries, unconscious of the changes that have been going on all around them.

During the latter half of Philip's reign, he was in the habit of repairing with his court to the Escorial, and passing here a part of the summer. Hither he brought his young queen, Anne of Austria,—when the gloomy pile assumed an unwonted appearance of animation. In a previous chapter, the reader has seen some notice of his preparations for his marriage with that princess, in less than two years after he had consigned the lovely Isabella to the tomb. Anne had been already plighted to the unfortunate Don Carlos. Philip's marriage with her afforded him the melancholy triumph of a second time supplanting his son. She was his niece; for the empress Mary, her mother, was the daughter of Charles the Fifth. There was, moreover, a great disparity in their years; for the Austrian princess, having been born in Castile during the regency of her parents, in 1549, was at this time but twenty-one years of age, less than half the age of Philip. It does not appear that her father, the emperor Maximilian, made any objection to the match. If he felt any, he was too politic to prevent a marriage which would place his daughter on the throne of the most potent monarchy in Europe.

It was arranged that the princess should proceed to Spain by the way of the Netherlands. In September, 1570, Anne bade a last adieu to her father's court, and with a stately retinue set out on her long journey. On entering Flanders, she was received with great pomp by the duke of Alva, at the head of the Flemish nobles. Soon after her arrival, Queen Elizabeth despatched a squadron of eight vessels, with offers to transport her to Spain, and an invitation for her to visit England on her way. These offers were courteously declined; and the German princess, escorted by Count Bossu, captain-general of the Flemish navy, with a gallant squadron, was fortunate in reaching the place of her destination after a voyage of less than a week. On the third of October she landed at Santander, on the northern coast of Spain, where she found the archbishop of Seville and the duke of Bejar, with a brilliant train of followers, waiting to receive her.

Under this escort, Anne was conducted by the way of Burgos and Valladolid to the ancient city of Segovia. In the great towns through which she passed she was entertained in a style suited to her rank; and everywhere along her route she was greeted with the hearty acclamations of the people: for the match was popular with the nation; and the Cortes had urged the king to expedite it as much as possible.* The Spaniards longed for a male heir to the crown; and since the death of Carlos, Philip had only daughters remaining to him.

In Segovia, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, magnificent preparations had been made for the reception of the princess. As she approached that city, she was met by a large body of the local militia, dressed in gay uniforms, and by the municipality of the place, arrayed in their robes of office and mounted on horseback. With this brave escort she entered the gates. The streets were ornamented with beautiful fountains, and spanned by triumphal arches, under which the princess proceeded, amidst the shouts of the populace, to the great cathedral.†

* Flores, Reynas Catholicas, tom. II. p. 905.

† Ibid. p. 906.

Anne, then in the bloom of youth, is described as having a rich and delicate complexion. Her figure was good, her deportment graceful, and she rode her richly-caparisoned palfrey with natural ease and dignity. Her not very impartial chronicler tells us that the spectators particularly admired the novelty of her Bohemian costume, her riding-hat gaily ornamented with feathers, and her short mantle of crimson velvet richly fringed with gold.*

After *Te Deum* had been chanted, the splendid procession took its way to the far-famed *alcázar*, that palace-fortress, originally built by the Moors, which now served both as a royal residence and as a place of confinement for prisoners of state. Here it was that the unfortunate Montigny passed many a weary month of captivity; and less than three months had elapsed since he had been removed from the place which was so soon to become the scene of royal festivity, and consigned to the fatal fortress of Simancas, to perish by the hand of the midnight executioner. Anne, it may be remembered, was said, on her journey through the Low Countries, to have promised Montigny's family to intercede with her lord in his behalf. But the king, perhaps willing to be spared the awkwardness of refusing the first boon asked by his young bride, disposed of his victim soon after her landing, while she was yet in the north.

Anne entered the *alcázar* amidst salvoes of artillery. She found there the good Princess Joanna, Philip's sister, who received her with the same womanly kindness which she had shown twelve years before to Elizabeth of France, when, on a similar occasion, she made her first entrance into Castile. The marriage was appointed to take place on the following day, the fourteenth of November. Philip, it is said, obtained his first view of his betrothed when, mingling in disguise among the cavalcade of courtiers, he accompanied her entrance into the capital.† When he had led his late queen, Isabella, to the altar, some white hairs on his temples attracted her attention.‡ During the ten years which had since elapsed, the cares of office had wrought the same effect on him as on his father, and turned his head prematurely grey. "The marriage was solemnized with great pomp in the cathedral of Segovia. The service was performed by the archbishop of Seville. The spacious building was crowded to overflowing with spectators, among whom were the highest dignitaries of the Church and the most illustrious of the nobility of Spain.§

During the few days which followed, while the royal pair remained in Segovia, the city was abandoned to jubilee. The auspicious event was celebrated by public illuminations and by magnificent *fêtes*, at which the king and queen danced in the presence of the whole court, who stood around in respectful silence.|| On the eighteenth, the new-married couple proceeded to Madrid, where such splendid preparations had been made for their reception as evinced the loyalty of the capital.

As soon as the building of the Escorial was sufficiently advanced to furnish suitable accommodations for his young queen, Philip passed a part of every summer in its cloistered solitudes, which had more attraction for him than any other of his residences. The presence of Anne and her courtly train diffused something like an air of gaiety over the grand but gloomy pile, to which it had been little accustomed. Among other diversions for her entertainment, we find mention made of *autos sacramentales*, those religious dramas that remind one of the ancient Mysteries and Moralities which entertained our

* "Realzada con gracia por el mismo traje del camino, sombrero alto matizado con plumas, capotillo de terciopelo carmesí, bordado de oro á la moda Bohema."—Flores, *Reynas Catholicas*, tom. ii. p. 907.

† *Ibid.* ubi supra.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. circ. fin.

§ Flores, *Reynas Catholicas*, tom. ii. p. 908.—Cabrera, *Filipe Segundo*, p. 661.

|| "En el sarao bailaron Rey y Reyna, estando de pie toda la Corte."—Flores, *Reynas Catholicas*, tom. ii. p. 908.

English ancestors. These *autos* were so much in favour with the Spaniards as to keep possession of the stage longer than in most other countries; nor did they receive their full development until they had awakened the genius of Calderon.

It was a pen, however, bearing little resemblance to that of Calderon which furnished these edifying dramas. They proceeded, probably, from some Jeronymite gifted with a more poetic vein than his brethren. The actors were taken from among the pupils in the seminary established in the Escorial. Anne, who appears to have been simple in her tastes, is said to have found much pleasure in these exhibitions, and in such recreation as could be afforded her by excursions into the wild, romantic country that surrounded the monastery. Historians have left us but few particulars of her life and character,—much fewer than of her lovely predecessor. Such accounts as we have, represent her as of an amiable disposition, and addicted to pious works. She was rarely idle, and employed much of her time in needlework, leaving many specimens of her skill in this way in the decorations of the convents and churches. A rich piece of embroidery, wrought by her hands and those of her maidens, was long preserved in the royal chapel, under the name of “Queen Anne’s tapestry.”

Her wedded life was destined not to be a long one,—only two years longer than that of Isabella. She was blessed, however, with a more numerous progeny than either of her predecessors. She had four sons and a daughter. But all died in infancy or early childhood, except the third son, who, as Philip the Third, lived to take his place in the royal dynasty of Castile.

The queen died on the twenty-sixth of October, 1580, in the thirty-first year of her age, and the eleventh of her reign. A singular anecdote is told in connection with her death. This occurred at Badajoz, where the court was then established, as a convenient place for overlooking the war in which the country was at that time engaged with Portugal. While there the king fell ill. The symptoms were of the most alarming character. The queen, in her distress, implored the Almighty to spare a life so important to the welfare of the kingdom and of the Church, and instead of it to accept the sacrifice of her own. Heaven, says the chronicler, as the result showed, listened to her prayer.* The king recovered; and the queen fell ill of a disorder which in a few days terminated fatally. Her remains, after lying in state for some time, were transported with solemn pomp to the Escorial, where they enjoyed the melancholy pre-eminence of being laid in the quarter of the mausoleum reserved exclusively for kings and the mothers of kings. Such was the end of Anne of Austria, the fourth and last wife of Philip the Second.

* “El efecto dijo, que oyó Dios su oracion: pues mejorando el Rey, cayó mala la Reyna.”
—Ibid p 918.

BIOGRAPHICAL
.
AND
CRITICAL MISCELLANIES.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Essays, with a single exception, have been selected from contributions originally made to the *North American Review*. They are purely of a literary character ; and as they have little reference to local or temporary topics, and as the journal in which they appeared, though the most considerable in the United States, is not widely circulated in Great Britain, it has been thought that a republication of the articles might have some novelty and interest for the English reader.

Several of the papers were written many years since ; and the Author is aware that they betray those crudities in the execution which belong to an unpractised writer, while others of more recent date may be charged with the inaccuracies incident to rapid and, sometimes, careless composition. The more obvious blemishes he has endeavoured to correct, without attempting to reform the critical judgments, which, in some cases, he could wish had been expressed in a more qualified and temperate manner ; and he dismisses the volume with the hope that, in submitting it to the British public, he may not be thought to have relied too far on that indulgence which has been so freely accorded to his more elaborate efforts.

Boston, March 30th 1845.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, THE AMERICAN NOVELIST	1
ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND	23
IRVING'S CONQUEST OF GRANADA	35
CERVANTES	49
SIR WALTER SCOTT	69
CHATEAUBRIAND'S ENGLISH LITERATURE	96
BANCROFT'S UNITED STATES	115
MADAME CALDERON'S LIFE IN MEXICO	133
MOLIERE	142
ITALIAN NARRATIVE POETRY	161
POETRY AND ROMANCE OF THE ITALIANS	194
SCOTTISH SONG	226
DA PONTE'S OBSERVATIONS	238

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MISCELLANIES.

MEMOIR OF
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN,

THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.*

THE class of professed men of letters, if we exclude from the account the conductors of periodical journals, is certainly not very large, even at the present day, in our country; but before the close of the last century it was nearly impossible to meet with an individual who looked to authorship as his only, or, indeed, his principal means of subsistence. This was somewhat the more remarkable, considering the extraordinary development of intellectual power exhibited in every quarter of the country, and applied to every variety of moral and social culture, and formed a singular contrast with more than one nation in Europe, where literature still continued to be followed as a distinct profession, amid all the difficulties resulting from an arbitrary government, and popular imbecility and ignorance.

Abundant reasons are suggested for this by the various occupations afforded to talent of all kinds, not only in the exercise of political functions, but in the splendid career opened to enterprise of every description in our free and thriving community. We were in the morning of life, as it were, when everything summoned us to action; when the spirit was quickened by hope and youthful confidence; and we felt that we had our race to run, unlike those nations who, having reached the noontide of their glory, or sunk into their decline, were naturally led to dwell on the soothing recollections of the past, and to repose themselves, after a tumultuous existence, in the quiet pleasures of study and contemplation. "It was amid the ruins of the Capitol," says Gibbon, "that I first conceived the idea of writing the History of the Roman Empire." The occupation suited well with the spirit of the place, but would scarcely have harmonized with the life of bustling energy, and the thousand novelties, which were perpetually stimulating the appetite for adventure in our new and unexplored hemisphere. In short, to express it in one word, the peculiarities of our situation as naturally disposed us to active life as those of the old countries of Europe to contemplative.

The subject of the present memoir affords an almost solitary example, at this period, of a scholar, in the enlarged application of the term, who culti-

* From Sparks's American Biography, 1834.

vated letters as a distinct and exclusive profession, resting his means of support, as well as his fame, on his success; and who, as a writer of fiction, is still farther entitled to credit for having quitted the beaten grounds of the Old Country, and sought his subjects in the untried wilderness of his own. The particulars of his unostentatious life have been collected with sufficient industry by his friend, Mr. William Dunlap, to whom our native literature is under such large obligations for the extent and fidelity of his researches. We will select a few of the most prominent incidents from a mass of miscellaneous fragments and literary lumber with which his work is somewhat encumbered. It were to be wished that, in the place of some of them, more copious extracts had been substituted for his journal and correspondence, which doubtless, in this as in other cases, must afford the most interesting, as well as authentic materials for biography.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN was born at Philadelphia, January 17, 1771. He was descended from a highly respectable family, whose ancestors were of that estimable sect who came over with William Penn to seek an asylum where they might worship their Creator unmolested in the meek and humble spirit of their own faith. From his earliest childhood Brown gave evidence of his studious propensities, being frequently noticed by his father, on his return from school, poring over some heavy tome, nothing daunted by the formidable words it contained, or mounted on a table, and busily engaged in exploring a map which hung on the parlour wall. This infantine predilection for geographical studies ripened into a passion in later years. Another anecdote, recorded of him at the age of ten, sets in a still stronger light his appreciation of intellectual pursuits far above his years. A visitor at his father's having rebuked him, as it would seem, without cause, for some remark he had made, gave him the contemptuous epithet of "boy." "What does he mean," said the young philosopher, after the guest's departure, "by calling me boy? Does he not know that it is neither size nor age, but sense, that makes the man? I could ask him a hundred questions, none of which he could answer."

At eleven years of age he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Robert Proud, well known as the author of the History of Pennsylvania. Under his direction he went over a large course of English reading, and acquired the elements of Greek and Latin, applying himself with great assiduity to his studies. His bodily health was naturally delicate, and indisposed him to engage in the robust, athletic exercises of boyhood. His sedentary habits, however, began so evidently to impair his health, that his master recommended him to withdraw from his books, and recruit his strength by excursions on foot into the country. These pedestrian rambles suited the taste of the pupil, and the length of his absence often excited the apprehensions of his friends for his safety. He may be thought to have sat to himself for this portrait of one of his heroes. "I preferred to ramble in the forest and loiter on the hill; perpetually to change the scene; to scrutinize the endless variety of objects; to compare one leaf and pebble with another; to pursue those trains of thought which their resemblances and differences suggested; to inquire what it was that gave them this place, structure, and form, were more agreeable employments than ploughing and threshing." "My frame was delicate and feeble. Exposure to wet blasts and vertical suns was sure to make me sick." The fondness for these solitary rambles continued through life, and the familiarity which they opened to him with the grand and beautiful scenes of nature undoubtedly contributed to nourish the habit of reverie and abstraction, and to deepen the romantic sensibilities from which flowed so much of his misery, as well as happiness, in after life.

He quitted Mr. Proud's school before the age of sixteen. He had previously made some small poetical attempts, and soon after sketched the plans of three

several epics, on the discovery of America, and the conquests of Peru and Mexico. For some time they engaged his attention to the exclusion of every other object. No vestige of them now remains, or, at least, has been given to the public, by which we can ascertain the progress made towards their completion. The publication of such immature juvenile productions may gratify curiosity by affording a point of comparison with later excellence. They are rarely, however, of value in themselves sufficient to authorize their exposure to the world, and notwithstanding the occasional exception of a Pope or a Pascal, may very safely put up with Uncle Toby's recommendation on a similar display of precocity, "to hush it up, and say as little about it as possible."

Among the contributions which, at a later period of life, he was in the habit of making to different journals, the fate of one was too singular to be passed over in silence. It was a poetical address to Franklin, prepared for the Edentown newspaper. "The blundering printer," says Brown, in his journal, "from zeal or ignorance, or perhaps from both, substituted the name of Washington. Washington, therefore, stands arrayed in awkward colours; philosophy smiles to behold her darling son: she turns with horror and disgust from those who have won the laurel of victory in the field of battle, to this her favourite candidate, who had never participated in such bloody glory, and whose fame was derived from the conquest of philosophy alone. The printer, by his blundering ingenuity, made the subject ridiculous. Every word of this clumsy panegyric was a direct slander upon Washington, and so it was regarded at the time." There could not well be imagined a more expeditious or effectual recipe for converting eulogy into satire.

Young Brown had now reached a period of life when it became necessary to decide on a profession. After due deliberation, he determined on the law; a choice which received the cordial approbation of his friends, who saw in his habitual diligence and the character of his mind, at once comprehensive and logical, the most essential requisites for success. He entered on the studies of his profession with his usual ardour; and the acuteness and copiousness of his arguments on various topics proposed for discussion in a law society over which he presided, bear ample testimony to his ability and industry. But, however suited to his talents the profession of the law might be, it was not at all to his taste. He became a member of a literary club, in which he made frequent essays in composition and eloquence. He kept a copious journal, and by familiar exercise endeavoured to acquire a pleasing and graceful style of writing; and every hour that he could steal from professional schooling was devoted to the cultivation of more attractive literature. In one of his contributions to a journal, just before this period, he speaks of "the rapture with which he held communion with his own thoughts amid the gloom of surrounding woods, where his fancy peopled every object with ideal beings, and the barrier between himself and the world of spirits seemed burst by the force of meditation. In this solitude, he felt himself surrounded by a delightful society; but when transported from thence, and compelled to listen to the frivolous chat of his fellow-beings, he suffered all the miseries of solitude. He declares that his intercourse and conversation with mankind had wrought a salutary change; that he can now mingle in the concerns of life, perform his appropriate duties, and reserve that higher species of discourse for the solitude and silence of his study. In this supposed control over his romantic fancies he grossly deceived himself.

As the time approached for entering on the practice of his profession, he felt his repugnance to it increase more and more; and he sought to justify a retreat from it altogether by such poor sophistry as his imagination could suggest. He objected to the profession as having something in it immoral. He could not reconcile it with his notions of duty to come forward as the champion indis-

criminally of right and wrong ; and he considered the stipendiary advocate of a guilty party as becoming, by that very act, participator in the guilt. He did not allow himself to reflect that no more equitable arrangement could be devised, none which could give the humblest individual so fair a chance for maintaining his rights as the employment of competent and upright counsel, familiar with the forms of legal practice, necessarily so embarrassing to a stranger ; that, so far from being compelled to undertake a cause manifestly unjust, it is always in the power of an honest lawyer to decline it ; but that such contingencies are of most rare occurrence, as few cases are litigated where each party has not previously plausible grounds for believing himself in the right, a question only to be settled by fair discussion on both sides ; that opportunities are not wanting, on the other hand, which invite the highest display of eloquence and professional science in detecting and defeating villany, in vindicating slandered innocence, and in expounding the great principles of law on which the foundations of personal security and property are established ; and, finally, that the most illustrious names in his own and every other civilized country have been drawn from the ranks of a profession whose habitual discipline so well trains them for legislative action, and the exercise of the highest political functions.

Brown cannot be supposed to have been insensible to these obvious views ; and, indeed, from one of his letters in later life, he appears to have clearly recognized the value of the profession he had deserted. But his object was, at this time, to justify himself in his fickleness of purpose, as he best might, in his own eyes and those of his friends. Brown was certainly not the first man of genius who found himself incapable of resigning the romantic world of fiction, and the uncontrolled revels of the imagination, for the dull and prosaic realities of the law. Few, indeed, like Mansfield, have been able so far to constrain their young and buoyant imaginations as to merit the beautiful eulogium of the English poet ; while many more comparatively, from the time of Juvenal downward, fortunately for the world, have been willing to sacrifice the allusions pledged to Themis on the altars of the Muse.

Brown's resolution at this crisis caused sincere regret to his friends, which they could not conceal, on seeing him thus suddenly turn from the path of honourable fame at the very moment when he was prepared to enter on it. His prospects, but lately so brilliant, seemed now overcast with a deep gloom. The embarrassments of his situation had also a most unfavourable effect on his own mind. Instead of the careful discipline to which it had been lately subjected, it was now left to rove at large wherever caprice should dictate, and waste itself on those romantic reveries and speculations to which he was naturally too much addicted. This was the period when the French Revolution was in its heat, and the awful convulsion experienced in one unhappy country seemed to be felt in every quarter of the globe ; men grew familiar with the wildest paradoxes, and the spirit of innovation menaced the oldest and best-established principles in morals and government. Brown's inquisitive and speculative mind partook of the prevailing scepticism. Some of his compositions, and especially one on the *Rights of Women*, published in 1797, show to what extravagance a benevolent mind may be led by fastening too exclusively on the contemplation of the evils of the existing institutions, and indulging in indefinite dreams of perfectibility.

There is no period of existence when the spirit of a man is more apt to be depressed than when he is about to quit the safe and quiet harbour in which he has rode in safety from childhood, and to launch on the dark and unknown ocean where so many a gallant bark has gone down before him. How much must this disquietude be increased in the case of one who, like Brown, has thrown away the very chart and compass by which he was prepared to guide himself through the doubtful perils of the voyage ! How heavily the

gloom of despondency fell on his spirits at this time is attested by various extracts from his private correspondence. "As for me," he says, in one of his letters, "I long ago discovered that Nature had not qualified me for an actor on this stage. The nature of my education only added to these disqualifications, and I experienced all those deviations from the centre which arise when all our lessons are taken from books, and the scholar makes his own character the comment. A happy destiny, indeed, brought me to the knowledge of two or three minds which Nature had fashioned in the same mould with my own, but these are gone. And, O God! enable me to wait the moment when it is thy will that I should follow them." In another epistle he remarks, "I have not been deficient in the pursuit of that necessary branch of knowledge, the study of myself. I will not explain the result, for have I not already sufficiently endeavoured to make my friends unhappy by communications which, though they might easily be injurious, could not be of any possible advantage? I really, dear W., regret that period when your pity was first excited in my favour. I sincerely lament that I ever gave you reason to imagine that I was not so happy as a gay indifference with regard to the present, stubborn forgetfulness with respect to the uneasy past, and excursions into lightsome futurity could make me; for what end, what useful purposes were promoted by the discovery? It could not take away from the number of the unhappy, but only add to it, by making those who loved me participate in my uneasiness, which each participation, so far from tending to diminish, would in reality increase, by adding those regrets, of which I had been the author in them, to my original stock." It is painful to witness the struggles of a generous spirit endeavouring to suppress the anguish thus involuntarily escaping in the warmth of affectionate intercourse. This becomes still more striking in the contrast exhibited between the assumed cheerfulness of much of his correspondence at this period and the uniform melancholy tone of his private journal, the genuine record of his emotions.

Fortunately, his taste, refined by intellectual culture, and the elevation and spotless purity of his moral principles, raised him above the temptations of sensual indulgence, in which minds of weaker mould might have sought a temporary relief. His soul was steeled against the grosser seductions of appetite. The only avenue through which his principles could in any way be assailed was the understanding; and it would appear, from some dark hints in his correspondence at this period, that the rash idea of relieving himself from the weight of earthly sorrows by some voluntary deed of violence had more than once flitted across his mind. It is pleasing to observe with what beautiful modesty and simplicity of character he refers his abstinence from coarser indulgences to his constitutional infirmities, and consequent disinclination to them, which, in truth, could be only imputed to the excellence of his heart and his understanding. In one of his letters he remarks, "that the benevolence of Nature rendered him, in a manner, an exile from many of the temptations that infest the minds of ardent youth. Whatever his wishes might have been, his benevolent destiny had prevented him from running into the frivolities of youth." He ascribes to this cause his love of letters, and his predominant anxiety to excel in whatever was a glorious subject of competition. "Had he been furnished with the nerves and muscles of his comrades, it was very far from impossible that he might have relinquished intellectual pleasures. Nature had benevolently rendered him incapable of encountering such severe trials."

Brown's principal resources for dissipating the melancholy which hung over him were his inextinguishable love of letters, and the society of a few friends, to whom congeniality of taste and temper had united him from early years. In addition to these resources, we may mention his fondness for pedestrian rambles, which sometimes were of several weeks' duration. In the course of

these excursions, the circle of his acquaintance and friends was gradually enlarged. In the city of New York, in particular, he contracted an intimacy with several individuals of similar age and kindred mould with himself. Among these, his earliest associate was Dr. E. H. Smith, a young gentleman of great promise in the medical profession. Brown had become known to him during the residence of the latter as a student in Philadelphia. By him our hero was introduced to Mr. Dunlap, who has survived to commemorate the virtues of his friend in a biography already noticed, and to Mr. Johnson, the accomplished author of the New York Law Reports. The society of these friends had sufficient attractions to induce him to repeat his visit to New York, until at length, in the beginning of 1798, he may be said to have established his permanent residence there, passing much of his time under the same roof with them. His amiable manners and accomplishments soon recommended him to the notice of other eminent individuals. He became a member of a literary society, called the *Friendly Club*, comprehending names which have since shed a distinguished lustre over the various walks of literature and science.

The spirits of Brown seemed to be exalted in this new atmosphere. His sensibilities found a grateful exercise in the sympathies of friendship, and the powers of his mind were called into action by collision with others of similar tone with his own. His memory was enriched with the stores of various reading, hitherto conducted at random, with no higher object than temporary amusement, or the gratification of an indefinite curiosity. He now concentrated his attention on some determinate object, and proposed to give full scope to his various talents and acquisitions in the career of an author, as yet so little travelled in our own country.

His first publication was that before noticed, entitled "*Alcvin*, a Dialogue on the Rights of Women." It exhibits the crude and fanciful speculations of a theorist, who, in his dreams of optimism, charges exclusively on human institutions the imperfections necessarily incident to human nature. The work, with all its ingenuity, made little impression on the public; it found few purchasers, and made, it may be presumed, still fewer converts.

He soon after began a romance, which he never completed, from which his biographer has given copious extracts. It is conducted in the epistolary form, and, although exhibiting little of his subsequent power and passion, is recommended by a graceful and easy manner of narration, more attractive than the more elaborate and artificial style of his later novels.

This abortive attempt was succeeded, in 1798, by the publication of *Wieland*, the first of that remarkable series of fictions which flowed in such rapid succession from his pen in this and the three following years. In this romance, the author, deviating from the usual track of domestic or historic incident, proposed to delineate the powerful workings of passion, displayed by a mind constitutionally excitable, under the control of some terrible and mysterious agency. The scene is laid in Pennsylvania. The action takes place in a family by the name of Wieland, the principal member of which had inherited a melancholy and somewhat superstitious constitution of mind, which his habitual reading and contemplation deepened into a calm but steady fanaticism. This temper is nourished still farther by the occurrence of certain inexplicable circumstances of ominous import. Strange voices are heard by different members of the family, sometimes warning them of danger, sometimes announcing events seeming beyond the reach of human knowledge. The still and solemn hours of night are disturbed by the unearthly summons. The other actors of the drama are thrown into strange perplexity, and an underplot of events is curiously entangled by the occurrence of unaccountable sights as well as sounds. By the heated fancy of Wieland they are referred to supernatural agency. A fearful destiny seems to preside over the scene, and

to carry the actors onward to some awful catastrophe. At length the hour arrives. A solemn mysterious voice announces to Wieland that he is now called on to testify his submission to the Divine will by the sacrifice of his earthly affections—to surrender up the affectionate partner of his bosom, on whom he had reposed all his hopes of happiness in this life. He obeys the mandate of Heaven. The stormy conflict of passion into which his mind is thrown, as the fearful sacrifice he is about to make calls up all the tender remembrances of conjugal fidelity and love, is painted with frightful strength of colouring. Although it presents, on the whole, as pertinent an example as we could offer from any of Brown's writings of the peculiar power and vividness of his conceptions, the whole scene is too long for insertion here. We will mutilate it, however, by a brief extract, as an illustration of our author's manner, more satisfactory than any criticism can be. Wieland, after receiving the fatal mandate, is represented in an apartment alone with his wife. His courage, or rather his desperation fails him, and he sends her, on some pretext, from the chamber. An interval, during which his insane passions have time to rally, ensues.

"She returned with a light; I led the way to the chamber; she looked round her; she lifted the curtain of the bed; she saw nothing. At length she fixed inquiring eyes upon me. The light now enabled her to discover in my visage what darkness had hitherto concealed. Her cares were now transferred from my sister to myself, and she said, in a tremulous voice, 'Wieland! you are not well; what ails you? Can I do nothing for you!' That accents and looks so winning should disarm me of my resolution was to be expected. My thoughts were thrown anew into anarchy. I spread my hand before my eyes that I might not see her, and answered only by groans. She took my other hand between hers, and, pressing it to her heart, spoke with that voice which had ever swayed my will and waited away sorrow. 'My friend! my soul's friend! tell me thy cause of grief. Do I not merit to partake with thee in thy cares? Am I not thy wife?'

"This was too much. I broke from her embrace, and retired to a corner of the room. In this pause, courage was once more infused into me. I resolved to execute my duty. She followed me, and renewed her passionate entreaty to know the cause of my distress.

"I raised my head and regarded her with steadfast looks. I muttered something about death, and the injunctions of my duty. At these words she shrunk back, and looked at me with a new expression of anguish. After a pause, she clasped her hands and exclaimed,

"'O Wieland! Wieland! God grant that I am mistaken; but surely something is wrong. I see it; it is too plain; thou art undone—lost to me and to thyself.' At the same time she gazed on my features with intensest anxiety, in hope that different symptoms would take place. I replied with vehemence, 'Undone! No; my duty is known, and I thank my God that my cowardice is now vanquished, and I have power to fulfil it. Catherine! I pity the weakness of nature; I pity thee, but must not spare. Thy life is claimed from my hands: thou must die!'

"Fear was now added to her grief. 'What mean you? Why talk you of death! Bethink yourself, Wieland; bethink yourself, and this fit will pass. O! why came I hither? Why did you drag me hither?'

"'I brought thee hither to fulfil a divine command. I am appointed thy destroyer, and destroy thee I must.' Saying this, I seized her wrists. She shrieked aloud, and endeavoured to free herself from my grasp, but her efforts were vain.

"'Surely, surely, Wieland, thou dost not mean it. Am I not thy wife? and wouldst thou kill me? Thou wilt not; and yet—I see—thou art Wieland no longer! A fury, resistless and horrible, possesses thee: spare me—spare—help—help—'

"Till her breath was stopped she shrieked for help—for mercy. When she could speak no longer, her gestures, her looks appealed to my compassion. My accursed hand was irresolute and tremulous. I meant thy death to be sudden, thy struggles to be brief. Alas! my heart was infirm, my resolves mutable. Thrice I slackened my grasp, and life kept its hold, though in the midst of pangs. Her eyeballs started from their sockets. Grimness and distortion took place of all that used to bewitch me into transport and subdue me into reverence.

"I was commissioned to kill thee, but not to torment thee with the foresight of thy death; not to multiply thy fears and prolong thy agonies. Haggard, and pale, and lifeless, at length thou ceasedst to contend with thy destiny.

"This was a moment of triumph. Thus had I successfully subdued the stubbornness of human passions! the victim which had been demanded was given; the deed was done past recall.

"I lifted the corpse in my arms, and laid it on the bed. I gazed upon it with delight. Such was the elation of my thoughts that I even broke into laughter. I clapped my hands, and exclaimed 'It is done! My sacred duty is fulfilled! To that I have sacrificed, O my God! thy last and best gift, my wife!'

"For a while I thus soared above frailty. I imagined I had set myself for ever beyond the reach of selfishness, but my imaginations were false. This rapture quickly subsided. I looked again at my wife. My joyous ebullitions vanished, and I asked myself who it was whom I saw. Methought it could not be Catherine. It could not be the woman who had lodged for years in my heart; who had slept nightly in my bosom; who had borne in her womb, who had fostered at her breast, the beings who called me father; whom I had watched with delight, and cherished with a fondness ever new and perpetually growing: it could not be the same.

"Where was her bloom? These deadly and blood-suffused orbs but ill resemble the azure and ecstatic tenderness of her eyes. The lucid stream that meandered over that bosom, the glow of love that was wont to sit upon that cheek, are much unlike these livid stains and this hideous deformity. Alas! these were the traces of agony: the gripe of the assassin had been here.

"I will not dwell upon my lapse into desperate and outrageous sorrow. The breath of Heaven that sustained me was withdrawn, and I sunk into *mere man*. I leaped from the floor; I dashed my head against the wall; I uttered screams of horror; I panted after torment and pain. Eternal fire and the bickerings of hell, compared with what I felt, were music and a bed of roses.

"I thank my God that this degeneracy was transient—that He deigned once more to raise me aloft. I thought upon what I had done as a sacrifice to duty, and *was calm*. My wife was dead; but I reflected that, though this source of human consolation was closed, yet others were still open. If the transports of a husband were no more, the feelings of a father had still scope for exercise. When remembrance of their mother should excite too keen a pang, I would look upon them and *be comforted*.

"While I revolved these ideas, new warmth flowed in upon my heart. I was wrong. These feelings were the growth of selfishness. Of this I was not aware; and, to dispel the mist that obscured my perceptions, a new effulgence and a new mandate were necessary.

"From these thoughts I was recalled by a ray that was shot into the room. A voice spake like that which I had before heard, 'Thou hast done well; but all is not done—the sacrifice is incomplete—thy children must be offered—they must perish with their mother!'

This, too, is accomplished by the same remorseless arm, although the author

has judiciously refrained from attempting to prolong the note of feeling, struck with so powerful a hand, by the recital of the particulars. The wretched fanatic is brought to trial for the murder, but is acquitted on the ground of insanity. The illusion which has bewildered him at length breaks on his understanding in its whole truth. He cannot sustain the shock, and the tragic tale closes with the suicide of the victim of superstition and imposture. The key to the whole of this mysterious agency which controls the circumstances of the story is—ventriloquism! ventriloquism exerted for the very purpose by a human fiend, from no motives of revenge or hatred, but pure diabolical malice, or, as he would make us believe, and the author seems willing to endorse this absurd version of it, as a mere practical joke! The reader, who has been gorged with this feast of horrors, is tempted to throw away the book in disgust at finding himself the dupe of such paltry jugglery; which, whatever sense be given to the term ventriloquism, is altogether incompetent to the various phenomena of sight and sound with which the story is so plentifully seasoned. We can feel the force of Dryden's imprecation, when he cursed the inventors of those fifth acts which are bound to unravel all the fine mesh of impossibilities which the author's wits had been so busy entangling in the four preceding.

The explication of the mysteries of Wieland naturally suggests the question how far an author is bound to explain the *supernaturalities*, if we may so call them, of his fictions; and whether it is not better, on the whole, to trust to the willing superstition and credulity of the reader (of which there is perhaps store enough in almost every bosom, at the present enlightened day even, for poetical purposes) than to attempt a solution on purely natural or mechanical principles. It was thought no harm for the ancients to bring the use of *machinery* into their epics, and a similar freedom was conceded to the old English dramatists, whose ghosts and witches were placed in the much more perilous predicament of being subjected to the scrutiny of the spectator, whose senses are not near so likely to be duped as the sensitive and excited imagination of the reader in his solitary chamber. It must be admitted, however, that the public of those days, when the

“Undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders that were sung,”

were admirably seasoned for the action of superstition in all forms, and furnished, therefore, a most enviable audience for the melodramatic artist, whether dramatist or romance-writer. But all this is changed. No witches ride the air nowadays, and fairies no longer “dance their round by the pale moonlight,” as the worthy Bishop Corbet, indeed, lamented a century and a half ago.

Still it may be allowed, perhaps, if the scene is laid in some remote age or country, to borrow the ancient superstitions of the place, and incorporate them into, or at least colour the story with them, without shocking the well-bred prejudices of the modern reader. Sir Walter Scott has done this with good effect in more than one of his romances, as every one will readily call to mind. A fine example occurs in the *Boden Glass* apparition in “*Waverley*,” which the great novelist, far from attempting to explain on any philosophical principles, or even by an intimation of its being the mere creation of a feverish imagination, has left as he found it, trusting that the reader's poetic feeling will readily accommodate itself to the popular superstitions of the country he is depicting. This reserve on his part, indeed, arising from a truly poetic view of the subject, and an honest reliance on a similar spirit in his reader, has laid him open, with some matter-of-fact people, to the imputation of not being wholly untouched himself by the national superstitions. Yet how much

would the whole scene have lost in its permanent effect if the author had attempted an apparition on the ground of an optical illusion not infrequent among the mountain mists of the highlands, or any other of the ingenious solutions so readily at the command of the thorough-bred storyteller.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this way of solving the riddles of romance would hardly be admissible in a story drawn from familiar scenes and situations in modern life, and especially in our own country. The lights of education are flung too bright and broad over the land to allow any lurking-hole for the shadows of a twilight age. So much the worse for the poet and the novelist. Their province must now be confined to poor human nature, without meddling with the "Gorgons and chimeras dire" which floated through the bewildered brains of our forefathers, at least on the other side of the water. At any rate, if a writer, in this broad sunshine, ventures on any sort of *diablerie*, he is forced to explain it by all the thousand contrivances of trapdoors, secret passages, waxen images, and other makeshifts from the property-room of Mrs. Radcliffe and Company.

Brown, indeed, has resorted to a somewhat higher mode of elucidating his mysteries by a remarkable phenomenon of our nature. But the misfortune of all these attempts to account for the marvels of the story by natural or mechanical causes is, that they are very seldom satisfactory, or competent to their object. This is eminently the case with the ventriloquism in *Wieland*. Even where they are competent, it may be doubted whether the reader, who has suffered his credulous fancy to be entranced by the spell of the magician, will be gratified to learn, at the end, by what cheap mechanical contrivance he has been duped. However this may be, it is certain that a very unfavourable effect, in another respect, is produced on his mind, after he is made acquainted with the nature of the secret spring by which the machinery is played, more especially when one leading circumstance, like ventriloquism in *Wieland*, is made the master-key, as it were, by which all the mysteries are to be unlocked and opened at once. With this explanation at hand, it is extremely difficult to rise to that sensation of mysterious awe and apprehension on which so much of the sublimity and general effect of the narrative necessarily depends. Instead of such feelings, the only ones which can enable us to do full justice to the author's conceptions, we sometimes, on the contrary, may detect a smile lurking in the corner of the mouth as we peruse scenes of positive power, from the contrast obviously suggested of the impotence of the apparatus and the portentous character of the results. The critic, therefore, possessed of the real key to the mysteries of the story, if he would do justice to his author's merits, must divest himself, as it were, of his previous knowledge, by fastening his attention on the results, to the exclusion of the insignificant means by which they are achieved. He will not always find this an easy matter.

But to return from this rambling digression : in the following year, 1799, Brown published his second novel, entitled *Ormond*. The story presents few of the deeply agitating scenes and powerful bursts of passion which distinguish the first. It is designed to exhibit a model of surpassing excellence in a female rising superior to all the shocks of adversity and the more perilous blandishments of seduction, and who, as the scene grows darker and darker around her, seems to illumine the whole with the radiance of her celestial virtues. The reader is reminded of the "patient Griselda," so delicately portrayed by the pencils of Boccaccio and Chaucer. It must be admitted, however, that the contemplation of such a character in the abstract is more imposing than the minute details by which we attain to the knowledge of it ; and although there is nothing, we are told, which the gods looked down upon with more satisfaction than a brave mind struggling with the storms of adversity, yet, when these come in the guise of poverty and all the train of

teasing annoyances in domestic life, the tale, if long protracted, too often produces a sensation of weariness scarcely to be compensated by the moral grandeur of the spectacle.

The appearance of these two novels constitutes an epoch in the ornamental literature of America. They are the first decidedly successful attempts in the walk of romantic fiction. They are still farther remarkable as illustrating the character and state of society on this side of the Atlantic, instead of resorting to the exhausted springs of European invention. These circumstances, as well as the uncommon powers they displayed both of conception and execution, recommended them to the notice of the literary world, although their philosophical method of dissecting passion and analysing motives of action placed them somewhat beyond the reach of vulgar popularity. Brown was sensible of the favourable impression which he had made, and mentions it in one of his epistles to his brother with his usual unaffected modesty: "I add, somewhat, though not so much as I might if I were so inclined, to the number of my friends. I find to be the writer of *Wieland* and *Ormond* is a greater recommendation than I ever imagined it would be."

In the course of the same year, the quiet tenour of his life was interrupted by the visitation of that fearful pestilence, the yellow fever, which had for several successive years made its appearance in the city of New York, but which in 1798 fell upon it with a violence similar to that with which it had desolated Philadelphia in 1793. Brown had taken the precaution of withdrawing from the latter city, where he then resided, on its first appearance there. He prolonged his stay in New York, however, relying on the healthiness of the quarter of the town where he lived, and the habitual abstemiousness of his diet. His friend Smith was necessarily detained there by the duties of his profession; and Brown, in answer to the reiterated importunities of his absent relatives to withdraw from the infected city, refused to do so, on the ground that his personal services might be required by the friends who remained in it; a disinterestedness well meriting the strength of attachment which he excited in the bosom of his companions.

Unhappily, Brown was right in his prognostics, and his services were too soon required in behalf of his friend Dr. Smith, who fell a victim to his own benevolence, having caught the fatal malady from an Italian gentleman, a stranger in the city, whom he received, when infected with the disease, into his house, relinquishing to him his own apartment. Brown had the melancholy satisfaction of performing the last sad offices of affection to his dying friend. He himself soon became affected with the same disorder; and it was not till after a severe illness that he so far recovered as to be able to transfer his residence to Perth Amboy, the abode of Mr. Dunlap, where a pure and invigorating atmosphere, aided by the kind attentions of his host, gradually restored him to a sufficient degree of health and spirits for the prosecution of his literary labours.

The spectacle he had witnessed made too deep an impression on him to be readily effaced, and he resolved to transfer his own conceptions of it, while yet fresh, to the page of fiction, or, as it might rather be called, of history, for the purpose, as he intimates in his preface, of imparting to others some of the fruits of the melancholy lesson he had himself experienced. Such was the origin of his next novel, *Arthur Mervyn; or, Memoirs of the Year 1798*. This was the fatal year of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. The action of the story is chiefly confined to that city, but seems to be prepared with little contrivance, on no regular or systematic plan, consisting simply of a succession of incidents, having little cohesion except in reference to the hero, but affording situations of great interest, and frightful fidelity of colouring. The pestilence wasting a thriving and populous city has furnished a topic for more than one great master. It will be remembered as the terror of every schoolboy in the

pages of Thucydides ; it forms the gloomy portal to the light and airy fictions of Boccaccio ; and it has furnished a subject for the graphic pencil of the English novelist De Foe, the only one of the three who never witnessed the horrors which he paints, but whose fictions wear an aspect of reality which history can rarely reach.

Brown has succeeded in giving the same terrible distinctness to his impressions by means of individual portraiture. He has, however, not confined himself to this, but, by a variety of touches, lays open to our view the whole interior of the city of the plague. Instead of expatiating on the loathsome symptoms and physical ravages of the disease, he selects the most striking moral circumstances which attend it ; he dwells on the withering sensation that falls so heavily on the heart in the streets of the once busy and crowded city, now deserted and silent, save only where the wheels of the melancholy hearse are heard to rumble along the pavement. Our author not unfrequently succeeds in conveying more to the heart by the skilful selection of a single circumstance than would have flowed from a multitude of petty details. It is the art of the great masters of poetry and painting.

The same year in which Brown produced the first part of "Arthur Mervyn," he entered on the publication of a periodical entitled, *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, a work that, during its brief existence, which terminated in the following year, afforded abundant evidence of its editor's versatility of talent and the ample range of his literary acquisitions. Our hero was now fairly in the traces of authorship. He looked to it as his permanent vocation ; and the indefatigable diligence with which he devoted himself to it may at least serve to show that he did not shrink from his professional engagements from any lack of industry or enterprise.

The publication of "Arthur Mervyn" was succeeded not long after by that of *Edgar Huntley ; or the Adventures of a Sleepwalker*, a romance presenting a greater variety of wild and picturesque adventure, with more copious delineations of natural scenery than is to be found in his other fictions ; circumstances, no doubt, possessing more attractions for the mass of readers than the peculiarities of his other novels. Indeed, the author has succeeded perfectly in constantly stimulating the curiosity by a succession of as original incidents, perils, and hair-breadth escapes as ever flitted across a poet's fancy. It is no small triumph of the art to be able to maintain the curiosity of the reader unflagging through a succession of incidents, which, far from being sustained by one predominant passion, and forming parts of one whole, rely each for its interest on its own independent merits.

The story is laid in the western part of Pennsylvania, where the author has diversified his descriptions of a simple and almost primitive state of society with uncommonly animated sketches of rural scenery. It is worth observing how the sombre complexion of Brown's imagination, which so deeply tinges his moral portraiture, sheds its gloom over his pictures of material nature, raising the landscape into all the severe and savage sublimity of a *Salvator Rosa*. The somnambulism of this novel, which, like the ventriloquism of *Wieland*, is the moving principle of all the machinery, has this advantage over the latter, that it does not necessarily impair the effect by perpetually suggesting a solution of mysteries, and thus dispelling the illusion on whose existence the effect of the whole story mainly depends. The adventures, indeed, built upon it are not the most probable in the world ; but, waiving this—we shall be well rewarded for such concession—there is no farther difficulty.

The extract already cited by us from the first of our author's novels has furnished the reader with an illustration of his power in displaying the conflict of passion under high and moral excitement. We will now venture another quotation from the work before us, in order to exhibit more fully his talent for the description of external objects.

Edgar Huntly, the hero of the story, is represented in one of the wild mountain fastnesses of Norwalk, a district in the western part of Pennsylvania. He is on the brink of a ravine, from which the only avenue lies over the body of a tree thrown across the chasm, through whose dark depths below a rushing torrent is heard to pour its waters.

"While occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed on the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already swerved somewhat from its original position; that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank; and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavouring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

"I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres, which were already stretched almost to breaking.

"To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet, and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak, and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my coat.

"Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was nothing more than a racoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His grey coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he had at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untameable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my tears were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence.

"The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defence.

"My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum.

"Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust, I hoped, would tear asunder

its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock, and proceeded to cross it.

"Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

"The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrible visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground, and closed my eyes.

"From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit, in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had like to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

"My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill, or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

"He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

"Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry uttered below showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom."

The subsequent narrative leads the hero through a variety of romantic adventures, especially with the savages, with whom he has several desperate encounters and critical escapes. The track of adventure, indeed, strikes into the same wild solitudes of the forest that have since been so frequently travelled over by our ingenious countryman Cooper. The light in which the character of the North American Indian has been exhibited by the two writers

has little resemblance. Brown's sketches, it is true, are few and faint. As far as they go, however, they are confined to such views as are most conformable to the popular conceptions, bringing into full relief the rude and uncouth lineaments of the Indian character, its cunning, cruelty, and unmitigated ferocity, with no intimations of a more generous nature. Cooper, on the other hand, discards all the coarser elements of savage life, reserving those only of a picturesque and romantic cast, and elevating the souls of his warriors by such sentiments of courtesy, high-toned gallantry, and passionate tenderness as belong to the riper period of civilization. Thus idealized, the portrait, if not strictly that of the fierce and untamed son of the forest, is at least sufficiently true for poetical purposes. Cooper is, indeed, a poet. His descriptions of inanimate nature, no less than of savage man, are instinct with the breath of poetry. Witness his infinitely various pictures of the ocean; or still more, of the beautiful spirit that rides upon its bosom, the gallant ship, which under his touches becomes an animated thing, inspired by a living soul; reminding us of the beautiful superstition of the simple-hearted natives, who fancied the bark of Columbus some celestial visitant, descending on his broad pinions from the skies.

Brown is far less of a colourist. He deals less in external nature, but searches the depths of the soul. He may be rather called a philosophical than a poetical writer; for, though he has that intensity of feeling which constitutes one of the distinguishing attributes of the latter, yet in his most tumultuous bursts of passion we frequently find him pausing to analyse and coolly speculate on the elements which have raised it. This intrusion, indeed, of reason, *la raison froide*, into scenes of the greatest interest and emotion, has sometimes the unhappy effect of chilling them altogether.

In 1800 Brown published the second part of his *Arthur Mervyn*, whose occasional displays of energy and pathos by no means compensate the violent dislocations and general improbabilities of the narrative. Our author was led into these defects by the unpardonable precipitancy of his composition. Three of his romances were thrown off in the course of one year. These were written with the printer's devil literally at his elbow, one being begun before another was completed, and all of them before a regular, well-digested plan was devised for their execution.

The consequences of this curious style of doing business are such as might have been predicted. The incidents are strung together with about as little connection as the rhymes in "the House that Jack built;" and the whole reminds us of some bizarre, antiquated edifice, exhibiting a dozen styles of architecture, according to the caprice or convenience of its successive owners.

The reader is ever at a loss for a clue to guide him through the labyrinth of strange, incongruous incident. It would seem as if the great object of the author was to keep alive the state of suspense, on the player's principle, in the "Rehearsal," that "on the stage it is best to keep the audience in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot or the sense tires them at the end of the first act. Now here every line surprises you, and brings in new matter!" Perhaps, however, all this proceeds less from calculation than from the embarrassment which the novelist feels in attempting a solution of his own riddles, and which leads him to put off the reader, by multiplying incident after incident, until at length, entangled in the complicated snarl of his own intrigue, he is finally obliged, when the fatal hour arrives, to cut the knot which he cannot unravel. There is no other way by which we can account for the forced and violent *dénouements* which bring up so many of Brown's fictions. Voltaire has remarked, somewhere in his Commentaries on Corneille, that "an author may write with the rapidity of genius, but should correct with scrupulous deliberation." Our author seems to have thought it sufficient to comply with the first half of the maxim.

In 1801 Brown published his novel of *Clara Howard*, and in 1804 closed the series with *Jane Talbot*, first printed in England. They are composed in a more subdued tone, discarding those startling preternatural incidents of which he had made such free use in his former fictions. In the preface to his first romance, *Wieland*, he remarks, in allusion to the mystery on which the story is made to depend, that "it is a sufficient vindication of the writer if history furnishes one parallel fact." But the French critic, who tells us *le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable*, has, with more judgment, condemned this vicious recurrence to extravagant and improbable incident. Truth cannot always be pleaded in vindication of the author of a fiction any more than of a libel. Brown seems to have subsequently come into the same opinion; for, in a letter addressed to his brother James, after the publication of *Edgar Huntly*, he observes, "Your remarks upon the gloominess and out-of-nature incidents of *Huntly*, if they be not just in their full extent, are doubtless such as most readers will make, which alone is a sufficient reason for dropping the doleful tone and assuming a cheerful one, or, at least, substituting moral causes and daily incidents in place of the prodigious or the singular. I shall not fall hereafter into that strain." The two last novels of our author, however, although purified from the more glaring defects of the preceding, were so inferior in their general power and originality of conception, that they never rose to the same level in public favour.

In the year 1801, Brown returned to his native city, Philadelphia, where he established his residence in the family of his brother. Here he continued, steadily pursuing his literary avocations; and in 1803 undertook the conduct of a periodical, entitled *The Literary Magazine and American Register*. A great change had taken place in his opinions on more than one important topic connected with human life and happiness, and, indeed, in his general tone of thinking, since abandoning his professional career. Brighter prospects, no doubt, suggested to him more cheerful considerations. Instead of a mere dreamer in the world of fancy, he had now become a practical man; larger experience and deeper meditation had shown him the emptiness of his Utopian theories; and, though his sensibilities were as ardent, and as easily enlisted as ever in the cause of humanity, his schemes of amelioration were built upon, not against, the existing institutions of society. The enunciation of the principles on which the periodical above alluded to was to be conducted, is so honourable every way to his heart and his understanding, that we cannot refrain from making a brief extract from it.

"In an age like this, when the foundations of religion and morality have been so boldly attacked, it seems necessary, in announcing a work of this nature, to be particularly explicit as to the path which the editor means to pursue. He therefore avows himself to be, without equivocation or reserve, the ardent friend and the willing champion of the Christian religion. Christian piety he reveres as the highest excellence of human beings; and the amplest reward he can seek for his labour is the consciousness of having, in some degree, however inconsiderable, contributed to recommend the practice of religious duties. As in the conduct of this work a supreme regard will be paid to the interests of religion and morality, he will scrupulously guard against all that dishonours and impairs that principle. Everything that savours of indelicacy or licentiousness will be rigorously proscribed. His poetical pieces may be dull, but they shall at least be free from voluptuousness or sensuality; and his prose, whether seconded or not by genius or knowledge, shall scrupulously aim at the promotion of public and private virtue."

During his abode in New York, our author had formed an attachment to an amiable and accomplished young lady, Miss Elizabeth Linn, daughter of the excellent and highly-gifted Presbyterian divine, Dr. William Linn, of that city. Their mutual attachment, in which the impulses of the heart were

sanctioned by the understanding, was followed by their marriage in November, 1804, after which he never again removed his residence from Philadelphia.

With the additional responsibilities of his new station, he pursued his literary labours with increased diligence. He projected the plan of an *Annual Register*, the first work of the kind in the country, and in 1806 edited the first volume of the publication, which was undertaken at the risk of an eminent bookseller of Philadelphia, Mr. Conrad, who had engaged his editorial labours in the conduct of the former magazine, begun in 1803. When it is considered that both these periodicals were placed under the superintendence of one individual, and that he bestowed such indefatigable attention on them that they were not only prepared, but a large portion actually executed by his own hands, we shall form no mean opinion of the extent and variety of his stores of information, and his facility in applying them. Both works are replete with evidences of the taste and erudition of their editor, embracing a wide range of miscellaneous articles, essays, literary criticism, and scientific researches. The historical portion of the *Register* in particular, comprehending in addition to the political annals of the principal states of Europe and of our own country, an elaborate inquiry into the origin and organization of our domestic institutions, displays a discrimination in the selection of incidents, and a good faith and candour in the mode of discussing them, that entitle it to great authority as a record of contemporary transactions. Eight volumes were published of the first-mentioned periodical, and the latter was continued under his direction till the end of the fifth volume, 1809.

In addition to these regular and, as they may be called, professional labours, he indulged his prolific pen in various speculations, both of a literary and political character, many of which appeared in the pages of the *Portfolio*. Among other occasional productions, we may notice a beautiful biographical sketch of his wife's brother, Dr. J. B. Linn, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, whose lamented death occurred in the year succeeding Brown's marriage. We must not leave out of the account three elaborate and extended pamphlets, published between 1803 and 1809, on political topics of deep interest to the community at that time. The first of these, on the cession of Louisiana to the French, soon went into a second edition. They all excited general attention at the time of their appearance by the novelty of their arguments, the variety and copiousness of their information, the liberality of their views, the independence, so rare at that day, of foreign prejudices; the exemption, still rarer, from the bitterness of party spirit; and, lastly, the tone of loyal and heartfelt patriotism—a patriotism without cant—with which the author dwells on the expanding glory and prosperity of his country in a strain of prophecy that it is our boast has now become history.

Thus occupied, Brown's situation seemed now to afford him all the means for happiness attainable in this life. His own labours secured to him an honourable independence and a high reputation, which, to a mind devoted to professional or other intellectual pursuits, is usually of far higher estimation than gain. Round his own fireside he found ample scope for the exercise of his affectionate sensibilities, while the tranquil pleasures of domestic life proved the best possible relaxation for a mind wearied by severe intellectual effort. His grateful heart was deeply sensible to the extent of his blessings; and in more than one letter he indulges in a vein of reflection which shows that his only solicitude was from the fear of their instability. His own health furnished too well-grounded cause for such apprehensions.

We have already noticed that he set out in life with a feeble constitution. His sedentary habits and intense application had not, as it may well be believed, contributed to repair the defects of nature. He had for some time shown a disposition to pulmonary complaints, and had raised blood more than once, which he in vain endeavoured to persuade himself did not proceed from

the lungs. As the real character of the disease disclosed itself in a manner not to be mistaken, his anxious friends would have persuaded him to cross the water in the hope of re-establishing his health by a seasonable change of climate. But Brown could not endure the thoughts of so long a separation from his beloved family, and he trusted to the effect of a temporary abstinence from business, and of one of those excursions into the country by which he had so often recruited his health and spirits.

In the summer of 1809, he made a tour into New Jersey and New York. A letter addressed to one of his family from the banks of the Hudson, during this journey, exhibits in melancholy colours how large a portion of his life had been clouded by disease, which now, indeed, was too oppressive to admit of any other alleviation than what he could find in the bosom of his own family.

"MY DEAREST MARY,—Instead of wandering about, and viewing more nearly a place that affords very pleasing landscapes, here am I, hovering over the images of wife, children, and sisters. I want to write to you and home; and though unable to procure paper enough to form a letter, I cannot help saying something even on this scrap.

"I am mortified to think how incurious and inactive a mind has fallen to my lot. I left home with reluctance. If I had not brought a beloved part of my home along with me, I should probably have not left it at all. At a distance from home, my enjoyments, my affections are beside you. If swayed by mere inclination, I should not be out of your company a quarter of an hour between my parting and returning hour; but I have some mercy on you and Susan, and a due conviction of my want of power to beguile your vacant hour with amusement, or improve it by instruction. Even if I were ever so well, and if my spirits did not continually hover on the brink of dejection, my talk could only make you yawn; as things are, my company can only tend to create a gap indeed.

"When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men, and would produce in me, no doubt—at least, when not soured by misfortune? Never; scarcely ever; not longer than half an hour at a time since I have called myself man, and not a moment since I left you."

Finding these brief excursions productive of no salutary change in his health, he at length complied with the entreaties of his friends, and determined to try the effect of a voyage to Europe in the following spring. That spring he was doomed never to behold. About the middle of November he was taken with a violent pain in his left side, for which he was bled. From that time forward he was confined to his chamber. His malady was not attoued with the exemption from actual pain with which nature seems sometimes willing to compensate the sufferer for the length of its duration. His sufferings were incessant and acute; and they were supported, not only without a murmur, but with an appearance of cheerfulness, to which the hearts of his friends could but ill respond. He met the approach of death in the true spirit of Christian philosophy. No other dread but that of separation from those dear to him on earth had power to disturb his tranquillity for a moment. But the temper of his mind in his last hours is best disclosed in a communication from that faithful partner who contributed more than any other to support him through them. "He always felt for others more than for himself; and the evidences of sorrow in those around him, which could not at all times be suppressed, appeared to affect him more than his own sufferings. Whenever he spoke of the probability of a fatal termination to his disease, it was in an indirect and covert manner, as, 'you must do so and so when I am absent,' or 'when I am asleep.' He surrendered not up one faculty of his soul but with his last breath. He saw death in every step of his approach, and viewed

him as a messenger that brought with him no terrors. He frequently expressed his resignation; but his resignation was not produced by apathy or pain; for while he bowed with submission to the Divine will, he felt with the keenest sensibility his separation from those who made this world but too dear to him." Towards the last he spoke of death without disguise, and appeared to wish to prepare his friends for the event, which he felt to be approaching. A few days previous to his change, as sitting up in the bed, he fixed his eyes on the sky, and desired not to be spoken to until he first spoke. In this position, and with a serene countenance, he continued for some minutes, and then said to his wife, "When I desired you not to speak to me, I had the most transporting and sublime feelings I have ever experienced; I wanted to enjoy them, and know how long they would last;" concluding with requesting her to remember the circumstance.

A visible change took place in him on the morning of the 19th of February, 1810, and he caused his family to be assembled around his bed, when he took leave of each one of them in the most tender and impressive manner. He lingered, however, a few days longer, remaining in the full possession of his faculties to the 22nd of the month, when he expired without a struggle. He had reached the thirty-ninth year of his age the month preceding his death. The family which he left consisted of a wife and four children.

There was nothing striking in Brown's personal appearance. His manners, however, were distinguished by a gentleness and unaffected simplicity which rendered them extremely agreeable. He possessed colloquial powers which do not always fall to the lot of the practised and ready writer. His rich and various acquisitions supplied an unfailling fund for the edification of his hearers. They did not lead him, however, to affect an air of superiority, or to assume too prominent a part in the dialogue, especially in large or mixed company, where he was rather disposed to be silent, reserving the display of his powers for the unrestrained intercourse of friendship. He was a stranger not only to base and malignant passions, but to the paltry jealousies which sometimes sour the intercourse of men of letters. On the contrary, he was ever prompt to do ample justice to the merits of others. His heart was warm with the feeling of universal benevolence. Too sanguine and romantic views had exposed him to some miscalculations and consequent disappointments in youth, from which, however, he was subsequently retrieved by the strength of his understanding, which, combining with what may be called his natural elevation of soul, enabled him to settle the soundest principles for the regulation of his opinions and conduct in after life. His reading was careless and desultory, but his appetite was voracious; and the great amount of miscellaneous information which he thus amassed was all demanded to supply the outpourings of his mind in a thousand channels of entertainment and instruction. His unwearied application is attested by the large amount of his works, large even for the present day, when mind seems to have caught the accelerated movement so generally given to the operations of machinery. The whole number of Brown's printed works, comprehending his editorial as well as original productions, to the former of which his own pen contributed a very disproportionate share, is not less than four-and-twenty printed volumes, not to mention various pamphlets, anonymous contributions to divers periodicals, as well as more than one compilation of laborious research which he left unfinished at his death.

Of this vast amount of matter, produced within the brief compass of little more than ten years, that portion on which his fame as an author must permanently rest is his novels. We have already entered too minutely into the merits of these productions to require anything farther than a few general observations. They may probably claim to be regarded as having first opened the way to the successful cultivation of romantic fiction in this country.

Great doubts were long entertained of our capabilities for immediate success in this department. We had none of the buoyant, stirring associations of a romantic age; none of the chivalrous pageantry, the feudal and border story, or Robin Hood adventure; none of the dim, shadowy superstitions, and the traditional legends, which had gathered like moss round every stone, hill, and valley of the olden countries. Everything here wore a spick-and-span new aspect, and lay in the broad, garish sunshine of everyday life. We had none of the picturesque varieties of situation or costume; everything lay on the same dull, prosaic level; in short, we had none of the most obvious elements of poetry: at least, so it appeared to the vulgar eye. It required the eye of genius to detect the rich stores of romantic and poetic interest that lay beneath the crust of society. Brown was aware of the capabilities of our country, and the poverty of the results he was less inclined to impute to the soil than to the cultivation of it; at least this would appear from some remarks dropped in his correspondence in 1794, several years before he broke ground in this field himself. "It used to be a favourite maxim with me, that the genius of a poet should be sacred to the glory of his country. How far this rule can be reduced to practice by an American bard, how far he can prudently observe it, and what success has crowned the efforts of those who in their compositions have shown that they have not been unmindful of it, is perhaps not worth the inquiry.

"Does it not appear to you that, to give poetry a popular currency and universal reputation, a particular cast of manners and state of civilization is necessary? I have sometimes thought so, but perhaps it is an error; and the want of popular poems argues only the demerit of those who have already written, or some defect in their works, which unfits them for every taste or understanding."

The success of our author's experiment, which was entirely devoted to American subjects, fully established the soundness of his opinions, which have been abundantly confirmed by the prolific pens of Irving, Cooper, Sedgwick, and other accomplished writers, who, in their diversified sketches of national character and scenery, have shown the full capacity of our country for all the purposes of fiction. Brown does not direct himself, like them, to the illustration of social life and character. He is little occupied with the exterior forms of society; he works in the depths of the heart, dwelling less on human action than the sources of it. He has been said to have formed himself on Godwin. Indeed, he openly avowed his admiration of that eminent writer, and has certainly, in some respects, adopted his mode of operation, studying character with a philosophic rather than a poetic eye. But there is no servile imitation in all this. He has borrowed the same torch, indeed, to read the page of human nature, but the lesson he derives from it is totally different. His great object seems to be to exhibit the soul in scenes of extraordinary interest. For this purpose, striking and perilous situations are devised, or circumstances of strong moral excitement, a troubled conscience, partial gleams of insanity, or bodings of imaginary evil, which haunt the soul, and force it into all the agonies of terror. In the midst of the fearful strife, we are coolly invited to investigate its causes and all the various phenomena which attend it; every contingency, probability, nay possibility, however remote, is discussed and nicely balanced. The heat of the reader is seen to evaporate in this cold-blooded dissection, in which our author seems to rival Butler's hero, who—

"Profoundly skilled in analytic,
Could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

We are constantly struck with the strange contrast of over-passion and over-reasoning. But perhaps, after all, these defects could not be pruned away

from Brown's composition without detriment to his peculiar excellencies. *Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.* If so, we may willingly pardon the one for the sake of the other.

We cannot close without adverting to our author's style. He bestowed great pains on the formation of it; but, in our opinion, without great success, at least in his novels. It has an elaborate, factitious air, contrasting singularly with the general simplicity of his taste and the careless rapidity of his composition. We are aware, indeed, that works of imagination may bear a higher flush of colour, a poetical varnish, in short, that must be refused to graver and more studied narrative. No writer has been so felicitous in reaching the exact point of good taste in this particular as Scott, who, on a groundwork of prose, may be said to have enabled his readers to breathe an atmosphere of poetry. More than one author, on the other hand—as Florian, in French, for example, and Lady Morgan, in English—in their attempts to reach this middle region, are eternally fluttering on the wing of sentiment, equally removed from good prose and good poetry.

Brown, perhaps willing to avoid this extreme, has fallen into the opposite one, forcing his style into unnatural vigour and condensation. Unusual and pedantic epithets, and elliptical forms of expression, in perpetual violation of idiom, are resorted to at the expense of simplicity and nature. He seems averse to telling simple things in a simple way. Thus, for example, we have such expressions as these: "I was *fraught with the persuasion* that my life was endangered." "The outer door was ajar. I shut it with trembling eagerness, and drew every bolt that *appended* to it." "His brain seemed to swell beyond its *continent*." "I waited till their slow and hoarser *inspirations* showed them to be both asleep. Just then, on changing my position, my head struck against some things which *depended* from the ceiling of the closet." "It was still dark, but my sleep was at an end, and by a common apparatus (tinder-box ?) that lay beside my bed, I could instantly produce a light." "On recovering from *deliquium*, you found it where it had been dropped." It is unnecessary to multiply examples, which we should not have adverted to at all had not our opinions in this matter been at variance with those of more than one respectable critic. This sort of language is no doubt in very bad taste. It cannot be denied, however, that, although these defects are sufficiently general to give a colouring to the whole of his composition, yet his works afford many passages of undeniable eloquence and rhetorical beauty. It must be remembered, too, that his novels were his first productions, thrown off with careless profusion, and exhibiting many of the defects of an immature mind, which longer experience and practice might have corrected. Indeed, his later writings are recommended by a more correct and natural phraseology, although it must be allowed that the graver topics to which they are devoted, if they did not authorize, would at least render less conspicuous any studied formality and artifice of expression.

These verbal blemishes, combined with defects already alluded to in the development of his plots, but which all ~~relate~~ ^{relate} to the form rather than the *fond* of his subject, have made our author less extensively popular than his extraordinary powers would have entitled him to be. His peculiar merits, indeed, appeal to a higher order of criticism than is to be found in ordinary and superficial readers. Like the productions of Coleridge or Wordsworth, they seem to rely on deeper sensibilities than most men possess, and tax the reasoning powers more severely than is agreeable to readers who resort to works of fiction only as an epicurean indulgence. The number of their admirers is therefore necessarily more limited than that of writers of less talent, who have shown more tact in accommodating themselves to the tone of popular feeling or prejudice.

But we are unwilling to part, with anything like a tone of disparagement

lingering on our lips, with the amiable author to whom our rising literature is under such large and various obligations ; who first opened a view into the boundless fields of fiction, which subsequent adventurers have successfully explored ; who has furnished so much for our instruction in the several departments of history and criticism, and has rendered still more effectual service by kindling in the bosom of the youthful scholar the same generous love of letters which glowed in his own ; whose writings, in fine, have uniformly inculcated the pure and elevated morality exemplified in his life. The only thing we can regret is, that a life so useful should have been so short, if, indeed, that can be considered short which has done so much towards attaining life's great end.

ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND.*

JULY, 1830.

THERE is nothing in which the moderns surpass the ancients more conspicuously than in their noble provisions for the relief of indigence and distress. The public policy of the ancients seems to have embraced only whatever might promote the aggrandizement or the direct prosperity of the state, and to have cared little for those unfortunate beings who, from disease or incapacity of any kind, were disqualified from contributing to this. But the beneficent influence of Christianity, combined with the general tendency of our social institutions, has led to the recognition of rights in the individual as sacred as those of the community, and has suggested manifold provisions for personal comfort and happiness.

The spirit of benevolence, thus widely, and oftentimes judiciously exerted, continued until a very recent period, however, strangely insensible to the claims of a large class of objects, to whom nature, and no misconduct or imprudence of their own, as is too often the case with the subjects of public charity, had denied some of the most estimable faculties of man. No suitable institutions, until the close of the last century, have been provided for the nurture of the deaf and dumb, or the blind. Immured within hospitals and almshouses, like so many lunatics and incurables, they have been delivered over, if they escaped the physical, to all the moral contagion too frequently incident to such abodes, and have thus been involved in a mental darkness far more deplorable than their bodily one.

This injudicious treatment has resulted from the erroneous principle of viewing these unfortunate beings as an absolute burden on the public, utterly incapable of contributing to their own subsistence, or of ministering in any degree to their own intellectual wants. Instead, however, of being degraded by such unworthy views, they should have been regarded as, what in truth they are, possessed of corporeal and mental capacities perfectly competent, under proper management, to the production of the most useful results. If wisdom from one entrance was quite shut out, other avenues for its admission still remained to be opened.

In order to give effective aid to persons in this predicament, it is necessary to place ourselves as far as possible in their peculiar situation, to consider to what faculties this insulated condition is, on the whole, most favourable, and in what direction they can be exercised, with the best chance of success. Without such foresight, all our endeavours to aid them will only put them upon efforts above their strength, and result in serious mortification.

The blind, from the cheerful ways of men cut off, are necessarily excluded from the busy theatre of human action. Their infirmity, however, which consigns them to darkness, and often to solitude, would seem favourable to contemplative habits, and to the pursuits of abstract science and pure

* An Act to Incorporate the New-England Asylum for the Blind. Approved, March 2nd, 1829.

speculation. Undisturbed by external objects, the mind necessarily turns within, and concentrates its ideas on any point of investigation with greater intensity and perseverance. It is no uncommon thing, therefore, to find persons setting apart the silent hours of the evening for the purpose of composition or other purely intellectual exercise. Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely, used to close his shutters in the daytime, excluding every ray of light; and hence Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize the better—a story the veracity of which Cicero, who relates it, is prudent enough not to vouch for.

Blindness must also be exceedingly favourable to the discipline of the memory. Whoever has had the misfortune, from any derangement of the organ, to be compelled to derive his knowledge of books less from the eye than the ear, will feel the truth of this. The difficulty of recalling what has once escaped, of reverting to or dwelling on the passages read aloud by another, compels the hearer to give undivided attention to the subject, and to impress it more forcibly on his own mind by subsequent and methodical reflection. Instances of the cultivation of this faculty to an extraordinary extent have been witnessed among the blind, and it has been most advantageously applied to the pursuit of abstract science, especially mathematics.

One of the most eminent illustrations of these remarks is the well-known history of Saunderson, who, though deprived in his infancy not only of sight, but of the organ itself, contrived to become so well acquainted with the Greek tongue as to read the works of the ancient mathematicians in the original. He made such advances in the higher departments of the science, that he was appointed, "though not matriculated at the University," to fill the chair which a short time previous had been occupied by Sir Isaac Newton at Cambridge. The lectures of this blind professor on the most abstruse points of the Newtonian philosophy, and especially on optics, naturally filled his audience with admiration; and the perspicuity with which he communicated his ideas is said to have been unequalled. He was enabled, by the force of his memory, to perform many long operations in arithmetic, and to carry in his mind the most complex geometrical figures. As, however, it became necessary to supply the want of vision by some symbols which might be sensible to the touch, he contrived a table in which pins, whose value was determined principally by their relative position to each other, served him instead of figures, while for his diagrams he employed pegs, inserted at the requisite angles to each other, representing the lines by threads drawn around them. He was so expert in his use of these materials, that, when performing his calculations, he would change the position of the pins with nearly the same facility that another person would indite figures, and when disturbed in an operation would afterward resume it again, ascertaining the posture in which he had left it by passing his hand carefully over the table. To such shifts and inventions does human ingenuity resort when stimulated by the thirst of knowledge; as the plant, when thrown into shade on one side, sends forth its branches eagerly in that direction where the light is permitted to fall upon it.

In like manner, the celebrated mathematician, Euler, continued, for many years after he became blind, to indite and publish the results of his scientific labours, and at the time of his decease left nearly a hundred memoirs ready for the press, most of which have since been given to the world. An example of diligence equally indefatigable, though turned in a different channel, occurs in our contemporary Huber, who has contributed one of the most delightful volumes within the compass of natural history, and who, if he employed the eyes of another, guided them in their investigation to the right results by the light of his own mind.

Blindness would seem to be propitious, also, to the exercise of the inventive powers. Hence poetry, from the time of *Thamyris* and the blind *Mæonides*

down to the Welsh harper and the ballad-grinder of our day, has been assigned as the peculiar province of those bereft of vision,

"As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in saddest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note."

The greatest epic poem of antiquity was probably, as that of the moderns was certainly, composed in darkness." It is easy to understand how the man who has once seen can recall and body forth in his conceptions new combinations of material beauty; but it would seem scarcely possible that one born blind, excluded from all acquaintance with "coloured nature," as Condillac finely styles it, should excel in descriptive poetry. Yet there are eminent examples of this; among others, that of Blacklock, whose verses abound in the most agreeable and picturesque images. Yet he could have formed no other idea of colours than was conveyed by their moral associations, the source, indeed, of most of the pleasures we derive from descriptive poetry. It was thus that he studied the variegated aspect of nature, and read in it the successive revolutions of the seasons, their freshness, their prime, and decay.

Mons Guillié, in an interesting essay on the instruction of the blind, to which we shall have occasion repeatedly to refer, quotes an example of the association of ideas in regard to colours, which occurred in one of his own pupils, who, in reciting the well-known passage in Horace, "*rubente dextera sacras jaculatus arces*," translated the first two words by "fiery" or "burning right hand." On being requested to render it literally, he called it "red right hand," and gave as the reason for his former version, that he could form no positive conception of a red colour; but that, as fire was said to be red, he connected the idea of heat with this colour, and had therefore interpreted the wrath of Jupiter, demolishing town and tower, by the epithet "fiery or burning;" for "when people are angry," he added, "they are hot, and when they are hot, they must of course be red." He certainly seems to have formed a much more accurate notion of red than Locke's blind man.

But while a gift for poetry belongs only to the inspired few, and while many have neither taste nor talent for mathematical or speculative science, it is a consolation to reflect that the humblest individual who is destitute of sight may so far supply this deficiency by the perfection of the other senses as by their aid to attain a considerable degree of intellectual culture, as well as a familiarity with some of the most useful mechanic arts. It will be easier to conceive to what extent the perceptions of touch and hearing may be refined if we reflect how far that of sight is sharpened by exclusive reliance on it in certain situations. Thus the mariner describes objects at night, and at a distance upon the ocean, altogether imperceptible to the unpractised eye of a landsman. And the North American Indian steers his course undeviatingly through the trackless wilderness, guided only by such signs as escape the eye of the most inquisitive white man.

In like manner, the senses of hearing and feeling are capable of attaining such a degree of perfection in a blind person, that by them alone he can distinguish his various acquaintances, and even the presence of persons whom he has but rarely met before, the size of the apartment, and the general locality of the spots in which he may happen to be, and guide himself safely across the most solitary districts and amid the throng of towns. Dr. Bew, in a paper in the Manchester Collection of Memoirs, gives an account of a blind man of his acquaintance in Derbyshire, who was much used as a guide for travellers in the night over certain intricate roads, and particularly when the tracks were covered with snow. This same man was afterward employed as a projector and surveyor of roads in that county. We well remember a blind man in the neighbouring town of Salem, who officiated some twenty years

since as the town crier, when that functionary performed many of the advertising duties now usurped by the newspaper, making his diurnal round, and stopping with great precision at every corner, trivium or quodrivium, to chime his "melodious twang." Yet this feat, the familiarity of which prevented it from occasioning any surprise, could have resulted only from the nicest observation of the undulations of the ground, or by an attention to the currents of air, or the different sound of the voice or other noises in these openings, signs altogether lost upon the man of eyes.

Mons. Guillié mentions several apparently well-attested anecdotes of blind persons who had the power of discriminating colours by the touch. One of the individuals noticed by him, a Dutchman, who was so expert in this way that he was sure to come off conqueror at the card-table by the knowledge which he thus obtained of his adversary's hand, whenever it came to his turn to deal. This power of discrimination of colours, which seems to be a gift only of a very few of the finer-fingered gentry, must be founded on the different consistency or smoothness of the ingredients used in the various dyes. A more certain method of ascertaining these colours, that of tasting or touching them with the tongue, is frequently resorted to by the blind, who by this means often distinguish between those analogous colours, as black and dark blue, red and pink, which, having the greatest apparent affinity, not unfrequently deceive the eye.

Diderot, in an ingenious letter on the blind, *à l'usage de ceux qui voient*, has given a circumstantial narration of his visit to a blind man at Puisseau, the son of a professor in the University of Paris, and well known in his day from the various accomplishments and manual dexterity which he exhibited, remarkable in a person in his situation. Being asked what notion he had formed of an eye, he replied, "I conceive it to be an organ on which the air produces the same effect as this staff on my hand. If, when you are looking at an object, I should interpose anything between your eyes and that object, it would prevent you from seeing it. And I am in the same predicament when I seek one thing with my staff and come across another." An explanation, says Diderot, as lucid as any which could be given by Descartes, who, it is singular, attempts, in his *Dioptrics*, to explain the analogy between the senses of feeling and seeing by figures of men blindfolded, groping their way with staffs in their hands. This same intelligent personage became so familiar with the properties of touch that he seems to have accounted them almost equally valuable with those of vision. On being interrogated if he felt a great desire to have eyes, he answered, "Were it not for the mere gratification of curiosity, I think I should do as well to wish for long arms. It seems to me that my hands would inform me better of what is going on in the moon than your eyes and telescopes; and then the eyes lose the power of vision more readily than the hands that of feeling. It would be better to perfect the organ which I have than to bestow on me that which I have not."

Indeed, the "geometric sense" of touch, as Buffon terms it, as far as it reaches, is more faithful, and conveys oftentimes a more satisfactory idea of external forms than the eye itself. The great defect is that its range is necessarily so limited. It is told of Saunderson, that, on one occasion, he detected by his finger a counterfeit coin which had deceived the eye of a connoisseur. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved from blindness at an advanced, or even early period of life, have been found frequently to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to the sight. The celebrated English anatomist, Cheselden, mentions several illustrations of this fact in an account given by him of a blind boy, whom he had successfully couched for cataracts, at the age of fourteen. It was long before the youth could discriminate by his eye between his old companions, the family cat and

dog, dissimilar as such animals appear to us in colour and conformation. Being ashamed to ask the oft-repeated question, he was observed one day to pass his hand carefully over the cat, and then, looking at her steadfastly, to exclaim, "So, puss, I shall know you another time." It is more natural that he should have been deceived by the illusory art of painting, and it was long before he could comprehend that the objects depicted did not possess the same relief on the canvass as in nature. He inquired, "Which is the lying sense here, the sight or the touch?"

The faculty of hearing would seem susceptible of a similar refinement with that of seeing. To prove this without going into farther detail, it is only necessary to observe that much the larger proportion of blind persons are, more or less, proficient in music, and that in some of the institutions for their education, as that in Paris, for instance, *all* the pupils are instructed in this delightful art. The gift of a natural ear for melody, therefore, deemed comparatively rare with the *clairvoyants*, would seem to exist so far in every individual as to be capable, by a suitable cultivation, of affording a high degree of relish, at least to himself.

As, in order to a successful education of the blind, it becomes necessary to understand what are the faculties, intellectual and corporeal, to the development and exercise of which their peculiar condition is best adapted, so it is equally necessary to understand how far, and in what manner, their moral constitution is likely to be affected by the insulated position in which they are placed. The blind man, shut up within the precincts of his own microcosm, is subjected to influences of a very different complexion from the bulk of mankind, inasmuch as each of the senses is best fitted to the introduction of a certain class of ideas into the mind, and he is deprived of that one through which the rest of his species receive by far the greatest number of theirs. Thus it will be readily understood that his notions of modesty and delicacy may a good deal differ from those of the world at large. The blind man of Puisseau confessed that he could not comprehend why it should be reckoned improper to expose one part of the person rather than another. Indeed, the conventional rules, so necessarily adopted in society in this relation, might seem, in a great degree, superfluous in a blind community.

The blind man would seem, also, to be less likely to be endowed with the degree of sensibility usual with those who enjoy the blessing of sight. It is difficult to say how much of our early education depends on the looks, the frowns, the smiles, the tears, the example, in fact, of those placed over and around us. From all this the blind child is necessarily excluded. These, however, are the great sources of sympathy. We feel little for the joys or the sorrows which we do not witness. "Out of sight, out of mind," says the old proverb. Hence people are so ready to turn away from distress which they cannot, or their avarice will not suffer them to relieve. Hence, too, persons whose compassionate hearts would bleed at the infliction of an act of cruelty on so large an animal as a horse or a dog, for example, will crush without concern a wilderness of insects, whose delicate organization, and whose bodily agonies are imperceptible to the naked eye. The slightest injury occurring in our own presence affects us infinitely more than the tidings of the most murderous battle, or the sack of the most populous or flourishing city at the extremity of the globe. Yet such, without much exaggeration, is the relative position of the blind, removed by their infirmity at a distance from the world, from the daily exhibition of those mingled scenes of grief and gladness which have their most important uses, perhaps, in calling forth our sympathies for our fellow-creatures.

It has been affirmed that the situation of the blind is unpropitious to religious sentiment. They are necessarily insensible to the grandeur of the

spectacle which forces itself upon our senses every day of our existence. The magnificent map of the heavens, with—

"Every star
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Fours on the eye,"

is not unrolled for them. The révolutions of the seasons, with all their beautiful varieties of form and colour, and whatever glories of the creation lift the soul in wonder and gratitude to the Creator, are not for them. Their world is circumscribed by the little circle which they can span with their own arms. All beyond has for them no real existence. This seems to have passed within the mind of the mathematician Saunderson, whose notions of a Deity would seem to have been, to the last, exceedingly vague and unsettled. The clergyman who visited him in his latter hours endeavoured to impress upon him the evidence of a God as afforded by the astonishing mechanism of the universe. "Alas!" said the dying philosopher, "I have been condemned to pass my life in darkness, and you speak to me of prodigies which I cannot comprehend, and which can only be felt by you, and those who see like you!" When reminded of the faith of Newton, Leibnitz, and Clarke, minds from whom he had drunk so deeply of instruction, and for whom he entertained the profoundest veneration, he remarked, "the testimony of Newton is not so strong for me as that of Nature was for him; Newton believed on the Word of God himself, while I am reduced to believe on that of Newton." He expired with this ejaculation on his lips, "God of Newton, have mercy on me!"

These, however, may be considered as the peevish ebullitions of a naturally sceptical and somewhat disappointed spirit, impatient of an infirmity which obstructed, as he conceived, his advancement in the career of science to which he had so zealously devoted himself. It was in allusion to this, undoubtedly, that he depicted his life as having been "one long desire and continued privation."

It is far more reasonable to believe that there are certain peculiarities in the condition of the blind which more than counterbalance the unpropitious circumstances above described, and which have a decided tendency to awaken devotional sentiment in their minds. They are the subjects of a grievous calamity, which, as in all such cases, naturally disposes the heart to sober reflection, and, when permanent and irremediable, to passive resignation. Their situation necessarily excludes most of those temptations which so sorely beset us in the world—those tumultuous passions which, in the general rivalry, divide man from man, and embitter the sweet cup of social life—those sordid appetites which degrade us to the level of the brutes. They are subjected, on the contrary, to the most healthful influences. Their occupations are of a tranquil, and oftentimes of a purely intellectual character. Their pleasures are derived from the endearments of domestic intercourse, and the attentions almost always conceded to persons in their dependent condition must necessarily beget a reciprocal kindness of feeling in their own bosoms. In short, the uniform tenour of their lives is such as naturally to dispose them to resignation, serenity, and cheerfulness; and accordingly, as far as our own experience goes, these have usually been the characteristics of the blind.

Indeed, the cheerfulness almost universally incident to persons deprived of sight leads us to consider blindness as, on the whole, a less calamity than deafness. The deaf man is continually exposed to the sight of pleasures and to society in which he can take no part. He is the guest at a banquet of which he is not permitted to partake, the spectator at a theatre where he cannot comprehend a syllable. If the blind man is excluded from sources of enjoyment equally important, he has, at least, the advantage of not perceiving, and

not even comprehending what he has lost. It may be added, that perhaps the greatest privation consequent on blindness is the inability to read, as that on deafness is the loss of the pleasures of society. Now the eyes of another may be made, in a great degree, to supply this defect of the blind man, while no art can afford a corresponding substitute to the deaf for privations to which he is doomed in social intercourse. He cannot hear with the ears of another. As, however, it is undeniable that blindness makes one more dependent than deafness, we may be content with the conclusion that the former would be the most eligible for the rich, and the latter for the poor. Our remarks will be understood as applying to those only who are wholly destitute of the faculties of sight and hearing. A person afflicted only with a partial derangement or infirmity of vision is placed in the same tantalizing predicament above described of the deaf, and is, consequently, found to be usually of a far more impatient and irritable temperment, and consequently less happy, than the totally blind. With all this, we doubt whether there be one of our readers, even should he assent to the general truth of our remarks, who would not infinitely prefer to incur partial to total blindness, and deafness to either. Such is the prejudice in favour of eyes!

Patience, perseverance, habits of industry, and, above all, a craving appetite for knowledge, are sufficiently common to be considered as characteristics of the blind, and have tended greatly to facilitate their education, which must otherwise prove somewhat tedious, and, indeed, doubtful as to its results, considering the formidable character of the obstacles to be encountered. A curious instance of perseverance in overcoming such obstacles occurred at Paris, when the institutions for the deaf and dumb and for the blind were assembled under the same roof in the convent of the Celestines. The pupils of the two seminaries, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable barrier interposed between them by their respective infirmities, contrived to open a communication with each other, which they carried on with the greatest vivacity.

It was probably the consideration of those moral qualities, as well as of the capacity for improvement which we have described as belonging to the blind, which induced the benevolent Haüy, in conjunction with the Philanthropic Society of Paris, to open there, in 1784, the first regular seminary for their education ever attempted. This institution underwent several modifications, not for the better, during the revolutionary period which followed; until, in 1816, it was placed on the respectable basis on which it now exists, under the direction of Dr. Guillié, whose untiring exertions have been blessed with the most beneficial results.

We shall give a brief view of the course of education pursued under his direction, as exhibited by him in the valuable treatise to which we have already referred, occasionally glancing at the method adopted in the corresponding institution at Edinburgh.

The fundamental object proposed in every scheme of education for the blind is, to direct the attention of the pupil to those studies and mechanic arts which he will be able afterward to pursue by means of his own exertions and resources, without any external aid. The sense of touch is the one, therefore, almost exclusively relied on. The fingers are the eyes of the blind. They are taught to read in Paris by feeling the surface of metallic types, and in Edinburgh by means of letters raised on a blank leaf of paper. If they are previously acquainted with spelling, which may be easily taught them before entering the institution, they learn to discriminate the several letters with great facility. Their perceptions become so fine by practice, that they can discern even the finest print, and when the fingers fail them, readily distinguish it by applying the tongue. A similar method is employed for instructing them in figures; the notation table, invented by Saunderson, and once used in the Paris seminary, having been abandoned as less simple and obvious,

although his symbols for the representation of geometrical diagrams are still retained.

As it would be labour lost to learn the art of reading without having books to read, various attempts have been made to supply this desideratum. The first hint of the form now adopted for the impression of these books was suggested by the appearance exhibited on the reverse side of a copy as removed fresh from the printing-press. In imitation of this, a leaf of paper of a firm texture is forcibly impressed with types unstained by ink, and larger than the ordinary size, until a sufficiently bold relief has been obtained to enable the blind person to distinguish the characters by the touch. The French have adopted the Italian hand, or one very like it, for the fashion of the letters, while the Scotch have invented one more angular and rectilinear, which, besides the advantage of greater compactness, is found better-suited to accurate discrimination by the touch than smooth and extended curves and circles.

Several important works have been already printed on this plan, viz. a portion of the Scriptures, catechisms, and offices for daily prayer; grammars in the Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, and Spanish languages; a Latin *selecta*, a geography, a course of general history, a selection from English poets and prose writers, a course of literature, with a compilation of the choicest specimens of French eloquence. With all this, the art of printing for the blind is still in its infancy. The characters are so unwieldy, and the leaves (which cannot be printed on the reverse side, as this would flatten the letters upon the other) are necessarily so numerous as to make the volume exceedingly bulky, and of course expensive. The Gospel of St. John, for example, expands into three large octavo volumes. Some farther improvement must occur, therefore, before the invention can become extensively useful. There can be no reason to doubt of such a result eventually, for it is only by long and repeated experiment that the art of printing in the usual way, and every other art, indeed, has been brought to its present perfection. Perhaps some mode may be adopted like that of stenography, which, although encumbering the learner with some additional difficulties at first, may abundantly compensate him in the condensed forms, and consequently cheaper and more numerous publications which could be afforded by it. Perhaps ink, or some other material of greater consistency than that ordinarily used in printing, may be devised, which, when communicated by the type to the paper, will leave a character sufficiently raised to be distinguished by the touch. We have known a blind person able to decipher the characters in a piece of music to which the ink had been imparted more liberally than usual. In the meantime, what has been already done has conferred a service on the blind which we, who become insensible from the very prodigality of our blessings, cannot rightly estimate. The glimmering of the taper, which is lost in the blaze of day, is sufficient to guide the steps of the wanderer in darkness. The unsealed volume of Scripture will furnish him with the best sources of consolation under every privation; the various grammars are so many keys with which to unlock the stores of knowledge to enrich his after life, and the selections from the most beautiful portions of elegant literature will afford him a permanent source of recreation and delight.

One method used for instruction in writing is, to direct the pencil, or stylus, in a groove cut in the fashion of the different letters. Other modes, however, to complex for description here, are resorted to, by which the blind person is enabled not only to write, but to read what he has thus traced. A portable writing-case for this purpose has also been invented by one of the blind, who, it is observed, are the most ingenious in supplying, as they are best acquainted with, their own wants. A very simple method of epistolary correspondence, by means of a string-alphabet, as it is called, consisting of a cord or riband in which knots of various dimensions represent certain classes of letters, has been

devised by two blind men at Edinburgh. This contrivance, which is so simple that it can be acquired in an hour's time by the most ordinary capacity, is asserted to have the power of conveying ideas with equal precision with the pen. A blind lady of our acquaintance, however, whose fine understanding and temper have enabled her to surmount many of the difficulties of her situation, after a trial of this invention, gives the preference to the mode usually adopted by her of pricking the letters on the paper with a pin—an operation which she performs with astonishing rapidity, and which, in addition to the advantage possessed by the string-alphabet of being legible by the touch, answers more completely the purposes of epistolary correspondence, since it may be readily interpreted by any one on being held up to the light.

The scheme of instruction at the institution for the blind in Paris comprehends geography, history, the Greek and Latin, together with the French, Italian, and English languages, arithmetic, and the higher branches of mathematics, music, and some of the most useful mechanic arts. For mathematics, the pupils appear to discover a natural aptitude, many of them attaining such proficiency as not only to profit by the public lectures of the most eminent professors in the sciences, but to carry away the highest prizes in the lycéums in a competition with those who possess the advantages of sight. In music, as we have before remarked, they all make greater or less proficiency. They are especially instructed in the organ, which, from its frequency in the churches, affords one of the most obvious means of obtaining a livelihood.

The method of tuition adopted is that of mutual instruction. The blind are ascertained to learn most easily and expeditiously from those in the same condition with themselves. Two male teachers, with one female, are in this way found adequate to the superintendence of eighty scholars, which, considering the obstacles to be encountered, must be admitted to be a small apparatus for the production of such extensive results.

In teaching them the mechanic arts, two principles appear to be kept in view, namely, to select such for each individual respectively as may be best adapted to his future residence and destination; the trades, for example, most suitable for a seaport being those least so for the country, and *vice versa*. Secondly, to confine their attention to such occupations as from their nature are most accessible to, and which can be most perfectly attained by, persons in their situation. It is absurd to multiply obstacles from the mere vanity of conquering them.

Printing is an art for which the blind show particular talent, going through all the processes of composing, serving the press, and distributing the types with the same accuracy with those who can see. Indeed, much of this mechanical occupation with the *clairvoyants* (we are in want of some such compendious phrase in our language) appears to be the result rather of habit than any exercise of the eye. The blind print all the books for their own use. They are taught, also, to spin, to knit (in which last operation they are extremely ready, knitting very finely, with open work, &c.), and are much employed by the Parisian hosiers in the manufacture of elastic vests, shirts, and petticoats. They make purses, delicately embroidered with figures of animals and flowers, whose various tints are selected with perfect propriety. The fingers of the females are observed to be particularly adapted to this nicer sort of work, from their superior delicacy, ordinarily, to those of men. They are employed also in manufacturing girths, in netting in all its branches, in making shoes of list, plush, cloth, coloured skin, and list carpets, of which a vast number is annually disposed of. Weaving is particularly adapted to the blind, who perform all the requisite manipulation without any other assistance but that of setting up the warp. They manufacture whips, straw bottoms for chairs, coarse straw hats, rope, cord, pack-thread, baskets, straw, rush, and plush mats, which are very saleable in France.

The articles manufactured in the asylum for the blind in Scotland are somewhat different; and as they show for what an extensive variety of occupations they may be qualified in despite of their infirmity, we will take the liberty, at the hazard of being somewhat tedious, of quoting the catalogue of them exhibited in one of their advertisements. The articles offered for sale consist of cotton and linen cloths, ticked and striped Hollands, towelling and diapers, worsted net for fruit-trees; hair cloth, hair mats, and hair ropes; basket-work of every description; hair, India hemp, and straw door-mats; saddle girths; rope and twines of all kinds; netting for sheep-pens; garden and onion twine nets; fishing nets, beehives, mattresses, and cushions; feather beds, bolsters, and pillows; mattresses and beds of every description cleaned and repaired. The labours in this department are performed by the boys. The girls are employed in sewing, knitting stockings, spinning, making fine bankers' twine, and various works besides, usually executed by well-educated females.

Such is the emulation of the blind, according to Dr. Guillié, in the institution of Paris, that hitherto there has been no necessity of stimulating their exertions by the usual motives of reward or punishment. Delighted with their sensible progress in vanquishing the difficulties incident to their condition, they are content if they can but place themselves on a level with the more fortunate of their fellow-creatures. And it is observed that many, who in the solitude of their own homes have failed in their attempts to learn some of the arts taught in this institution, have acquired a knowledge of them with great alacrity when cheered by the sympathy of individuals involved in the same calamity with themselves, and with whom, of course, they could compete with equal probability of success.

The example of Paris has been followed in the principal cities in most of the other countries of Europe: in England, Scotland, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark. These establishments, which are conducted on the same general principles, have adopted a plan of education more or less comprehensive, some of them, like those of Paris and Edinburgh, involving the higher branches of intellectual education, and others, as in London and Liverpool, confining themselves chiefly to practical arts. The results, however, have been in the highest degree cheering to the philanthropist in the light thus poured upon minds to which all the usual avenues were scaled up—in the opportunity afforded them of developing those latent powers which had been hitherto wasted in inaction, and in the happiness thus imparted to an unfortunate class of beings, who now, for the first time, were permitted to assume their proper station in society, and instead of encumbering, to contribute, by their own exertions, to the general prosperity.

We rejoice that the inhabitants of our own city have been the first to give an example of such beneficent institutions in the New World. And it is principally with the view of directing the attention of the public towards it that we have gone into a review of what has been effected in this way in Europe. The credit of having first suggested the undertaking here is due to our townsman, Dr. John D. Fisher, through whose exertions, aided by those of several other benevolent individuals, the subject was brought before the Legislature of this state, and an act of incorporation was granted to the petitioners, bearing date March 2nd, 1829, authorizing them, under the title of the "New England Asylum for the Blind," to hold property, receive donations and bequests, and to exercise the other functions usually appertaining to similar corporations.

A resolution was subsequently passed, during the same session, requiring with, the select men of the several towns throughout the commonwealth to make by means of a census the number of blind inhabitants, with their ages, periods of blindness, and condition, &c. By far the larger proportion of these functiona-

ries, however, with a degree of apathy which does them very little credit, paid no attention whatever to this requisition. By the aid of such as did comply with it, and by means of circulars addressed to the clergymen of the various parishes, advices have been received from one hundred and forty-one towns, comprising somewhat less than half of the whole number within the state. From this imperfect estimate it would appear that the number of blind persons in these towns amounts to two hundred and forty-three, of whom more than one-fifth are under thirty years of age, which period is assigned as the limit within which they cannot fail of receiving all the benefit to be derived from the system of instruction pursued in the institutions of the blind.

The proportion of the blind to our whole population, as founded on the above estimate, is somewhat higher than that established by Zeune for the corresponding latitudes in Europe, where blindness decreases in advancing from the equator to the poles, it being computed in Egypt at the rate of one to one hundred, and in Norway of one to one thousand, which last is conformable to ours.

Assuming the preceding estimate as the basis, it will appear that there are about five hundred blind persons in the State of Massachusetts at the present moment; and, adopting the census of 1820, there could not at that time, according to the same rate, be less than sixteen hundred and fifty in all New England, one-fifth being under thirty years of age; a number which, as the blind are usually retired from public observation, far exceeds what might be conceived on a cursory inspection.

From the returns it would appear that a large proportion of the blind in Massachusetts are in humble circumstances, and a still larger proportion of those in years indigent or paupers. This is imputable to their having learned no trade or profession in their youth, so that, when deprived of their natural guardians, they have necessarily become a charge upon the public.

Since the year 1825 an appropriation has been continued by the Legislature for the purpose of maintaining a certain number of pupils at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford. A resolution was obtained during the last session of the General Court authorizing the governor to pay over to the Asylum for the Blind whatever balance of the sum thus appropriated might remain in the treasury unexpended at the end of the current year, and the same with every subsequent year to which the grant extended, unless otherwise advised. Seven hundred dollars only have been received as the balance of the past year, a sum obviously inadequate to the production of any important result, and far inferior to what had been anticipated by the friends of the measure. On the whole, we are inclined to doubt whether this will be found the most suitable mode of creating resources for the asylum. Although, in fact, it disposes only of the superfluity, it has the appearance of subtracting from the positive revenues of the Deaf and Dumb, an institution of equal merit and claims with any other whatever. The Asylum for the Blind is an establishment of too much importance to be left thus dependent on a precarious contingent, and is worthy, were it only in an economical point of view, of being placed by the state on some more secure and ample basis.

As it is, the want of funds opposes a sensible obstruction to its progress. The pressure of the times has made the present moment exceedingly unfavourable to personal solicitation, although so much has been effected in this way, through the liberality of a few individuals, that, as we understand, preparations are now making for procuring the requisite instructors and apparatus on a moderate and somewhat reduced scale.

As to the comprehensiveness of the scheme of education to be pursued at the asylum, whether it shall embrace intellectual culture, or be confined simply to the mechanic arts, this must, of course, be ultimately determined by the extent of its resources. We trust, however, it will be enabled to adopt the

former arrangement, at least so far as to afford the pupils an acquaintance with the elements of the more popular sciences. There is such a diffusion of liberal knowledge among all classes in this country, that if the blind are suffered to go without any tincture of it from the institution, they will always, whatever be the skill acquired by them in mechanical occupations, continue to feel a sense of their own mental inferiority. The connection of these higher with the more direct objects of the institution will serve, moreover, to give it greater dignity and importance. And while it will open sources of knowledge from which many may be in a situation to derive permanent consolation, it will instruct the humblest individual in what may be of essential utility to him, as writing and arithmetic, for example, in his intercourse with the world.

To what extent it is desirable that the asylum be placed on a charitable foundation is another subject of consideration. This, we believe, is the character of most of the establishments in Europe. That in Scotland, for instance, contains about a hundred subjects, who, with their families included, amount to two hundred and fifty souls, all supported from the labours of the blind, conjointly with the funds of the institution. This is undoubtedly one of the noblest and most discriminating charities in the world. It seems probable, however, that this is not the plan best adapted to our exigencies. We want not to maintain the blind, but to put them in the way of contributing to their own maintenance. By placing the expenses of tuition and board as low as possible, the means of effecting this will be brought within the reach of a large class of them; and for the rest, it will be obvious economy in the state to provide them with the means of acquiring an education at once that may enable them to contribute permanently towards their own support, which, in some shape or other, is now chargeable on the public. Perhaps, however, some scheme may be devised for combining both these objects, if this be deemed preferable to the adoption of either exclusively.

We are convinced that, as far as the institution is to rely for its success on public patronage, it will not be disappointed. If once successfully in operation, and brought before the public eye, it cannot fail of exciting a very general sympathy, which, in this country, has never been refused to the calls of humanity. No one, we think, who has visited the similar endowments in Paris or in Edinburgh will easily forget the sensations which he experienced on witnessing so large a class of his unfortunate fellow-creatures thus restored from intellectual darkness to the blessings, if we may so speak, of light and liberty. There is no higher evidence of the worth of the human mind than its capacity of drawing consolation from its own resources under so heavy a privation; so that it not only can exhibit resignation and cheerfulness, but energy to burst the fetters with which it is encumbered. Who could refuse his sympathy to the success of these efforts, or withhold from the subject of them the means of attaining his natural level and usefulness in society, from which circumstances, less favourable to him than to ourselves, have hitherto excluded him?

IRVING'S CONQUEST OF GRANADA.*

OCTOBER, 1829.

ALMOST as many qualifications may be demanded for a perfect historian—indeed the Abbé Mably has enumerated as many—as Cicero stipulates for a perfect orator. He must be strictly impartial; a lover of truth under all circumstances, and ready to declare it at all hazards: he must be deeply conversant with whatever may bring into relief the character of the people he is depicting, not merely with their laws, constitution, general resources, and all the other more visible parts of the machinery of government, but with the nicer moral and social relations, the informing spirit which gives life to the whole, but escapes the eye of a vulgar observer. If he has to do with other ages and nations, he must transport himself into them, expatriating himself, as it were, from his own, in order to get the very form and pressure of the times he is delineating. He must be conscientious in his attention to geography, chronology, &c., an inaccuracy in which has been fatal to more than one good philosophical history; and, mixed up with all these drier details, he must display the various powers of a novelist or dramatist, throwing his characters into suitable lights and shades, disposing his scenes so as to awaken and maintain an unflagging interest, and diffusing over the whole that finished style, without which his work will only become a magazine of materials for the more elegant edifices of subsequent writers. He must be—in short, there is no end to what a perfect historian must be and do. It is hardly necessary to add that such a monster never did and never will exist.

But, although we cannot attain to perfect excellence in this or any other science in this world, considerable approaches have been made to it, and different individuals have arisen at different periods, possessed, in an eminent degree, of some of the principal qualities which go to make up the aggregate of the character we have been describing. The peculiar character of these qualities will generally be determined in the writer by that of the age in which he lives. Thus, the earlier historians of Greece and Rome sought less to instruct than to amuse. They filled their pictures with dazzling and seductive images. In their researches into antiquity they were not startled by the marvellous, like the more prudish critics of our day, but welcomed it as likely to stir the imaginations of their readers. They seldom interrupted the story by impertinent reflection. They bestowed infinite pains on the costume, the style of their history, and, in fine, made everything subordinate to the main purpose of conveying an elegant and interesting *narrative*. Such was Herodotus, such Livy, and such, too, the earlier chroniclers of modern Europe, whose pages glow with the picturesque and brilliant pageants of an age of chivalry. These last, as well as Herodotus, may be said to have written in the infancy of their nations, when the imagination is more willingly addressed than the understanding. Livy, who wrote in a riper age, lived, nevertheless, in a court and a period where tranquillity and opulence disposed the minds of men to elegant recreation rather than to severe discipline and exertion.

* "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. By Fra Antonia Agapida."—1829, 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea and Carey.

As, however, the nation advanced in years, or became oppressed with calamity, history also assumed a graver complexion. Fancy gave way to reflection. The mind, no longer invited to rove abroad in quest of elegant and alluring pictures, was driven back upon itself, speculated more deeply, and sought for support under the external evils of life in moral and philosophical truth. Description was abandoned for the study of character; men took the place of events; and the romance was converted into the drama. Thus it was with Tacitus, who lived under those imperial monsters who turned Rome into a charnel-house, and his compact narratives are filled with moral and political axioms sufficiently numerous to make a volume; and, indeed, Brotier has made one of them in his edition of the historian. The same philosophical spirit animates the page of Thucydides, himself one of the principal actors in the long, disastrous struggle that terminated in the ruin of his nation.

But, notwithstanding the deeper and more comprehensive thought of these later writers, there was still a wide difference between the complexion given to history under their hands and that which it has assumed in our time. We would not be understood as determining, but simply as discriminating their relative merits. The Greeks and Romans lived when the world, at least when the mind, was in its comparative infancy—when fancy and feeling were most easily and loved most to be excited. They possessed a finer sense of beauty than the moderns. They were infinitely more solicitous about the external dress, the finish, and all that makes up the poetry of a composition. Poetry, indeed, mingled in their daily pursuits as well as pleasures; it determined their gravest deliberations. The command of their armies was given, not to the best general, but oftentimes to the most eloquent orator. Poetry entered into their religion, and created those beautiful monuments of architecture and sculpture which the breath of time has not tarnished. It entered into their philosophy; and no one confessed its influence more deeply than he who would have banished it from his republic. It informed the souls of their orators, and prompted those magnificent rhapsodies which fall lifeless enough from the stammering tongue of the schoolboy, but which once awaked to ecstasy the living populace of Athens. It entered deeply even into their latest history. It was first exhibited in the national chronicles of Homer. It lost little of its colouring, though it conformed to the general laws of prosaic composition, under Herodotus. And it shed a pleasing grace over the sober pages of Thucydides and Xenophon. The muse, indeed, was stripped of her wings. She no longer made her airy excursions into the fairy regions of romance; but, as she moved along the earth, the sweetest wild flowers seemed to spring up unbidden at her feet. We would not be understood as implying that Grecian history was ambitious of florid or meretricious ornament. Nothing could be more simple than its general plan and execution; far too simple, we fear, for imitation in our day. Thus Thucydides, for example, distributes his events most inartificially, according to the regular revolutions of the seasons; and the rear of every section is brought up with the same eternal repetition of *ἔτος τῷ πολέμῳ ἐτέλεντα τῷδε, δὲ Θουκυδίδης συνέγραψε*. But in the fictitious speeches with which he has illumined his narrative, he has left the choicest specimens of Attic eloquence; and he elaborated his general diction into so high a finish, that Demosthenes, as is well known, in the hope of catching some of his rhetorical graces, thought him worthy of being thrice transcribed with his own hand.

Far different has been the general conception, as well as execution, of history by the moderns. In this, however, it was accommodated to the exigencies of their situation, and, as with the ancients, still reflected the spirit of the age. If the Greeks lived in the infancy of civilization, the contemporaries of our day may be said to have reached its prime. The same revolution has taken place as in the growth of an individual. The vivacity of the imagina-

tion has been blunted, but reason is matured. The credulity of youth has given way to habits of cautious inquiry, and sometimes to a phlegmatic scepticism. The productions, indeed, which first appeared in the doubtful twilight of morning exhibited the love of the marvellous, the light and fanciful spirit of a green and tender age. But a new order of things commenced as the stores of classical learning were unrolled to the eye of the scholar. The mind seemed at once to enter upon the rich inheritance which the sages of antiquity had been ages in accumulating, and to start, as it were, from the very point where they had terminated their career. Thus raised by learning and experience, it was enabled to take a wider view of its proper destiny—to understand that truth is the greatest good, and to discern the surest method of arriving at it. The Christian doctrine, too, inculcated that the end of being was best answered by a life of active usefulness, and not one of abstract contemplation, or selfish indulgence, or passive fortitude, as variously taught by the various sects of antiquity. Hence a new standard of moral excellence was formed. Pursuits were estimated by their practical results, and the useful was preferred to the ornamental. Poetry, confined to her own sphere, was no longer permitted to mingle in the councils of philosophy. Intellectual and physical science, instead of floating on vague speculation, as with the ancients, was established on careful induction and experiment. The orator, instead of adorning himself with the pomp and garniture of verse, sought only to acquire greater dexterity in the management of the true weapons of debate. The passions were less frequently assailed, the reason more. A wider field was open to the historian. He was no longer to concoct his narrative, if the scene lay in a remote period, from the superficial rumours of oral tradition. Libraries were to be ransacked; medals and monuments to be studied; obsolete manuscripts to be deciphered. Every assertion was to be fortified by an authority; and the opinions of others, instead of being admitted on easy faith, were to be carefully collated, and the balance of probability struck between them. With these qualifications of antiquarian and critic, the modern historian was to combine that of the philosopher, deducing from his mass of facts general theorems, and giving to them their most extended application.

By all this process, poetry lost much, but philosophy gained more. The elegant arts sensibly declined, but the most important and recondite secrets of nature were laid open. All those sciences which have for their object the happiness and improvement of the species, the science of government, of political economy, of education—natural and experimental science—were carried far beyond the boundaries which they could have possibly reached under the ancient systems.

The peculiar forms of historic writing, as it exists with the moderns, were not fully developed until the last century. It may be well to notice the intermediate shape which it assumed before it reached this period in Spain and Italy, but especially this latter country, in the sixteenth century. The Italian historians of that age seemed to have combined the generalizing and reflecting spirit characteristic of the moderns with the simple and graceful forms of composition which have descended to us from the ancients. Machiavelli, in particular, may remind us of some recent statue which exhibits all the lineaments and proportions of a contemporary, but to which the sculptor has given a sort of antique dignity by enveloping it in the folds of the Roman toga. No one of the Spanish historians is to be named with him. Mariana, who enjoys among them the greatest celebrity, has, it is true, given to his style, both in the Latin and Castilian, the elegant transparency of an ancient classic, but the mass of detail is not quickened by a single spark of philosophy or original reflection. Mariana was a monk, one of a community who have formed the most copious, but, in many respects, the most incompetent chroniclers in the world, cut off as they are from all sympathy with any portion of

the species save their own order, and predisposed by education to admit as truth the grossest forgeries of fanaticism. What can their narratives be worth, distorted thus by prejudice and credulity? The Aragonese writers, and Zurita in particular, though far inferior as to the literary execution of their works, exhibit a pregnant thought and a manly independence of expression far superior to the Jesuit Mariana.

The Italian historians of the sixteenth century, moreover, had the good fortune not only to have been eye-witnesses, but to have played prominent parts in the events which they commemorated. And this gives a vitality to their touches which is in vain to be expected from those of a closet politician. This rare union of public and private excellence is delicately intimated in the inscription on Guicciardini's monument, "*Cujus negotium, an otium, gloriosius incertum.*"

The personage by whom the present laws of historic composition may be said to have been first arranged into a regular system was Voltaire. This extraordinary genius, whose works have been productive of so much mingled good and evil, discovers in them many traces of a humane and beneficent disposition. Nowhere is his invective more keenly directed than against acts of cruelty and oppression—above all, of religious oppression. He lived in an age of crying abuses both in church and government. Unfortunately, he employed a weapon against them whose influence is not to be controlled by the most expert hand. The envenomed shaft of irony not only wounds the member at which it is aimed, but diffuses its poison to the healthiest and remotest regions of the body.

The free and volatile temper of Voltaire forms a singular contrast with his resolute pertinacity of purpose. Bard, philosopher, historian, this literary Proteus animated every shape with the same mischievous spirit of philosophy. It never deserted him, even in the most sportive sallies of his fancy. It seasons his romances equally with his gravest pieces in the encyclopædia; his familiar letters and most licentious doggerel no less than his histories. The leading object of this philosophy may be defined by the single cant phrase, "the abolition of prejudices." But in Voltaire prejudices were too often confounded with principles.

In his histories, he seems ever intent on exhibiting, in the most glaring colours, the manifold inconsistencies of the human race; in showing the contradiction between profession and practice; in contrasting the magnificence of the apparatus with the impotence of the results. The enormous abuses of Christianity are brought into juxtaposition with the most meritorious features in other religions, and thus all are reduced to nearly the same level. The credulity of one half of mankind is set in opposition to the cunning of the other. The most momentous events are traced to the most insignificant causes, and the ripest schemes of wisdom are shown to have been baffled by the intervention of the most trivial accidents. Thus the conduct of the world seems to be regulated by chance; the springs of human action are resolved into selfishness; and religion, of whatever denomination, is only a different form of superstition. It is true that his satire is directed not so much against any particular system as the vices of that system; but the result left upon the mind is not a whit less pernicious. His philosophical romance of *Candide* affords a good exemplification of his manner. The thesis of perfect optimism in this world, at which he levels this *jeu d'esprit*, is manifestly indefensible. But then he supports his position with such an array of gross and hyperbolic atrocities, without the intervention of a single palliative circumstance, and withal in such a tone of keen derision, that, if any serious impression be left on the mind, it can be no other than that of a baleful, withering scepticism. The historian rarely so far forgets his philosophy as to kindle into high and generous emotion the glow of patriotism, or moral and religious enthusiasm.

And hence, too, his style, though always graceful, and often seasoned with the sallies of a piquant wit, never rises into eloquence or sublimity.

Voltaire has been frequently reproached for want of historical accuracy. But if we make due allowance for the sweeping tenour of his reflections, and for the infinite variety of his topics, we shall be slow in giving credit to this charge.* He was, indeed, oftentimes misled by his inveterate Pyrrhonism; a defect, when carried to the excess in which he indulged it, almost equally fatal to the historian with credulity or superstition. His researches frequently led him into dark, untravelled regions; but the aliment which he imported thence served only too often to minister to his pernicious philosophy. He resembled the allegorical agents of Milton, paving a way across the gulf of Chaos for the spirits of mischief to enter more easily upon the earth.

Voltaire effected a no less sensible revolution in the structure than in the spirit of history. Thus, instead of following the natural consecutive order of events, the work was distributed, on the principle of a *Catalogue raisonné*, into sections arranged according to their subjects, and copious dissertations were introduced into the body of the narrative. Thus, in his *Essai sur les Mœurs, &c.*, one chapter is devoted to letters, another to religion, a third to manners, and so on. And in the same way, in his *Age of Louis the Fourteenth*, he has thrown his various illustrations of the policy of government, and of the social habits of the court, into a detached portion at the close of the book.

This would seem to be deviating from the natural course of things as they occur in the world, where the multifarious pursuits of pleasure and business, the lights and shadows, as it were, of life, are daily intermingled in the motley panorama of human existence. But, however artificial this division, it enabled the reader to arrive more expeditiously at the results, for which alone history is valuable, while, at the same time, it put it in the power of the writer to convey with more certainty and facility his own impressions.

This system was subsequently so much refined upon, that Montesquieu, in his *Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*, laid no farther stress on historical facts than as they furnished him with illustrations of his particular theorems. Indeed, so little did his work rest upon the veracity of such facts, that, although the industry of Niebuhr, or rather of Beaufort, has knocked away almost all the foundations of early Rome, Montesquieu's treatise remains as essentially unimpaired in credit as before. Thus the materials which anciently formed the body of history now served only as ingredients from which its spirit was to be extracted. But this was not always the spirit of truth. And the arbitrary selection as well as disposition of incidents which this new method allowed, and the colouring which they were to receive from the author, made it easy to pervert them to the construction of the wildest hypotheses.

The progress of philosophical history is particularly observable in Great Britain, where it seems to have been admirably suited to the grave, reflecting temper of the people. In the graces of *narrative* they have ever been unequal to their French neighbours. Their ancient chronicles are inferior in spirit and execution to those either of France or Spain; and their more elaborate histories, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, could not in any way compete with the illustrious models of Italy. But soon after this period several writers appeared, exhibiting a combination of qualities, erudition, critical penetration, powers of generalization, and a political sagacity unrivalled in any other age or country.

The influence of the new forms of historical composition, however, was here,

* Indeed, Hallam and Warton—the one as diligent a labourer in the field of civil history as the other has been in literary—both bear testimony to his general veracity.

as elsewhere, made too frequently subservient to party and sectarian prejudices. Tory histories and Whig histories, Protestant and Catholic histories, successively appeared, and seemed to neutralize each other. The most venerable traditions were exploded as nursery tales. The statues decried by antiquity were cast down, and the characters of miscreants whom the general suffrage of mankind had damned to infamy—of a Dionysius, a Borgia, or a Richard the Third—were now retraced by what Jovius distinguishes as “the golden pen” of the historian, until the reader, bewildered in the maze of uncertainty, is almost ready to join in the exclamation of Lord Orford to his son, “Oh quote me not history, for that I know to be false!” It is remarkable, indeed, that the last-mentioned monarch, Richard the Third, whose name has become a byword of atrocity, the burden of the ballad, and the moral of the drama, should have been the subject of elaborate vindication by two eminent writers of the most opposite characters, the pragmatist Horace Walpole, and the circumspect and conscientious Sharon Turner. The apology of the latter exhibits a technical precision, a severe scrutiny into the authenticity of records, and a nice balancing of contradictory testimony, that give it all the air of a legal investigation. Thus history seems to be conducted on the principles of a judicial process, in which the writer, assuming the functions of an advocate, studiously suppresses whatever may make against his own side, supports himself by the strongest array of evidence which he can muster, discredits, as far as possible, that of the opposite party, and by dexterous interpretation and ingenious inference makes out the most plausible argument for his client that the case will admit.

But these, after all, are only the abuses of philosophical history, and the unseasonable length of remark into which we have been unwarily led in respect to them may give us the appearance of laying on them greater emphasis than they actually deserve. There are few writers in any country whose judgment has not been sometimes warped by personal prejudices. But it is to the credit of the principal British historians that, however they may have been occasionally under the influence of such human infirmity, they have conducted their researches, in the main, with equal integrity and impartiality. And while they have enriched their writings with the stores of a various erudition, they have digested from these details results of the most enlarged and practical application. History in their hands, although it may have lost much of the simplicity and graphic vivacity which it maintained with the ancients, has gained much more in the amount of useful knowledge and the lessons of sound philosophy which it inculcates.

There is no writer who exhibits more distinctly the full development of the principles of modern history, with all its virtues and defects, than Gibbon. His learning was fully equal to his vast subject. This, commencing with expiring civilization in ancient Rome, continues on until the period of its final and perfect resurrection in Italy in the fifteenth century, and thus may be said to furnish the lights which are to guide us through the long interval of darkness which divides the Old from the Modern World. The range of his subject was fully equal to its duration. Goths, Huns, Tartars, and all the rude tribes of the North, are brought upon the stage, together with the more cultivated natives of the South, the Greeks, Italians, and the intellectual Arab; and, as the scene shifts from one country to another, we behold its population depicted with that peculiarity of physiognomy and studied propriety of costume which belong to dramatic exhibition; for Gibbon was a more vivacious draughtsman than most writers of his school. He was, moreover, deeply versed in geography, chronology, antiquities, verbal criticism—in short, in all the sciences in any way subsidiary to his art. The extent of his subject permitted him to generate in those elaborate disquisitions so congenial to the spirit of modern

the most momentous and interesting topics, while his early studies

enabled him to embellish the drier details of his narrative with the charms of a liberal and elegant scholarship.

What, then, was wanting to this accomplished writer? Good faith. His defects were precisely of the class of which we have before been speaking, and his most elaborate efforts exhibit too often the perversion of learning and ingenuity to the vindication of preconceived hypotheses. He cannot, indeed, be convicted of ignorance or literal inaccuracy, as he has triumphantly proved in his discomfiture of the unfortunate Davis. But his disingenuous mode of conducting the argument leads precisely to the same unfair result. Thus, in his celebrated chapters on the *Progress of Christianity* which he tells us were "reduced by three successive revisions from a bulky volume to their present size," he has often slurred over in the text such particulars as might reflect most credit on the character of the religion, or shuffled them into a note at the bottom of the page, while all that admits of a doubtful complexion in its early propagation is ostentatiously blazoned, and set in contrast to the most amiable features of paganism. At the same time, by a style of innuendo that conveys "more than meets the ear," he has contrived, with Iago-like duplicity, to breathe a taint of suspicion on the purity which he dares not openly assail. It would be easy to furnish examples of all this, were this the place for them; but the charges have no novelty, and have been abundantly substantiated by others.

It is a consequence of this scepticism in Gibbon, as with Voltaire, that his writings are nowhere warmed with a generous moral sentiment. The most sublime of all spectacles, that of the martyr who suffers for conscience sake, and this equally whether his creed be founded in truth or error, is contemplated by the historian with the smile, or rather sneer, of philosophic indifference. This is not only bad taste, as he is addressing a Christian audience, but he thus voluntarily relinquishes one of the most powerful engines for the movement of human passion, which is never so easily excited as by deeds of suffering, self-devoted heroism.

But, although Gibbon was wholly defective in moral enthusiasm, his style is vivified by a certain exhilarating glow that kindles a corresponding warmth in the bosom of his reader. This may, perhaps, be traced to his egotism, or, to speak more liberally, to an ardent attachment to his professional pursuits, and to his inextinguishable love of letters. This enthusiasm appears in almost every page of his great work, and enabled him to triumph over all its difficulties. It is particularly conspicuous whenever he touches upon Rome, the *alma mater* of science, whose adopted son he may be said to have been from his earliest boyhood. Whenever he contemplates her fallen fortunes, he mourns over her with the fond solicitude that might become an ancient Roman; and when he depicts her pristine glories, dimly seen through the mist of so many centuries, he does it with such vivid accuracy of conception, that the reader, like the traveller who wanders through the excavations of Pompeii, seems to be gazing on the original forms and brilliant colours of antiquity.

To Gibbon's egotism—in its most literal sense, to his personal vanity—may be traced some of the peculiar defects for which his style is conspicuous. The "historian of the Decline and Fall" too rarely forgets his own importance in that of his subject. The consequence which he attaches to his personal labours is shown in a bloated dignity of expression, and an ostentation of ornament, that contrast whimsically enough with the trifling topics and commonplace thoughts on which, in the course of his long work, they are occasionally employed. He nowhere moves along with the easy freedom of nature, but seems to leap, as it were, from triad to triad by a succession of strained, convulsive efforts. He affected, as he tells us, the light, festive raillery of Voltaire; but his cumbrous imitation of the mercurial Frenchman

may remind one, to make use of a homely simile, of the ass in *Æsop's* fable, who frisked upon his master in imitation of the sportive gambols of the spaniel. The first two octavo volumes of Gibbon's history were written in a comparatively modest and unaffected manner, for he was then uncertain of the public favour; and, indeed, his style was exceedingly commended by the most competent critics of that day, as Hume, Joseph Warton, and others, as is abundantly shown in their correspondence; but when he had tasted the sweets of popular applause, and had been crowned as the historian of the day, his increased consequence becomes at once visible in the assumed stateliness and magnificence of his bearing. But even after this period, whenever the subject is suited to his style, and when his phlegmatic temper is warmed by those generous emotions, of which, as we have said, it was sometimes susceptible, he exhibits his ideas in the most splendid and imposing forms of which the English language is capable.

The most eminent illustrations of the system of historical writing, which we have been discussing, that have appeared in England in the present century, are the works of Mr. Hallam, in which the author, discarding most of the circumstances that go to make up mere narrative, endeavours to fix the attention of the reader on the more important features of constitutional polity, employing his wide range of materials in strict subordination to this purpose.

But while history has thus been conducted on nearly the same principles in England for the last century, a new path has been struck out in France, or rather, an attempt has lately been made there to retrace the old one. M. de Barante, no less estimable as a literary critic than as a historian, in the preliminary remarks to his *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne* considers the draughts of modern compilers as altogether wanting in the vivacity and freshness of their originals. They tell the reader how he should feel instead of making him do so. They give him their own results, instead of enabling him, by a fair delineation of incidents, to form his own. And while the early chroniclers, in spite of their unformed and obsolete idiom, are still read with delight, the narratives of the former are too often dry, languid, and uninteresting. He proposes, therefore, by a close adherence to his originals, to extract, as it were, the spirit of their works, without any affectation, however, of their antiquated phraseology, and to exhibit as vivid and veracious a portraiture as possible of the times he is delineating, unbroken by any discussions or reflections of his own. The result has been a work in eleven octavo volumes, which, notwithstanding its bulk, has already passed into four editions.

The two last productions of our countryman, Mr. Irving, undoubtedly fall within the class of narrative history. To this he seems peculiarly suited by his genius, his fine perception of moral and natural beauty, his power of discriminating the most delicate shades of character, and of unfolding a series of events so as to maintain a lively interest in the reader, and a *lactea ubertas* of expression which can impart a living eloquence even to the most commonplace sentiments. Had the *Life of Columbus* been written by a historian of the other school of which we have been speaking, he would have enlarged with greater circumstantiality on the system adopted by Ferdinand and Isabella for the administration of their colonies, and for the regulation of trade; nor would he have neglected to descend on a topic worn somewhat threadbare, it must be owned, so momentous as the moral and political consequences of the discovery of America; neither would such a writer, in an account of the conquest of Granada, have omitted to collect such particulars as might throw light on the genius, social institutions, and civil polity of the Spanish Arabs. But all particulars, however pertinent to a philosophical history, would have been swept out of keeping in Mr. Irving's, and might have produced a general discordance in the general harmony of his plan.

the more seldom selected a subject better suited to his peculiar powers

than the conquest of Granada. Indeed, it would hardly have been possible for one of his warm sensibilities to linger so long among the remains of Moorish magnificence with which Spain is covered, without being interested in the fortunes of a people whose memory has almost passed into oblivion, but who once preserved the "sacred flame," when it had become extinct in every corner of Christendom, and whose influence is still visible on the intellectual culture of modern Europe. It has been found no easy matter, however, to compile a satisfactory and authentic account of the Arabians, notwithstanding that the number of their historians, cited by D'Herbelot and Casiri, would appear to exceed that of any European nation. The despotic governments of the East have never been found propitious to that independence of opinion so essential to historical composition: "*ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.*" And their copious compilations, prolific in frivolous and barren detail, are too often wholly destitute of the sap and vitality of history.

The social and moral institutions of Arabian Spain experienced a considerable modification from her long intercourse with the Europeans, and she offers a nobler field of research for the chronicler than is to be found in any other country of the Moslem. Notwithstanding this, the Castilian scholars, until of late, have done little towards elucidating the national antiquities of their Saracen brethren; and our most copious notices of their political history, until the recent posthumous publication of Conde, have been drawn from the extracts which M. Cardonne translated from the Arabic Manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris.*

The most interesting periods of the Saracen dominion in Spain are that embraced by the empire of the Omevades of Cordova, between the years 755 and 1030, and that of the kingdom of Granada, extending from the middle of the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century. The intervening period of their existence in the Peninsula offers only a spectacle of inextricable anarchy. The first of those periods was that in which the Arabs attained their meridian of opulence and power, and in which their general illumination affords a striking contrast with the deep barbarism of the rest of Europe; but it was that, too, in which their character, having been but little affected by contact with the Spaniards, retained most of its original Asiatic peculiarities. This has never been regarded, therefore, by European scholars, as a period of greatest interest in their history, nor has it ever, so far as we are aware, been selected for the purposes of romantic fiction. But when their territories became reduced within the limits of Granada, the Moors had insensibly submitted to the superior influences of their Christian neighbours. Their story, at this time, abounds in passages of uncommon beauty and interest. Their wars were marked by feats of personal prowess and romantic adventure, while the intervals of peace were abandoned to all the licence of luxurious revelry. Their character, therefore, blending the various peculiarities of Oriental and European civilization, offers a rich study for the poet and the novelist. As such, it has been liberally employed by the Spaniards, and has not been altogether neglected by the writers of other nations. Thus Florian, whose sentiments, as well as his style, seem to be always floundering midway between the regions of prose and poetry, has made out of the story of this people his popular romance of *Gonsalvo of Cordova*. It also forms the burden of an Italian epic, entitled *Il Conquista di Granata*, by Girolamo Gratiani, a

* [Since this article was written, the deficiency noticed in the text has been supplied by the translation into English of Al-Makkari's "Mohammedan Dynasties," with copious notes and illustrations by Don Pascual de Gayangos, a scholar whose acute criticism has enabled him to rectify many of the errors of his laborious predecessors, and whose profound Oriental learning sheds a flood of light on both the civil and literary history of the Spanish Arabs.]

Florentine—much lauded by his countrymen. The ground, however, before the appearance of Mr. Irving, had not been occupied by any writer of eminence in the English language, for the purposes either of romance or history.

The conquest of Granada, to which Mr. Irving has confined himself, so disastrous to the Moors, was one of the most brilliant achievements in the most brilliant period of Spanish history. Nothing is more usual than overweening commendations of antiquity; the “good old times,” whose harsher features, like those of a rugged landscape, lose all their asperity in the distance. But the period of which we are speaking, embracing the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was undoubtedly that in which the Spanish nation displayed the fulness of its moral and physical energies, when, escaping from the licence of a youthful age, it seems to have reached the prime of manhood and the perfect development of those faculties, whose overstrained exertions were soon to be followed by exhaustion and premature decrepitude.

The remnant of Spaniards who, retreating to the mountains of the north, escaped the overwhelming inundation of the Saracens at the beginning of the eighth century, continued to cherish the free institutions of their Gothic ancestors. The “Fuero Juzgo,” the ancient Visi-Gothic code, was still retained by the people of Castile and Leon, and may be said to form the basis of all their subsequent legislation, while in Aragon the dissolution of the primitive monarchy opened the way for even more liberal and equitable forms of government. The independence of character thus fostered by the peculiar constitutions of these petty states, was still farther promoted by the circumstances of their situation. Their uninterrupted wars with the infidel—the necessity of winning back from him, inch by inch, as it were, the conquered soil—required the active co-operation of every class of the community, and gave to the mass of the people an intrepidity, a personal consequence, and an extent of immunities, such as were not enjoyed by them in any other country of Europe. The free cities acquired considerable tracts of the reconquered territory, with rights of jurisdiction over them, and sent their representatives to Cortes, near a century before a similar privilege was conceded to them in England. Even the peasantry, so degraded, at this period, throughout the rest of Europe, assumed under this state of things a conscious dignity and importance, which are visible in their manners at this day; and it was in this class, during the late French invasions, that the fire of ancient patriotism revived with the greatest force, when it seemed almost extinct in the breasts of the degenerate nobles.

The religious feeling which mingled in their wars with the infidels, gave to their characters a tinge of lofty enthusiasm; and the irregular nature of this warfare suggested abundant topics for that popular minstrelsy which acts so powerfully on the passions of a people. The *Poem of the Cid*, which appeared, according to Sanchez, before the middle of the twelfth century, contributed in no slight degree, by calling up the most inspiring national recollections, to keep alive the generous glow of patriotism. This influence is not imaginary. Heeren pronounces the “poems of Homer to have been the principal bond which united the Grecian states;” and every one knows the influence exercised over the Scottish peasantry by the Border minstrelsy. Many anecdotes might be quoted to show the veneration universally entertained by the Spaniards, broken, as they were, into as many discordant states as ever swarmed over Greece, for their favourite hero of romance and history. Among others, Mariana relates one of a king of Navarre, who, making an incursion into Castile about a century after the warrior’s death, was carrying off a rich booty, when he was met by an abbot of a neighbouring convent, with his monks, bearing aloft the standard of the Cid, who implored him to restore the plunder

to the inhabitants from whom he had ravished it. And the monarch, moved by the sight of the sacred relic, after complying with his request, escorted back the banner in solemn procession with his whole army to the place of its deposit.

But, while all these circumstances conspired to give an uncommon elevation to the character of the ancient Spaniard, even of the humblest rank, and while the prerogative of the monarch was more precisely as well as narrowly defined, than in most of the other nations of Christendom, the aristocracy of the country was insensibly extending its privileges, and laying the foundation of a power that eventually overshadowed the throne, and well nigh subverted the liberties of the state. In addition to the usual enormous immunities claimed by this order in feudal governments (although there is no reason to believe that the system of feudal tenure obtained in Castile, as it certainly did in Aragon), they enjoyed a constitutional privilege of withdrawing their allegiance from their sovereign on sending him a formal notice of such renunciation; and the sovereign, on his part, was obliged to provide for the security of their estates and families so long as they might choose to continue in such overt rebellion. These anarchical provisions in their constitution did not remain a dead letter, and repeated examples of their pernicious application are enumerated both by the historians of Aragon and Castile. The long minorities with which the latter country was afflicted, moreover, contributed still farther to swell the overgrown power of the privileged orders; and the violent revolution, which in 1368 placed the house of Trastamarre upon the throne, by impairing the revenues, and consequently the authority of the crown, opened the way for the wild uproar which reigned throughout the kingdom during the succeeding century. Alonso de Palencia, a contemporary chronicler, dwells with melancholy minuteness on the calamities of this unhappy period, when the whole country was split into factions of the nobles, the monarch openly contemned, the commons trodden in the dust, the court become a brothel, the treasury bankrupt, public faith a jest, and private morals too loose and audacious to court even the veil of hypocrisy.

The wise administration of Ferdinand and Isabella could alone have saved the state in this hour of peril. It effected, indeed, a change on the face of things as magical as that produced by the wand of an enchanter in some Eastern tale. Their reign wears a more glorious aspect from its contrast with the turbulent period which preceded it, as the landscape glows with redoubled brilliancy when the sunshine has scattered the tempest. We shall briefly notice some of the features of the policy by which they effected this change.

They obtained from the Cortes an act for the resumption of the improvident grants made by their predecessor, by which means an immense accession of revenue, which had been squandered upon unworthy favourites, was brought back to the royal treasury. They compelled many of the nobility to resign, in favour of the crown, such of its possessions as they had acquired by force, fraud, or intrigue, during the late season of anarchy. The son of that gallant Marquis Duke of Cadiz, for instance, with whom the reader has become so familiar in Mr. Irving's Chronicle, was stripped of his patrimony of Cadiz, and compelled to exchange it for the humbler territory of Arcos, from whence the family henceforth derived their title. By all these expedients, the revenues of the state, at the demise of Isabella, were increased twelfefold beyond what they had been at the time of her accession. They reorganized the ancient institution of the "Hermandad"—a very different association, under their hands, from the "Holy Brotherhood" which we meet with in Gil Blas. Every hundred householders were obliged to equip and maintain a horseman at their joint expense; and this corps furnished a vigilant police in civil emergencies, and an effectual aid in war. It was found, moreover, of

especial service in suppressing the insurrections and disorders of the nobility. They were particularly solicitous to abolish the right and usage of private war, claimed by this haughty order, compelling them, on all occasions, to refer their disputes to the constituted tribunals of justice. But it was a capital feature in the policy of the Catholic sovereigns to counter-balance the authority of the aristocracy by exalting, as far as prudent, that of the commons. In the various convocations of the national legislature, or Cortes, in this reign, no instance occurs of any city having lost its prescriptive right of furnishing representatives, as had frequently happened under preceding monarchs, who, from negligence or policy, had omitted to summon them.

But it would be tedious to go into all the details of the system employed by Ferdinand and Isabella for the regeneration of the decayed fabric of government; of their wholesome regulations for the encouragement of industry; of their organization of a national militia and an efficient marine; of the severe decorum which they introduced within the corrupt precincts of the court; of the temporary economy by which they controlled the public expenditures, and of the munificent patronage which they, or rather their almoner on this occasion, that most enlightened of bigots, Cardinal Ximenes, dispensed to science and letters. In short, their sagacious provisions were not merely remedial of former abuses, but were intended to call forth all the latent energies of the Spanish character, and, with these excellent materials, to erect a constitution of government which should secure to the nation tranquillity at home, and enable it to go forward in its ambitious career of discovery and conquest.

The results were certainly equal to the wisdom of the preparations. The first of the series of brilliant enterprises was the conquest of the Moorish kingdom of Granada—those rich and lovely regions of the Peninsula, the last retreat of the infidel, and which he had held for nearly eight centuries. This, together with the subsequent occupation of Navarre by the crafty Ferdinand, consolidated the various principalities of Spain into one monarchy, and, by extending its boundaries in the Peninsula to their present dimensions, raised it from a subordinate situation to the first class of European powers. The Italian wars, under the conduct of the "Great Captain," secured to Spain the more specious but less useful acquisition of Naples, and formed that invincible infantry which enabled Charles the Fifth to dictate laws to Europe for nearly half a century. And, lastly, as if the Old World could not afford a theatre sufficiently vast for their ambition, Columbus gave a New World to Castile and Leon.

Such was the attitude assumed by the nation under the Catholic kings, as they were called. It was the season of hope and youthful enterprise, when the nation seemed to be renewing its ancient energies, and to prepare like a giant to run its course. The modern Spaniard who casts his eye over the long interval that has since elapsed, during the first half of which the nation seemed to waste itself on schemes of mad ambition or fierce fanaticism, and in the latter half to sink into a state of paralytic torpor—the Spaniard, we say, who casts a melancholy glance over this dreary interval, will turn with satisfaction to the close of the fifteenth century as the most glorious epoch in the annals of his country. This is the period to which Mr. Irving has introduced us in his late work. And if his portraiture of the Castilian of that day wears somewhat of a romantic and, it may be, incredible aspect to those who contrast it with the present, they must remember that he is only reviving the tints which had faded on the canvas of history.

But it is time that we should return from this long digression, into which we have been led by the desire of exhibiting in stronger relief some

peculiarities in the situation and spirit of the nation at the period from which Mr. Irving has selected the materials of his last, indeed his last two, publications.

Our author, in his *Chronicle of Granada*, has been but slightly indebted to Arabic authorities. Neither Conde nor Cardonne has expended more than fifty or sixty pages on this humiliating topic, but ample amends have been offered in the copious prolixity of the Castilian writers. The Spaniards can boast a succession of chronicles from the period of the great Saracen invasion. Those of a more early date, compiled in rude Latin, are sufficiently meagre and unsatisfactory; but from the middle of the thirteenth century the stream of history runs full and clear, and their chronicles, composed in the vernacular, exhibit a richness and picturesque variety of incident that gave them inestimable value as a body of genuine historical documents. The reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella were particularly fruitful in these sources of information. History then, like most of the other departments of literature, seemed to be in a state of transition, when the fashions of its more antiquated costume began to mingle insensibly with the peculiarities of the modern; when, in short, the garrulous graces of narration were beginning to be tempered by the tone of grave and philosophical reflection.

We will briefly notice a few of the eminent sources from which Mr. Irving has drawn his account of the *Conquest of Granada*. The first of these is the Epistles of Peter Martyr, an Italian *savant*, who, having passed over with the Spanish ambassador into Spain, and being introduced into the court of Isabella, was employed by her in some important embassies. He was personally present at several campaigns of this war. In his *Letters* he occasionally smiles at the caprice which had led him to exchange the pen for the sword, while his speculations on the events passing before him, being those of a scholar rather than of a soldier, afford in their moral complexion a pleasing contrast to the dreary details of blood and battle. Another authority is the *Chronicle of Bernaldez*, a worthy ecclesiastic of that period, whose bulky manuscript, like that of many a better writer, lies still engulfed in the dust of some Spanish library, having never been admitted to the honours of the press. Copies of it, however, are freely circulated. It is one of those good-natured, gossiping memoirs of an antique age, abounding equally in curious and commonplace incident, told in a way sufficiently prolix, but not without considerable interest. The testimony of this writer is of particular value, moreover, on this occasion, from the proximity of his residence in Andalusia to those scenes which were the seat of the war. His style overflows with that religious loyalty with which Mr. Irving has liberally seasoned the effusions of Fra Antonio Agapida. Hernando del Pulgar, another contemporary historian, was the secretary and counsellor of their Catholic majesties, and appointed by them to the post of national chronicler, an office familiar both to the courts of Castile and Aragon, in which latter country, especially, it has been occupied by some of its most distinguished historians. Pulgar's long residence at court, his practical acquaintance with affairs, and, above all, the access which he obtained, by means of his official station, to the best sources of information, have enabled him to make his work a rich repository of facts relating to the general resources of government, the policy of its administration, and, more particularly, the conduct of the military operations in the closing war of Granada, of which he was himself an eyewitness. In addition to these writers, this period has been illumined by the labours of the most celebrated historians of Castile and Aragon, Mariana and Zurita, both of whom conclude their narratives with it, the last expanding the biography of Ferdinand alone into two volumes folio. Besides these, Mr. Irving has derived collateral lights from many sources of inferior celebrity, but not less unsuspicious credit. So

that, in conclusion, notwithstanding a certain dramatic colouring which Fra Agapida's *Chronicle* occasionally wears, and notwithstanding the romantic forms of a style which, to borrow the language of Cicero, seems "to flow, as it were, from the very lips of the Muses," we may honestly recommend it as substantially an authentic record of one of the most interesting, and, as far as English scholars are concerned, one of the most untravelled portions of Spanish history

CERVANTES.*

JULY, 1837.

THE publication, in this country, of an important Spanish classic in the original, with a valuable commentary, is an event of some moment in our literary annals, and indicates a familiarity, rapidly increasing, with the beautiful literature to which it belongs. It may be received as an omen favourable to the cause of modern literature in general, the study of which, in all its varieties, may be urged on substantially the same grounds. The growing importance attached to this branch of education is visible in other countries quite as much as in our own. It is the natural, or rather necessary result of the changes which have taken place in the social relations of man in this revolutionary age. Formerly, a nation, pent up within its own barriers, knew less of its neighbours than we now know of what is going on in Siam or Japan. A river, a chain of mountains, an imaginary line even, parted them as far asunder as if oceans had rolled between. To speak correctly, it was their imperfect civilization, their ignorance of the means and the subjects of communication, which thus kept them asunder. Now, on the contrary, a change in the domestic institutions of one country can hardly be effected without a corresponding agitation in those of its neighbours. A treaty of alliance can scarcely be adjusted without the intervention of a general congress. The sword cannot be unsheathed in one part of Christendom without thousands leaping from their scabbards in every other. The whole system is bound together by as nice sympathies as if animated by a common pulse, and the remotest countries of Europe are brought into contiguity as intimate as were in ancient times the provinces of a single monarchy.

This intimate association has been prodigiously increased of late years by the unprecedented discoveries which science has made for facilitating intercommunication. The inhabitant of Great Britain, that *ultima Thule* of the ancients, can now run down to the extremity of Italy in less time than it took Horace to go from Rome to Brundisium. A steamboat of fashionable tourists will touch at all the places of note in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in fewer weeks than it would have cost years to an ancient argonaut, or a crusader of the middle ages. Everyone, of course, travels, and almost every capital and noted watering-place on the Continent swarms with its thousands, and Paris, with its tens of thousands, of itinerant Cockneys, many of whom, perhaps, have not wandered beyond the sound of Bow bells in their own little island.

Few of these adventurers are so dull as not to be quickened into something like curiosity respecting the language and institutions of the strange people among whom they are thrown, while the better sort and more intelligent are

* "El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, compuesto por MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA Nueva Edicion Clasica, ilustrada con Notas Historicas, Gramaticales y Criticas, por la Academia Española, sus Individuos de Número Pellicer, Arrieta, y Clemencin Emendada y corregida por FRANCISCO SALAS, A. M., Instructor de Frances y Español en la Universidad de Harvard, en Cambrigia, Estado de Massachusetts, Norte America," 2 vols. 12mo. Boston, 1836.

led to study more carefully the new forms, whether in arts or letters, under which human genius is unveiled to them.

The effect of all this is especially visible in the reforms introduced into the modern systems of education. In both the universities recently established in London, the apparatus for instruction, instead of being limited to the ancient tongues, is extended to the whole circle of modern literature; and the editorial labours of many of the professors show that they do not sleep on their posts. Periodicals, under the management of the ablest writers, furnish valuable contributions of foreign criticism and intelligence; and regular histories of the various continental literatures, a department in which the English are singularly barren, are understood to be now in actual preparation.

But, although barren of literary, the English have made important contributions to the political history of the continental nations. That of Spain has employed some of their best writers, who, it must be admitted, however, have confined themselves so far to the foreign relations of the country as to have left the domestic in comparative obscurity. Thus Robertson's great work is quite as much the history of Europe as of Spain under Charles the Fifth; and Watson's *Reign of Philip the Second* might with equal propriety be styled "The War of the Netherlands," which is its principal burden.

A few works recently published in the United States have shed far more light on the interior organization and intellectual culture of the Spanish nation. Such, for example, are the writings of Irving, whose gorgeous colouring reflects so clearly the chivalrous splendours of the fifteenth century, and the travels of Lieutenant Slidell, presenting sketches equally animated of the social aspect of that most picturesque of all lands in the present century. In Mr. Cushing's *Reminiscences of Spain* we find, mingled with much characteristic fiction, some very laborious inquiries into curious and recondite points of history. In the purely literary department, Mr. Ticknor's beautiful lectures before the classes of Harvard University, still in manuscript, embrace a far more extensive range of criticism than is to be found in any Spanish work, and display, at the same time, a degree of thoroughness and research which the comparative paucity of materials will compel us to look for in vain in Boutrick or Sismondi. Mr. Ticknor's successor, Professor Longfellow, favourably known by other compositions, has enriched our language with a noble version of the *Coplas de Manrique*, the finest gem, beyond all comparison, in the Castilian verse of the fifteenth century. We have also read with pleasure a clever translation of Quevedo's *Visions*, no very easy achievement, by Mr. Elliot, of Philadelphia, though the translator is wrong in supposing his the first English version. The first is as old as Queen Anne's time, and was made by the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange. To close the account, Mr. Sales, the venerable instructor in Harvard College, has now given, for the first time in the New World, an elaborate edition of the prince of Castilian classics, in a form which may claim, to a certain extent, the merit of originality.

We shall postpone the few remarks we have to make on this edition to the close of our article; and in the meantime, we propose, not to give the life of Cervantes, but to notice such points as are least familiar in his literary history, and especially in regard to the composition and publication of his great work, the *Don Quixote*; a work which, from its wide and long-established popularity, may be said to constitute part of the literature, not merely of Spain, but of every country in Europe.

The age of Cervantes was that of Philip the Second, when the Spanish monarchy, declining somewhat from its palmy state, was still making extraordinary efforts to maintain, and even to extend, its already overgrown empire. Its navies were on every sea, and its armies in every quarter of the Old World and in the New. Arms was the only profession worthy of a gentleman; and

there was scarcely a writer of any eminence—certainly no bard—of the age, who, if he were not in orders, had not borne arms, at some period, in the service of his country. Cervantes, who, though poor, was born of an ancient family (it must go hard with a Castilian who cannot make out a pedigree for himself), had a full measure of this chivalrous spirit, and, during the first half of his life, we find him in the midst of all the stormy and disastrous scenes of the iron trade of war. His love of the military profession, even after the loss of his hand, or of the use of it, for it is uncertain which, is sufficient proof of his adventurous spirit. In the course of his chequered career he visited the principal countries in the Mediterranean, and passed five years in melancholy captivity at Algiers. The time was not lost, however, which furnished his keen eye with those glowing pictures of Moslem luxury and magnificence with which he has enriched his pages. After a life of unprecedented hardship, he returned to his own country, covered with laurels and scars, with very little money in his pocket, but with plenty of that experience which, regarding him as a novelist, might be considered his stock-in-trade.

The poet may draw from the depths of his own fancy, the scholar from his library; but the proper study of the dramatic writer, whether in verse or in prose, is man—man, as he exists in society. He who would faithfully depict human character cannot study it too nearly and variously. He must sit down, like Scott, by the fireside of the peasant, and listen to the “auld wife’s” tale; he must preside, with Fielding, at a petty justice sessions, or share with some Squire Western in the glorious hazards of a fox-hunt; he must, like Smollett and Cooper, study the mysteries of the deep, and mingle on the stormy element itself with the singular beings whose destinies he is to describe; or, like Cervantes, he must wander among other races and in other climes before his pencil can give those chameleon touches which reflect the shifting, many-coloured hues of actual life. He may, indeed, like Rousseau, if it were possible to imagine another Rousseau, turn his thoughts inward, and draw from the depths of his own soul; but he would see there only his own individual passions and prejudices, and the portraits he might sketch, however various in subordinate details, would be, in their characteristic features, only the reproduction of himself. He might, in short, be a poet, a philosopher, but not a painter of life and manners.

Cervantes had ample means for pursuing the study of human character, after his return to Spain, in the active life which engaged him in various parts of the country. In Andalusia he might have found the models of the sprightly wit and delicate irony with which he has seasoned his fictions; in Seville, in particular, he was brought in contact with the fry of small sharpers and pick-pockets who make so respectable a figure in his *picaresco* novels; and in La Mancha he not only found the geography of his *Don Quixote*, but that whimsical contrast of pride and poverty in the natives which has furnished the outlines of many a broad caricature to the comic writers of Spain.

During all this while he had made himself known only by his pastoral fiction, the *Galatea*, a beautiful specimen of an insipid class, which, with all its literary merits, afforded no scope for the power of depicting human character, which he possessed, perhaps, unknown to himself. He wrote, also, a good number of plays, all of which, except two, and these recovered only at the close of the last century, have perished. One of these, *The Siege of Numantia*, displays that truth of drawing and strength of colour which mark the consummate artist. It was not until he had reached his fifty-seventh year that he completed the first part of his great work, the *Don Quixote*. The most celebrated novels, unlike most works of imagination, seem to have been the production of the later period of life. Fielding was between forty and fifty when he wrote *Tom Jones*. Richardson was sixty, or very near it, when he wrote *Clarissa*; and Scott was some years over forty when he began the

series of the *Waverley Novels*. The world, the school of the novelist, cannot be run through like the terms of a university, and the knowledge of its manifold varieties must be the result of long and diligent training.

The first part of the *Quixote* was begun, as the author tells us, in a prison, to which he had been brought, not by crime or debt, but by some offence, probably, to the worthy people of La Mancha. It is not the only work of genius which has struggled into being in such unfavourable quarters. The *Pilgrim's Progress*, the most popular, probably, of English fictions, was composed under similar circumstances. But we doubt if such brilliant fancies and such flashes of humour ever lighted up the walls of the prison-house before the time of Cervantes.

The first part of the *Don Quixote* was given to the public in 1605. Cervantes, when the time arrived for launching his satire against the old, deep-rooted prejudices of his countrymen, probably regarded it, as well he might, as little less rash than his own hero's tilt against the windmills. He sought, accordingly, to shield himself under the cover of a powerful name, and asked leave to dedicate the book to a Castilian grandee, the duke de Bejar. The duke, it is said, whether ignorant of the design, or doubting the success of the work, would have declined, but Cervantes urged him first to peruse a single chapter. The audience summoned to sit in judgment were so delighted with the first pages, that they would not abandon the novel till they had heard the whole of it. The duke, of course, without farther hesitation, condescended to allow his name to be inserted in this passport to immortality.

There is nothing very improbable in the story. It reminds one of a similar experiment by St. Pierre, who submitted his manuscript of *Paul and Virginia* to a circle of French *litterateurs*, Monsieur and Madame Necker, the Abbé Galiani, Thomas, Buffon, and some others, all wits of the first water in the metropolis. Hear the result in the words of his biographer, or rather, his agreeable translator: "At first the author was heard in silence; by degrees the attention grew languid; they began to whisper, to gape, and listened no longer. M. de Buffon looked at his watch, and called for his horses; those near the door slipped out; Thomas went to sleep; M. Necker laughed to see the ladies weep; and the ladies, ashamed of their tears, did not dare to confess that they had been interested. The reading being finished, nothing was praised. Madame Necker alone criticised the conversation of Paul and the old man. This *moral* appeared to her tedious and commonplace; it broke the action, chilled the reader, and was a sort of *glass of iced water*. M. de St. Pierre retired in a state of indescribable depression. He regarded what had passed as his sentence of death. The effect of his work on an audience like that to which he had read it left him no hope for the future." Yet this work was *Paul and Virginia*, one of the most popular books in the French language. So much for criticism!

The truth seems to be, that the judgment of no private circle, however well qualified by taste and talent, can afford a sure prognostic of that of the great public. If the manuscript to be criticised is our friend's, of course the verdict is made up before perusal. If some great man modestly sues for our approbation, our self-complacency has been too much flattered for us to withhold it. If it be a little man (and St. Pierre was but a little man at that time), our prejudices—the prejudices of poor human nature—will be very apt to take an opposite direction. Be the cause what it may, whoever rests his hopes of public favour on the smiles of a *coterie* runs the risk of finding himself very unpleasantly deceived. Many a trim bark which has flaunted gaily in a summer lake has gone to pieces amid the billows and breakers of the rude ocean.

The prognostic, in the case of Cervantes, however, proved more correct. His work produced an instantaneous effect on the community. He had struck

a note which found an echo in every bosom. Four editions were published in the course of the first year,—two in Madrid, one in Valencia, and another at Lisbon.

This success, almost unexampled in any age, was still more extraordinary in one in which the reading public was comparatively limited. That the book found its way speedily into the very highest circles in the kingdom is evident from the well-known explanation of Philip the Third, when he saw a student laughing immoderately over some volume: "The man must be either out of his wits, or reading *Don Quixote*." Notwithstanding this, its author felt none of that sunshine of royal favour which would have been so grateful in his necessities.

The period was that of the golden prime of Castilian literature. But the monarch on the throne, one of the ill-starred dynasty of Austria, would have been better suited to the darkest of the Middle Ages. His hours, divided between his devotions and his debaucheries, left nothing to spare for letters; and his minister, the arrogant duke of Lerma, was too much absorbed by his own selfish though shallow schemes of policy to trouble himself with romance writers or their satirist. Cervantes, however, had entered on a career which, as he intimates in some of his verses, might lead to fame, but not to fortune. Happily, he did not compromise his fame by precipitating the execution of his works from motives of temporary profit. It was not till several years after the publication of the *Don Quixote* that he gave to the world his *Exemplary Novels*, as he called them; fictions which, differing from anything before known, not only in the Castilian, but, in some respects, in any other literature, gave ample scope to his dramatic talent, in the contrivance of situations, and the nice delineation of character. These works, whose diction was uncommonly rich and attractive, were popular from the first.

One cannot but be led to inquire why, with such success as an author, he continued to be so straitened in his circumstances, as he plainly intimates was the case more than once in his writings. From the *Don Quixote*, notwithstanding its great run, he probably received little, since he had parted with the entire copyright before publication, when the work was regarded as an experiment, the result of which was quite doubtful. It is not so easy to explain the difficulty, when his success as an author had been so completely established. Cervantes intimates his dissatisfaction, in more than one place in his writings, with the booksellers themselves. "What, sir?" replies an author introduced into his *Don Quixote*, "would you have me sell the profit of my labour to a bookseller for three maravedis a sheet? for that is the most they will bid, nay, and expect, too, I should thank them for the offer." This burden of lamentation, the alleged illiberality of the publisher towards the poor author, is as old as the art of book-making itself. But the public receive the account from the party aggrieved only. If the bookseller reported his own case, we should, no doubt, have a different version. If Cervantes was in the right, the trade in Castile showed a degree of dexterity in their proceedings which richly entitled them to the pillory. In one of his tales we find a certain licentiate complaining of "the tricks and deceptions they put upon an author when they buy a copyright from him; and still more, the manner in which they cheat him if he prints the book at his own charges; since nothing is more common than for them to agree for fifteen hundred, and have privily, perhaps, as many as three thousand thrown off, one half, at the least, of which they sell, not for his profit, but their own."

The writings of Cervantes appear to have gained him, however, two substantial friends in Cabra, the count of Lemos, and the archbishop of Toledo, of the ancient family of Rojas; and the patronage of these illustrious individuals has been nobly recompensed by having their names for ever associated with the imperishable productions of genius.

There was still one kind of patronage wanting in this early age, that of a great, enlightened community—the only patronage which can be received without some sense of degradation by a generous mind. There was, indeed, one golden channel of public favour, and that was the theatre. The drama has usually flourished most at the period when a nation is beginning to taste the sweets of literary culture. Such was the early part of the seventeenth century in Europe; the age of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher in England; of Ariosto, Machiavelli, and the wits who first successfully wooed the comic muse of Italy; of the great Corneille, some years later, in France; and of that miracle, or rather, “monster of nature,” as Cervantes styled him, Lope de Vega in Spain. Theatrical exhibitions are a combination of the material with the intellectual, at which the ordinary spectator derives less pleasure, probably, from the beautiful creations of the poet than from the scenic decorations, music, and other accessories which address themselves to the senses. The fondness for *spectacle* is characteristic of an early period of society, and the theatre is the most brilliant of pageants. With the progress of education and refinement, men become less open to, or at least less dependent on, the pleasures of sense, and seek their enjoyment in more elevated and purer sources. Thus it is that, instead of—

“Sweating in the crowded theatre, squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both our sides,”

as the sad minstrel of nature sings, we sit quietly at home, enjoying the pleasures of fiction around our own firesides, and the poem or the novel takes the place of the acted drama. The decline of dramatic writing may justly be lamented as that of one of the most beautiful varieties in the garden of literature. But it must be admitted to be both a symptom and a necessary consequence of the advance of civilization.

The popularity of the stage, at the period of which we are speaking, in Spain, was greatly augmented by the personal influence and reputation of Lope de Vega, the idol of his countrymen, who threw off the various inventions of his genius with a rapidity and profusion that almost staggers credibility. It is impossible to state the results of his labours in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left 21,300,000 verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend, Montalvan, with 1,800 regular plays, and 400 *autos*, or religious dramas—all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than 100 comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each, and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed and interspersed with sonnets and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years; and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes quarto of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

The only achievements we can recall in literary history bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are those of our illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the addition of two volumes, of which Murray has not the copyright, probably contains ninety volumes small octavo. To these should farther be added a large supply of matter for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, as well as other anonymous contributions. Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels and twenty-one of history and biography were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months during the whole of that period, to which

must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival, and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all.

Notwithstanding we have amused ourselves, at the expense of the reader's patience, perhaps, with these calculations, this certainly is not the standard by which we should recommend to estimate works of genius. Wit is not to be measured, like broad-cloth, by the yard. Easy writing, as the adage says, and as we all know, is apt to be very hard reading. This brings to our recollection a conversation, in the presence of Captain Basil Hall, in which some allusion having been made to the astonishing amount of Scott's daily composition, the literary argonaut remarked, "There was nothing astonishing in all that, and that he did as much himself nearly every day before breakfast." Some one of the company unkindly asked, "whether he thought the *quality* was the same." It is the quality, undoubtedly, which makes the difference. And in this view Lope de Vega's miracles lose much of their effect. Of all his multitudinous dramas, one or two only retain possession of the stage, and few, very few, are now even read. His facility of composition was like that of an Italian improvisatore, whose fertile fancy easily clothes itself in verse, in a language the vowel terminations of which afford such a plenitude of rhymes. The Castilian presents even greater facilities for this than the Italian. Lope de Vega was an improvisatore.

With all his negligences and defects, however, Lope's interesting intrigues, easy, sprightly dialogue, infinite variety of inventions, and the breathless rapidity with which they followed one another, so dazzled and bewildered the imagination that he completely controlled the public, and became, in the words of Cervantes, "sole monarch of the stage." The public repaid him with such substantial gratitude as has never been shown, probably, to any other of its favourites. His fortune at one time, although he was careless of his expenses, amounted to one hundred thousand ducats, equal, probably, to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars of the present day. In the same street in which dwelt this spoiled child of fortune, who, amid the caresses of the great, and the lavish smiles of the public, could complain that his merits were neglected, lived Cervantes, struggling under adversity, or at least earning a painful subsistence by the labours of his immortal pen. What a contrast do these pictures present to the imagination. If the suffrages of a *coterie*, as we have said, afford no warrant for those of the public, the example before us proves that the award of one's contemporaries is quite as likely to be set aside by posterity. Lope de Vega, who gave his name to his age, has now fallen into neglect even among his countrymen, while the fame of Cervantes, gathering strength with time, has become the pride of his own nation, as his works still continue to be the delight of the whole civilized world.

However stinted may have been the recompence of his deserts at home, it is gratifying to observe how widely his fame was diffused in his own lifetime, and that in foreign countries, at least, he enjoyed the full consideration to which he was entitled. An interesting anecdote illustrating this is recorded, which, as we have never seen it in English, we will lay before the reader. On occasion of a visit made by the Archbishop of Toledo to the French ambassador, resident at Madrid, the prelate's suite fell into conversation with the attendants of the minister, in the course of which Cervantes was mentioned. The French gentlemen expressed their unqualified admiration of his writings, specifying the *Galatea*, *Don Quixote*, and the Novels, which, they said, were read in all the countries round, and in France particularly, where there were some who might be said to know them actually by heart. They intimated their desire

to become personally acquainted with so eminent a man, and asked many questions respecting his present occupations, his circumstances, and way of life. To all this the Castilians could only reply that he had borne arms in the service of his country, and was now old and poor. "What?" exclaimed one of the strangers, "is Señor Cervantes not in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?" "Heaven forbid," rejoined another, "that his necessities should be ever relieved, if it is these which make him write, since it is his poverty that makes the world rich."

There are other evidences, though not of so pleasing a character, of the eminence which he had reached at home, in the jealousy and ill-will of his brother poets. The Castilian poets of that day seem to have possessed a full measure of that irritability which has been laid at the door of all their tribe since the days of Horace; and the freedom of Cervantes's literary criticisms, in his *Don Quixote* and other writings, though never personal in their character, brought down on his head a storm of arrows, some of which, if not sent with much force, were at least well steeped in venom. Lope de Vega is even said to have appeared among the assailants, and a sonnet, still preserved, is currently imputed to him, in which, after much eulogy on himself, he predicts that the works of his rival will find their way into the kennel. But the author of this bad prophecy and worse poetry could never have been the great Lope, who showed, on all occasions, a generous spirit, and whose literary success must have made such an assault unnecessary, and in the highest degree unmanly. On the contrary, we have evidence of a very different feeling, in the homage which he renders to the merits of his illustrious contemporary, in more than one passage of his acknowledged works, especially in his *Laurel de Apolo*, in which he concludes his poetical panegyric with the following touching conceit:—

"Porque se diga que una mano herida,
Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

This poem was published by Lope in 1630, fourteen years after the death of his rival; notwithstanding Mr. Lockhart informs his readers, in his biographical preface to the *Don Quixote*, that "as Lope de Vega was dead (1615), there was no one to divide with Cervantes the literary empire of his country."

In the dedication of his ill-fated comedies, 1615 (for Cervantes, like most other celebrated novelists, found it difficult to concentrate his expansive vein within the compass of dramatic rules), the public was informed that "Don Quixote was already booted," and preparing for another sally. It may seem strange that the author, considering the great popularity of his hero, had not sent him on his adventures before. But he had probably regarded them as already terminated; and he had good reason to do so, since every incident in the first part, as it has been styled only since the publication of the second, is complete in itself, and the *Don*, although not actually killed on the stage, is noticed as dead, and his epitaph transcribed for the reader. However this may be, the immediate execution of his purpose, so long delayed, was precipitated by an event equally unwelcome and unexpected. This was the continuation of his work by another hand.

The author's name, his *nom de guerre*, was Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. Adopting the original idea of Cervantes, he goes forward with the same characters, through similar scenes of comic extravagance, in the course of which he perpetrates sundry plagiarisms from the first part, and has some incidents so much resembling those in the second part, already written by Cervantes, that it has been supposed he must have had access to novels ^{manuscript}. It is more probable, as the resemblance is but general, that in 1615, or his knowledge through hints, which may have fallen in conversation a year, or one ^{two} ^{years} ^{before}, in the progress of his own work. The spurious continua-

tion had some little merit, and attracted, probably, some interest, as any work conducted under so popular a name could not have failed to do. It was, however, on the whole, a vulgar performance, thickly sprinkled with such gross scurrility and indecency, as was too strong even for the palate of that not very fastidious age. The public feeling may be gathered from the fact that the author did not dare to depart from his *incognito*, and claim the honours of a triumph. The most diligent inquiries have established nothing farther than that he was an Aragonese, judging from his diction, and, from the complexion, of certain passages in the work, probably, an ecclesiastic, and one of the swarm of small dramatists who felt themselves rudely handled by the criticism of Cervantes. The work was subsequently translated, or rather paraphrased, by Le Sage, who has more than once given a substantial value to some of little price in Castilian literature by the brilliancy of his setting. The original work of Avellaneda, always deriving an interest from the circumstances of its production, has been reprinted in the present century, and is not difficult to be met with. To have thus coolly invaded an author's own property, to have filched from him the splendid though unfinished creations of his genius, before his own face, and while, as was publicly known, he was in the very process of completing them, must be admitted to be an act of unblushing effrontery, not surpassed in the annals of literature.

Cervantes was much annoyed, it appears, by the circumstance. The continuation of Avellaneda reached him, probably, when on the fifty-ninth chapter of the second part. At least, from that time he begins to discharge his gall on the head of the offender, who, it should be added, had consummated his impudence by sneering, in his introduction, at the qualifications of Cervantes. The best retort of the latter, however, was the publication of his own book, which followed at the close of 1615.

The English novelist, Richardson, experienced a treatment not unlike that of the Castilian. His popular story of *Pamela* was continued by another and very inferior hand, under the title of *Pamela in High Life*. The circumstance prompted Richardson to undertake the continuation himself; and it turned out, like most others, a decided failure. Indeed, a skilful continuation seems to be the most difficult work of art. The first effort of the author breaks, as it were, unexpectedly on the public, taking their judgments by surprise, and by its very success creating a standard by which the author himself is subsequently to be tried. Before, he was compared with others; he is now to be compared with himself. The public expectation has been raised. A degree of excellence, which might have found favour at first, will now scarcely be tolerated. It will not even suffice for him to maintain his own level; he must rise above himself. The reader, in the meanwhile, has naturally filled up the blank, and insensibly conducted the characters and the story to a termination in his own way. As the reality seldom keeps pace with the ideal, the author's execution will hardly come up to the imagination of his readers; at any rate, it will differ from them, and so far be displeasing. We experience something of this disappointment in the dramas borrowed from popular novels, where the development of the characters by the dramatic author, and the new direction given to the original story in his hands, rarely fail to offend the taste and pre-conceived ideas of the spectator. To feel the force of this, it is only necessary to see the *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, and other plays dramatized from the *Waverley Novels*.

Some part of this failure of such continuations is, no doubt, fairly chargeable, in most instances, on the author himself, who goes to his new task with little of his primitive buoyancy and vigour. He no longer feels the same interest in his own labours, which, losing their freshness, have become as familiar to his imagination as a thrice-told tale. The new composition has, of course, a different complexion from the former, cold, stiff, and disjointed, like a

bronze statue, whose parts have been separately put together, instead of being cast in one mould when the whole metal was in a state of fusion.

The continuation of Cervantes forms a splendid exception to the general rule. The popularity of his first part had drawn forth abundance of criticism, and he availed himself of it to correct some material blemishes in the design of the second, while an assiduous culture of the Castilian enabled him to enrich his style with greater variety and beauty.

He had now reached the zenith of his fame, and the profits of his continuation may have relieved the pecuniary embarrassments under which he had struggled. But he was not long to enjoy his triumph. Before his death, which took place in the following year, he completed his romance of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, the dedication to which, written a few days before his death, is strongly characteristic of its writer. It is addressed to his old patron, the Conde de Lemos, then absent from the country. After saying, in the words of the old Spanish proverb, that he had "*one foot in the stirrup*," in allusion to the distant journey on which he was soon to set out, he adds, "Yesterday I received the extreme unction; but, now that the shadows of death are closing around me, I still cling to life, from the love of it, as well as from the desire to behold you again. But if it is decreed otherwise (and the will of Heaven be done), your excellency will at least feel assured there was one person whose wish to serve you was greater than the love of life itself." After these reminiscences of his benefactor, he expresses his own purpose, should life be spared, to complete several works he had already begun. Such were the last words of this illustrious man; breathing the same generous sensibility, the same ardent love of letters, and beautiful serenity of temper which distinguished him through life. He died a few days after, on the 23rd of April, 1616. His remains were laid, without funeral pomp, in the monastery of the Holy Trinity at Madrid. No memorial points out the spot to the eye of the traveller, nor is it known at this day. And, while many a costly construction has been piled on the ashes of the little great, to the shame of Spain be it spoken, no monument has yet been erected in honour of the greatest genius she has produced. He has built, however, a monument for himself more durable than brass or sculptured marble.

Don Quixote is too familiar to the reader to require any analysis; but we will enlarge on a few circumstances attending its composition but little known to the English scholar, which may enable him to form a better judgment for himself. The age of chivalry, as depicted in romances, could never, of course, have had any real existence; but the sentiments which are described as animating that age have been found more or less operative in different countries and different periods of society. In Spain, especially, this influence is to be discerned from a very early date. Its inhabitants may be said to have lived in a romantic atmosphere, in which all the extravagances of chivalry were nourished by their peculiar situation. Their hostile relations with the Moslem kept alive the full glow of religious and patriotic feeling. Their history is one interminable crusade. An enemy always on the borders, invited perpetual displays of personal daring and adventure. The refinement and magnificence of the Spanish Arabs throw a lustre over these contests, such as could not be reflected from the rude skirmishes with their Christian neighbours. Lofty sentiments, embellished by the softer refinements of courtesy, were blended in the martial bosom of the Spaniard, and Spain became emphatically the land of romantic chivalry.

The very laws themselves, conceived in this spirit, contributed greatly to foster it. The ancient code of Alfonso the Tenth, in the thirteenth century, after many minute regulations for the deportment of the good knight, enjoins on him to "invoke the name of his mistress in the fight, that it may infuse new ardour into his soul, and preserve him from the commission of unknighly

actions." Such laws were not a dead letter. The history of Spain shows that the sentiment of romantic gallantry penetrated the nation more deeply, and continued longer, than in any other quarter of Christendom.

Foreign chroniclers, as well as domestic, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, notice the frequent appearance of Spanish knights in different courts of Europe, whither they had travelled, in the language of an old writer, "to seek honour and reverence" by their feats of arms. In the *Paston Letters*, written in the time of Henry the Sixth of England, we find a notice of a Castilian knight who presented himself before the court, and, with his mistress's favour around his arm, challenged the English cavaliers "to run a course of sharp spears with him for his sovereign lady's sake." Pulgar, a Spanish chronicler of the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of this roving knight-errantry as a thing of familiar occurrence among the young cavaliers of his day; and Oviedo, who lived somewhat later, notices the necessity under which every true knight found himself, of being in love, or *feigning to be so*, in order to give a suitable lustre and incentive to his achievements. But the most singular proof of the extravagant pitch to which these romantic feelings were carried in Spain occurs in the account of the jousts appended to the fine old chronicle of Alvaro de Luna, published by the Academy in 1784. The principal champion was named Sueño de Quenones, who, with nine companions in arms, defended a pass at Orbigo, not far from the shrine of Compostella, against all comers, in the presence of King John the Second and his court. The object of this passage of arms, as it was called, was to release the knight from the obligation imposed on him by his mistress, of publicly wearing an iron collar round his neck every Thursday. The jousts continued for thirty days, and the doughty champions fought without shield or target, with weapons bearing points of Milan steel. Six hundred and twenty-seven encounters took place, and one hundred and sixty-six lances were broken, when the emprise was declared to be fairly achieved. The whole affair is narrated with becoming gravity by an eye-witness, and the reader may fancy himself perusing the adventures of a Launcelot or an Amadis. The particulars of this tourney are detailed at length in Mill's *Chivalry* (vol. ii. chap. v.), where, however, the author has defrauded the successful champions of their full honours by incorrectly reporting the number of lances broken as only sixty-six.

The taste for these romantic extravagances naturally fostered a corresponding taste for the perusal of tales of chivalry. Indeed, they acted reciprocally on each other. These chimerical legends had once, also, beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors; but, in the progress of civilization, had gradually given way to other and more natural forms of composition. They still maintained their ground in Italy, whither they had passed later, and where they were consecrated by the hand of genius. But Italy was not the true soil of chivalry, and the inimitable fictions of Bojardo, Pulci, and Ariosto were composed with that lurking smile of half-suppressed mirth which, far from a serious tone, could raise only a corresponding smile of incredulity in the reader.

In Spain, however, the marvels of romance were all taken in perfect good faith. Not that they were received as literally true; but the reader surrendered himself up to the illusion, and was moved to admiration by the recital of deeds which, viewed in any other light than as a wild frolic of imagination, would be supremely ridiculous; for these tales had not the merit of a seductive style and melodious versification to relieve them. They were, for the most part, an ill-digested mass of incongruities, in which there was as little keeping and probability in the characters as in the incidents, while the whole was told in that stilted "Hercles' vein," and with that licentiousness of allusion and imagery which could not fail to debauch both the taste and the morals of the

youthful reader. The mind, familiarized with these monstrous, over-coloured pictures, lost all relish for the chaste and sober productions of art. The love of the gigantic and the marvellous indisposed the reader for the simple delineations of truth in real history. The feelings expressed by a sensible Spaniard of the sixteenth century, the anonymous author of the *Diálogo de las Lenguas*, probably represent those of many of his contemporaries. "Ten of the best years of my life," says he, "were spent no more profitably than in devouring these lies, which I did even while eating my meals; and the consequence of this depraved appetite was, that if I took in hand any true book of history, or one that passed for such, I was unable to wade through it."

The influence of this meretricious taste was nearly as fatal on the historian himself as on his readers, since he felt compelled to minister to the public appetite such a mixture of the marvellous in all his narrations as materially discredited the veracity of his writings. Every hero became a demigod, who put the labours of Hercules to shame; and every monk or old hermit was converted into a saint, who wrought more miracles, before and after death, than would have sufficed to canonize a monastery. The fabulous ages of Greece are scarcely more fabulous than the close of the Middle Ages in Spanish history, which compares very discreditably, in this particular, with similar periods in most European countries. The confusion of fact and fiction continues to a very late age; and as one gropes his way through the twilight of tradition, he is at a loss whether the dim objects are men or shadows. The most splendid names in Castilian annals—names incorporated with the glorious achievements of the land, and embalmed alike in the page of the chronicler and the song of the minstrel—names associated with the most stirring, patriotic recollections—are now found to have been the mere coinage of fancy. There seems to be no more reason for believing in the real existence of Bernardo del Carpio, of whom so much has been said and sung, than in that of Charlemagne's paladins, or of the Knights of the Round Table. Even the Cid, the national hero of Spain, is contended, by some of the shrewdest native critics of our own times, to be an imaginary being; and it is certain that the splendid fabric of his exploits, familiar as household words to every Spaniard, has crumbled to pieces under the rude touch of modern criticism. These heroes, it is true, flourished before the introduction of romances of chivalry; but the legends of their prowess have been multiplied beyond bounds, in consequence of the taste created by these romances, and an easy faith accorded to them at the same time, such as would never have been conceded in any other civilized nation. In short, the elements of truth and falsehood became so blended, that history was converted into romance, and romance received the credit due only to history.

These mischievous consequences drew down the animadversions of thinking men, and at length provoked the interference of government itself. In 1543, Charles the Fifth, by an edict, prohibited books of chivalry from being imported into his American colonies, or being printed, or even read there. The legislation for America proceeded from the crown alone, which had always regarded the New World as its own exclusive property. In 1555, however, the Cortes of the kingdom presented a *petition* (which requires only the royal signature to become at once a law), setting forth the manifold evils resulting from these romances. There is an air at once both of simplicity and solemnity in the language of this instrument which may amuse the reader: "Moreover, we say that it is very notorious what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like *Amadys*, and works of that description, since young people especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and, becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act

much more extravagantly than they otherwise would have done. And many times the daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds, not only to the dishonour of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your majesty that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter without special licence; by which measures your majesty will render great service to God as well as to these kingdoms," &c. &c.

Notwithstanding this emphatic expression of public disapprobation, these enticing works maintained their popularity. The Emperor Charles, unmindful of his own interdict, took great satisfaction in their perusal. The royal *filles* frequently commemorated the fabulous exploits of chivalry, and Philip the Second, then a young man, appeared in these spectacles in the character of an adventurous knight-errant. Moratin enumerates more than seventy bulky romances, all produced in the sixteenth century, some of which passed through several editions, while many more works of the kind have, doubtless, escaped his researches. The last on his catalogue was printed in 1602, and was composed by one of the nobles at the court. Such was the state of things when Cervantes gave to the world the first part of his *Don Quixote*; and it was against prejudices which had so long bade defiance to public opinion and the law itself that he now aimed the delicate shafts of his irony. It was a perilous enterprise.

To effect his end, he did not produce a mere humorous travesty, like several of the Italian poets, who, having selected some well-known character in romance, make him fall into such low dialogue and such gross buffoonery as contrast most ridiculously with his assumed name; for this, though a very good jest in its way, was but a jest, and Cervantes wanted the biting edge of satire. He was, besides, too much of a poet—was too deeply penetrated with the true spirit of chivalry not to respect the noble qualities which were the basis of it. He shows this in the *auto da fé* of the Don's library, where he spares the *Amadis de Gaula* and some others, the best of their kind. He had once himself, as he tells us, actually commenced a serious tale of chivalry.

Cervantes brought forward a personage, therefore, in whom were embodied all those generous virtues which belong to chivalry: disinterestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honour, knightly courtesy, and those aspirations after ideal excellence which, if empty dreams, are the dreams of a magnanimous spirit. They are, indeed, represented by Cervantes as too ethereal for this world, and are successively dispelled as they come in contact with the coarse realities of life. It is this view of the subject which has led Sismondi, among other critics, to consider that the principal end of the author was "the ridicule of enthusiasm—the contrast of the heroic with the vulgar," and he sees something profoundly sad in the conclusions to which it leads. This sort of criticism appears to be over-refined. It resembles the efforts of some commentators to allegorize the great epics of Homer and Virgil, throwing a disagreeable mistiness over the story by converting mere shadows into substances, and substances into shadows.

The great purpose of Cervantes was, doubtless, that expressly avowed by himself, namely, to correct the popular taste for romances of chivalry. It is unnecessary to look for any other in so plain a tale, although, it is true, the conduct of the story produces impressions on the reader, to a certain extent, like those suggested by Sismondi. The melancholy tendency, however, is, in a great degree, counteracted by the exquisitely ludicrous character of the inci-

dents. Perhaps, after all, if we are to hunt for a moral as the key of the fiction, we may, with more reason, pronounce it to be the necessity of proportioning our undertakings to our capacities.

The mind of the hero, Don Quixote, is an ideal world, into which Cervantes has poured all the rich stores of his own imagination, the poet's golden dreams, high romantic exploit, and the sweet visions of pastoral happiness; the gorgeous chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry, which had so long entranced the world; splendid illusions, which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which a child throws off from his pipe, reflect, in a thousand variegated tints, the rude objects around, until, brought into collision with these, they are dashed in pieces, and melt into air. These splendid images derive tenfold beauty from the rich, antique colouring of the author's language, skilfully imitated from the old romances, but which necessarily escapes in the translation into a foreign tongue. Don Quixote's insanity operates both in mistaking the ideal for the real, and the real for the ideal. Whatever he has found in the romances he believes to exist in the world; and he converts all he meets with in the world into the visions of his romances. It is difficult to say which of the two produces the most ludicrous results.

For the better exposure of these mad fancies, Cervantes has not only put them into action in real life, but contrasted them with another character which may be said to form the reverse side of his hero's. Honest Sancho represents the material principle as perfectly as his master does the intellectual or ideal. He is of the earth, earthy. Sly, selfish, sensual, his dreams are not of glory, but of good feeding. His only concern is for his carcass. His notions of honour appear to be much the same with those of his jovial contemporary, Falstaff, as conveyed in his memorable soliloquy. In the sublime night-piece which ends with the fulling-mills—truly sublime until we reach the *dénouement*—Sancho asks his master, "Why need you go about this adventure? It is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off and get out of harm's way. Who is there to take notice of our slinking?" Can anything be imagined more exquisitely opposed to the true spirit of chivalry? The whole compass of fiction nowhere displays the power of contrast so forcibly as in these two characters: perfectly opposed to each other, not only in their minds and general habits, but in the minutest details of personal appearance.

It was a great effort of art for Cervantes to maintain the dignity of his hero's character in the midst of the whimsical and ridiculous distresses in which he has perpetually involved him. His infirmity leads us to distinguish between his character and his conduct, and to absolve him from all responsibility for the latter. The author's art is no less shown in regard to the other principal figure in the piece, Sancho Panza, who, with the most contemptible qualities, contrives to keep a strong hold on our interest by the kindness of his nature and his shrewd understanding. He is far too shrewd a person, indeed, to make it natural for him to have followed so crack-brained a master, unless bribed by the promise of a substantial recompence. He is a personification, as it were, of the popular wisdom—a "bundle of proverbs," as his master somewhere styles him; and proverbs are the most compact form in which the wisdom of a people is digested. They have been collected into several distinct works in Spain, where they exceed in number those of any other, if not every other, country in Europe. As many of them are of great antiquity, they are of inestimable price with the Castilian purists, as affording rich samples of obsolete idioms and the various mutations of the language.

The subordinate portraits in the romance, though not wrought with the same care, are admirable studies of national character. In this view, the *Don Quixote* may be said to form an epoch in the history of letters, as the original of that kind of composition, the *Novel of Character*, which is one of the dis-

tinguishing peculiarities of modern literature. When well executed, this sort of writing rises to the dignity of history itself, and may be said to perform no insignificant part of the functions of the latter. History describes men less as they are than as they appear, as they are playing a part on the great political theatre—men in masquerade. It rests on state documents, which too often cloak real purposes under an artful veil of policy, or on the accounts of contemporaries blinded by passion or interest. Even without these deductions, the revolutions of states, their wars and their intrigues, do not present the only aspect, nor, perhaps, the most interesting, under which human nature can be studied. It is man in his domestic relations, around his own fireside, where alone his real character can be truly disclosed; in his ordinary occupations in society, whether for purposes of profit or of pleasure; in his every-day manner of living, his tastes and opinions, as drawn out in social intercourse; it is, in short, under all those forms which make up the interior of society that man is to be studied, if we would get the true form and pressure of the age—if, in short, we would obtain clear and correct ideas of the actual progress of civilization.

But these topics do not fall within the scope of the historian. He cannot find authentic materials for them. They belong to the novelist, who, indeed, contrives his incidents and creates his characters, but who, if true to his art, animates them with the same tastes, sentiments, and motives of action which belong to the period of his fiction. His portrait is not the less true because no individual has sat for it. He has seized the physiognomy of the times. Who is there that does not derive a more distinct idea of the state of society and manners in Scotland from the *Waverley Novels* than from the best of its historians? of the condition of the middle ages from the single romance of *Ivanhoe*, than from the volumes of Hume or Hallam? In like manner, the pencil of Cervantes has given a far more distinct and a richer portraiture of life in Spain in the sixteenth century than can be gathered from a library of monkish chronicles.

Spain, which furnished the first good model of this kind of writing, seems to have possessed more ample materials for it than any other country except England. This is perhaps owing, in a great degree, to the freedom and originality of the popular character. It is the country where the lower classes make the nearest approach, in their conversation, to what is called humour. Many of the national proverbs are seasoned with it, as well as the *picaresco* tales, the indigenous growth of the soil, where, however, the humour runs rather too much to mere practical jokes. The free expansion of the popular characteristics may be traced, in part, to the freedom of the political institutions of the country before the iron hand of the Austrian dynasty was laid on it. The long wars with the Moslem invaders called every peasant into the field, and gave him a degree of personal consideration. In some of the provinces, as Catalonia, the democratic spirit frequently rose to an uncontrollable height. In this free atmosphere the rich and peculiar traits of national character were unfolded. The territorial divisions which marked the Peninsula, broken up anciently into a number of petty and independent states, gave, moreover, great variety to the national portraiture. The rude Asturian, the haughty and indolent Castilian, the industrious Aragonese, the independent Catalan, the jealous and wily Andalusian, the effeminate Valencian, and magnificent Granadine, furnished an infinite variety of character and costume for the study of the artist. The intermixture of Asiatic races, to an extent unknown in any other European land, was favourable to the same result. The Jews and the Moors were settled in too great numbers, and for too many centuries, in the land, not to have left traces of their Oriental civilization. The best blood of the country has flowed from what the modern Spaniard—the Spaniard of the Inquisition—regards as impure sources: and a work, popular

in the Peninsula, under the name of *Tizon de España*, or "Brand of Spain," maliciously traces back the pedigrees of the noblest houses in the kingdom to a Jewish or Morisco origin. All these circumstances have conspired to give a highly poetic interest to the character of the Spaniards; to make them, in fact, the most picturesque of European nations, affording richer and far more various subjects, for the novelist than other nations whose peculiarities have been kept down by the weight of a despotic government, or the artificial and levelling laws of fashion.

There is one other point of view in which the *Don Quixote* presents itself, that of its didactic import. It is not merely moral in its general tendency, though this was a rare virtue in the age in which it was written, but is replete with admonition and criticism, oftentimes requiring great boldness, as well as originality, in the author. Such, for instance, are the derision of witchcraft, and other superstitions common to the Spaniards; the ridicule of torture, which, though not used in the ordinary courts, was familiar to the Inquisition; the frequent strictures on various departments and productions of literature. The literary criticism scattered throughout the work shows a profound acquaintance with the true principles of taste far before his time, and which has left his judgments of the writings of his countrymen still of paramount authority. In truth, the great scope of his work was didactic, for it was a satire against the false taste of his age. And never was there a satire so completely successful. The last romance of chivalry, before the appearance of the *Don Quixote*, came out in 1602. It was the last that was ever published in Spain. So completely was this kind of writing, which had bade defiance to every serious effort, now extinguished by the breath of ridicule,

"That soft and summer breath, whose subtle power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour."

It was impossible for any new author to gain an audience. The public had seen how the thunder was fabricated. The spectator had been behind the scenes, and witnessed of what cheap materials kings and queens were made. It was impossible for him, by any stretch of imagination, to convert the tinsel and painted baubles which he had seen there into diadems and sceptres. The illusion had fled for ever.

Satire seldom survives the local or temporary interests against which it is directed. It loses its life with its sting. The satire of Cervantes is an exception. The objects at which it was aimed have long since ceased to interest. The modern reader is attracted to the book simply by its execution as a work of art, and, from want of previous knowledge, comprehends few of the allusions which gave such infinite zest to the perusal in its own day. Yet, under all these disadvantages, it not only maintains its popularity, but is far more widely extended, and enjoys far higher consideration, than in the life of its author. Such are the triumphs of genius!

Cervantes correctly appreciated his own work. He more than once predicted its popularity. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chophouse, tavern, or barber's stall but will have a painting of our achievements." The honest squire's prediction was verified in his own day: and the author might have seen paintings of his work on wood and on canvas, as well as copper-plate engravings of it. Besides several editions of it at home, it was printed, in his own time, in Portugal, Flanders, and Italy. Since that period it has passed into numberless editions both in Spain and other countries. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue over and over again; into English ten times, into French eight, and others less frequently. We will close the present notice with a brief view of some of the principal editions, together with that at the head of our article.

The currency of the romance among all classes frequently invited its publication by incompetent hands ; and the consequence was a plentiful crop of errors, until the original text was nearly despoiled of its beauty, while some passages were omitted, and foreign ones still more shamefully interpolated. The first attempt to retrieve the original from these harpies, who thus foully violated it, singularly enough, was made in England. Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second, had formed a collection of books of romance, which she playfully named the "library of the sage Merlin." The romance of Cervantes alone was wanting ; and a nobleman, Lord Carteret, undertook to provide her with a suitable copy at his own expense. This was the origin of the celebrated edition published by Tonson, in London, 1738, 4 tom. 4to. It contained the Life of the Author, written for it by the learned Mayans y Siscar. It was the first biography (which merits the name) of Cervantes ; and it shows into what oblivion his personal history had already fallen, that no less than seven towns claimed each the honour of giving him birth. The fate of Cervantes resembled that of Homer.

The example thus set by foreigners excited an honourable emulation at home ; and at length, in 1780, a magnificent edition, from the far-famed press of Ibarra, was published at Madrid, in 4 tom. 4to. under the auspices of the Royal Spanish Academy ; which, unlike many other literary bodies of sounding name, has contributed most essentially to the advancement of letters, not merely by original memoirs, but by learned and very beautiful editions of ancient writers. Its *Don Quixote* exhibits a most careful revision of the text, collated from the several copies printed in the author's lifetime, and supposed to have received his own emendations. There is too good reason to believe that these corrections were made with a careless hand ; at all events, there is a plentiful harvest of typographical blunders in these primitive editions.

Prefixed to the publication of the Academy is the Life of Cervantes, by Rios, written with uncommon elegance, and containing nearly all that is of much interest in his personal history. A copious analysis of the romance follows, in which a parallel is closely elaborated between it and the poems of Homer. But the romantic and the classical differ too widely from each other to admit of such an approximation ; and the method of proceeding necessarily involves its author in infinite absurdities, which show an entire ignorance of the true principles of philosophical criticism, and which he would scarcely have fallen into had he given heed to the maxims of Cervantes himself.

In the following year, 1781, there appeared another edition in England deserving of particular notice. It was prepared by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, a clergyman at Idemestone, who was so enamoured of the romance of Cervantes, that, after collecting a library of such works as could any way illustrate his author, he spent fourteen years in preparing a suitable commentary on him. There was ample scope for such a commentary. Many of the satirical allusions of the romance were misunderstood, as we have said, owing to ignorance of the books of chivalry at which they were aimed. Many incidents and usages, familiar to the age of Cervantes, had long since fallen into oblivion ; and much of the idiomatic phraseology had grown to be obsolete, and required explanation. Cervantes himself had fallen into some egregious blunders, which in his subsequent revision of the work he had neglected to set right. The reader will readily call to mind the confusion as to Sancho's Dapple, who appears and disappears, most unaccountably, on the scene, according as the author happens to remember or forget that he was stolen. He afterward corrected this in two or three instances, but left three or four others unheeded. To the same account must be charged numberless gross anachronisms. Indeed, the whole second part is an anachronism, since the author introduces his hero criticising his first part, in which his own epitaph is recorded.

Cervantes seems to have had a great distaste for the work of revision. Some

of his blunders he laid at the printer's door, and others he dismissed with the remark, more ingenious than true, that they were like moles, which, though blemishes in themselves, added to the beauty of the countenance. No little dreamed that his lapses were to be watched so narrowly, that a catalogue was actually to be set down of all his repetitions and inconsistencies, and that each of his hero's sallies was to be adjusted by an accurate chronological table like any real history. He would have been still slower to believe that in the middle of the eighteenth century a learned society, the Academy of Literature and Fine Arts at Troyes, in Champagne, should have chosen a deputation of their body to visit Spain and examine the library of the Escorial, in order to obtain, if possible, the original MS. of that Arabian sage from whom Cervantes professed to have translated his romance. This was to be more mad than Don Quixote himself; yet this actually happened.

Bowle's edition was printed in six volumes quarto; the two last contained notes, illustrations, and index, *all, as well as the text, in Castilian*. Watt, in his laborious *Bibliotheca Britannica*, remarks that the book did not come up to the public expectation. If so, the public must have been very unreasonable. It was a marvellous achievement for a foreigner. It was the first attempt at a commentary on the *Quixote*, and, although doubtless exhibiting inaccuracies which a native might have escaped, has been a rich mine of illustration, from which native critics have helped themselves most liberally, and sometimes with scanty acknowledgment.

The example of the English critic led to similar labours in Spain, among the most successful of which may be mentioned the edition by Pellicer, which has commended itself to every scholar by its very learned disquisitions on many topics both of history and criticism. It also contains a valuable memoir of Cervantes, whose life has since been written in a manner which leaves nothing farther to be desired by Navarrete, well known by his laborious publication of documents relative to the early Spanish discoveries. His biography of the novelist comprehends all the information, direct and subsidiary, which can now be brought together for the elucidation of his personal or literary history. If Cervantes, like his great contemporary Shakspeare, has left few authentic details of his existence, the deficiency has been diligently supplied in both cases by speculation and conjecture.

There was still wanting a classical commentary on the *Quixote* devoted to the literary execution of the work. Such a commentary has at length appeared from the pen of Clemencin, the accomplished secretary of the Spanish Academy of History, who had acquired a high reputation for himself by the publication of the sixth volume of its memoirs, the exclusive work of his own hand. In his edition of the romance, besides illuminating with rare learning many of the obscure points in the narrative, he has accompanied the text with a severe but enlightened criticism, which, while it boldly exposes occasional offences against taste or grammar, directs the eye to those latent beauties which might escape a rapid or an ordinary reader. We much doubt if any Castilian classic has been so ably illustrated. Unfortunately, the first part only was completed by the commentator, who died very recently. It will not be easy to find a critic equally qualified by his taste and erudition for the completion of the work.

The English, as we have noticed, have evinced their relish for Cervantes, not only by their critical labours, but by repeated translations. Some of these are executed with much skill, considering the difficulty of correctly rendering the idiomatic phraseology of humorous dialogue. The most popular versions are those of Motteux, Jarvis, and Smollett. Perhaps the first is the best of all. It was by a Frenchman, who came over to England in the time of James the Second. It betrays nothing of its foreign parentage, however, while its rich and racy diction and its quaint turns of expression are admirably suited

to convey a lively and very faithful image of the original. The slight tinge of antiquity which belongs to the time is not displeasing, and comports well with the tone of knightly dignity which distinguishes the hero. Lockhart's notes and poetical versions of old Castilian ballads, appended to the recent edition of Motteux, have rendered it by far the most desirable translation. It is singular that the first classical edition of *Don Quixote*, the first commentary, and probably the best foreign translation, should have been all produced in England; and farther, that the English commentator should have written in Spanish, and the English translation have been by a Frenchman.

We now come to Mr. Sales's recent edition of the original, the first, probably which has appeared in the New World, of the one-half of which the Spanish is the spoken language. There was great need of some uniform edition to meet the wants of our University, where much inconvenience has been long experienced from the discrepancies of the copies used. The only ones to be procured in this country are contemptible both in regard to printing and paper, and are defaced by the grossest errors. They are the careless manufacture of ill-informed Spanish booksellers, made to sell, and dear to boot.

Mr. Sales has adopted a right plan for remedying these several evils. He has carefully formed his text on that of the last and most correct edition of the Academy, and as he has stereotyped the work, any verbal errors may be easily rectified. The Academy has substituted the modern orthography for that of Cervantes, who, independently of the change which has gradually taken place in the language, seems to have had no uniform system himself. Mr. Sales has conformed to the rules prescribed by this high authority for regulating his orthography, accent, and punctuation. In some instances only, he has adopted the ancient usage in beginning words with *f* instead of *h*, and retaining obsolete terminations of verbs, as *hablades* for *hablais*, *hablabades* for *hablabais*, *amades* for *amais*, *amabades* for *amabais*, &c., no doubt as better suited to the lofty tone of the good knight's discourses, who himself affected a reverence for the antique in his conversation to which his translators have not always sufficiently attended.

In one respect the present editor has made some alterations not before attempted, we believe, in the text of his original. We have already noticed the inaccuracies of the earlier copies of the *Don Quixote*, partly imputable to Cervantes himself, and in a greater degree, doubtless, to his printers. There is no way of rectifying such errors by collation with the author's manuscript, which has long since disappeared. All that can now be done, therefore, is to point out the purer reading in a note, as Clemencin, Arrieta, and other commentators have done, or, as Mr. Sales has preferred, to introduce it into the body of the text. We will give one or two specimens of these alterations:—

"Poco mas ó menos."—Tom. i. p. 141.

The reading in the old editions is "*poco mas ó menos*," a phrase as unintelligible in Spanish now as its literal translation would be in English, although in use, it would seem from other authorities, in the age of Cervantes.

"Por tales os juzgué y tuve."—Tom. i. p. 104.

The old editions add "*siempre*," which clearly is incorrect, since *Don Quixote* is speaking of the present occasion.

"*Dón Quijote* quedó admirado."—Tom. i. p. 143.

Other editions read "*El cual* quedó," &c. The use of the relative leaves the reader in doubt who is intended, and Mr. Sales, in conformity to Clemencin's

suggestion, has made the sentence clear by substituting the name of the knight.

"Donde les sucedieron cosas," &c.—Tom. II. p. 44.

In other editions, "*sucedio*;" bad grammar, since it agrees with a plural noun.

"En tan poco espacio de tiempo como ha que *estuvo* allá," &c. (tom. II. p. 132), instead of "*está* allá," clearly the wrong tense, since the verb refers to past time.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples, a sufficient number of which have been cited to show on what principles the emendations have been made. They have been confined to the correction of such violations of grammar, or such inaccuracies of expression, as obscure or distort the meaning. They have been made with great circumspection, and in obedience to the suggestion of the highest authorities in the language. For the critical scholar, who would naturally prefer the primitive text with all its impurities, they were not designed. But they are of infinite value to the general reader and the student, who may now read this beautiful classic purified from those verbal blemishes, which, however obvious to a native, could not fail to mislead a foreigner.

Besides these emendations, Mr. Sales has illustrated the work by prefixing to it the admirable preliminary discourse of Clemencin, and by a considerable body of notes, selected and abridged from the most approved commentators; and as the object has been to explain the text to the reader, not to involve him in antiquarian or critical disquisitions, when his authorities have failed to do this the editor has supplied notes of his own, throwing much light on matters least familiar to a foreigner. In this part of his work we think he might have derived considerable aid from Bowle, whom he does not appear to have consulted. The Castilian commentator, Arrieta, whom he liberally uses, is largely indebted to the English critic, who, as a foreigner, moreover, has been led into many seasonable explanations that would be superfluous to a Spaniard.

We may notice another peculiarity in the present edition, that of breaking up the text into reasonable paragraphs, in imitation of the English translations; a great relief to the spirits of the reader, which are seriously damped, in the ancient copies, by the interminable waste of page upon page, without these convenient halting-places.

But our readers, we fear, will think we are running into an interminable waste of discussion. We will only remark, therefore, in conclusion, that the mechanical execution of the book is highly creditable to our press. It is, moreover, adorned with etchings by our American Cruikshank, Johnston—some of them original, but mostly copies from the late English edition of Smollett's translations. They are designed and executed with much spirit, and, no doubt, would have fully satisfied honest Sancho, who predicted this kind of immortality for himself and his master.

We congratulate the public on the possession of an edition of the pride of Castilian literature from our own press, in so neat a form, and executed with so much correctness and judgment; and we trust that the ambition of its respectable editor will gratified by its becoming, as it well deserves to be, the manual of the student in every seminary throughout the country where the noble Castilian language is taught.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.*

APRIL, 1838.

THERE is no kind of writing, which has truth and instruction for its main object, so interesting and popular, on the whole, as biography. History, in its larger sense, has to deal with masses, which, while they divide the attention by the dazzling variety of objects, from their very generality are scarcely capable of touching the heart. The great objects on which it is employed have little relation to the daily occupations with which the reader is most intimate. A nation, like a corporation, seems to have no soul, and its chequered vicissitudes may be contemplated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey than with personal sympathy. How different are the feelings excited by the fortunes of an individual—one of the mighty mass, who in the page of history is swept along the current unnoticed and unknown! Instead of a mere abstraction, at once we see a being like ourselves, “fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons; subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer” as we are. We place ourselves in his position, and see the passing current of events with the same eyes. We become a party to all his little schemes—share in his triumphs—or mourn with him in the disappointment of defeat. His friends become our friends. We learn to take an interest in their characters from their relation to him. As they pass away from the stage one after another, and as the clouds of misfortune, perhaps, or of disease, settle around the evening of his own day, we feel the same sadness that steals over us on a retrospect of earlier and happier hours. And when at last we have followed him to the tomb, we close the volume, and feel that we have turned over another chapter in the history of life.

On the same principles, probably, we are more moved by the exhibition of those characters whose days have been passed in the ordinary routine of domestic and social life, than by those most intimately connected with the great public events of their age. What, indeed, is the history of such men but that of the times? The life of Wellington or of Buonaparte is the story of the wars and revolutions of Europe. But that of Cowper, gliding away in the seclusion of rural solitude, reflects all those domestic joys, and, alas! more than the sorrows, which gather around every man’s fireside and his heart. In this way the story of the humblest individual, faithfully recorded, becomes an object of lively interest. How much is that interest increased in the case of a man like Scott, who, from his own fireside, has sent forth a voice to cheer and delight millions of his fellow-men; whose life was passed within the narrow circle of his own village, as it were, but who, nevertheless, has called up more shapes and phantasies within that magic circle, acted more extraordinary parts, and afforded more marvels for the imagination to feed on, than can be furnished by the most nimble-footed, nimble-tongued traveller, from Marco Polo down to Mrs. Trollope, and that literary Sinbad, Captain Hall.

* 1. “Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. Lockhart. Five vols. 12mo. Boston: Otis, Broaders, & Co., 1837.”

2. “Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., 16mo. London: James Fraser, 1837.”

Fortunate as Sir Walter Scott was in his life, it is not the least of his good fortunes that he left the task of recording it to one so competent as Mr. Lockhart, who, to a familiarity with the person and habits of his illustrious subject, unites such entire sympathy with his pursuits, and such fine tact and discrimination in arranging the materials for their illustration. We have seen it objected that the biographer has somewhat transcended his lawful limits in occasionally exposing what a nice tenderness for the reputation of Scott should have led him to conceal; but, on reflection, we are not inclined to adopt these views. It is difficult to prescribe any precise rule by which the biographer should be guided in exhibiting the peculiarities, and, still more, the defects of his subject. He should, doubtless, be slow to draw from obscurity those matters which are of a strictly personal and private nature, particularly when they have no material bearing on the character of the individual. But whatever the latter has done, said, or written to others, can rarely be made to come within this rule. A swell of panegyric, where everything is in broad sunshine, without the relief of a shadow to contrast it, is out of nature, and must bring discredit on the whole. Nor is it much better when a sort of twilight mystification is spread over a man's actions, until, as in the case of all biographies of Cowper previous to that of Southey, we are completely bewildered respecting the real motives of conduct. If ever there was a character above the necessity of any management of this sort, it was Scott's; and we cannot but think that the frank exposition of the minor blemishes which sully it, by securing the confidence of the reader in the general fidelity of the portraiture, and thus disposing him to receive, without distrust, those favourable statements in his history which might seem incredible, as they certainly are unprecedented, is, on the whole, advantageous to his reputation. As regards the moral effect on the reader, we may apply Scott's own argument for not always recompensing suffering virtue, at the close of his fictions, with temporal prosperity—that such an arrangement would convey no moral to the heart whatever, since a glance at the great picture of life would show that virtue is not always thus rewarded.

In regard to the literary execution of Mr. Lockhart's work the public voice has long since pronounced on it. A prying criticism may discern a few of those contraband epithets and slipshod sentences, more excusable in *Young Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, where, indeed, they are thickly sown, than in the production of a grave Aristarch of British criticism. But this is small game, where every reader of the least taste and sensibility must find so much to applaud. It is enough to say, that in passing from the letters of Scott, with which the work is enriched, to the text of the biographer, we find none of those chilling transitions which occur on the like occasions in more bungling productions; as, for example, in that recent one in which the unfortunate Hannah More is done to death by her friend Roberts. On the contrary, we are sensible only to a new variety of beauty in the style of composition. The correspondence is illumined by all that is needed to make it intelligible to a stranger, and selected with such discernment as to produce the clearest impression of the character of its author. The mass of interesting details is conveyed in language richly coloured with poetic sentiment, and, at the same time, without a tinge of that mysticism which, as Scott himself truly remarked, "will never do for a writer of fiction, no, nor of history, nor moral essays, nor sermons;" but which, nevertheless, finds more or less favour in our own community, at the present day, in each and all of these.

The second work which we have placed at the head of this article, and from which the last remark of Sir Walter's was borrowed, is a series of notices originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, but now collected, with considerable additions, into a separate volume. Its author, Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies, is a gentleman of the Scotch bar, favourably known by translations

from the German. The work conveys a lively report of several scenes and events, which, before the appearance of Lockhart's book, were of more interest and importance than they can now be, lost, as they are, in the flood of light which is poured on us from that source. In the absence of the sixth and last volume, however, Mr. Gillies may help us to a few particulars respecting the closing years of Sir Walter's life, that may have some novelty—we know not how much to be relied upon—for the reader. In the present notice of a work so familiar to most persons, we shall confine ourselves to some of those circumstances which contribute to form, or have an obvious connection with, his literary character.

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. The character of his father, a respectable member of that class of attorneys who in Scotland are called writers to the signet, is best conveyed to the reader by saying that he sat for the portrait of Mr. Saunders Fairford in *Redgauntlet*. His mother was a woman of taste and imagination, and had an obvious influence in guiding those of her son. His ancestors, by both father's and mother's side, were of "gentle blood," a position which, placed between the highest and the lower ranks in society, was extremely favourable, as affording facilities for communication with both. A lameness in his infancy—a most fortunate lameness for the world, if, as Scott says, it spoiled a soldier—and a delicate constitution, made it expedient to try the efficacy of country air and diet, and he was placed under the roof of his paternal grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a few miles distant from the capital. Here his days were passed in the open fields, "with no other fellowship," as he says, "than that of the sheep and lambs;" and here, in the lap of nature,

"Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

his infant vision was greeted with those rude, romantic scenes which his own verses have since hallowed for the pilgrims from every clime. In the long evenings, his imagination, as he grew older, was warmed by traditional legends of border heroism and adventure, repeated by the aged relative, who had herself witnessed the last gleams of border chivalry. His memory was one of the first powers of his mind which exhibited an extraordinary development. One of the longest of these old ballads, in particular, stuck so close to it, and he repeated it with such stentorian vociferation, as to draw from the minister of a neighbouring kirk the testy exclamation, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is."

On his removal to Edinburgh, in his eighth year, he was subjected to different influences. His worthy father was a severe martinet in all the forms of his profession, and, it may be added, of his religion, which he contrived to make somewhat burdensome to his more volatile son. The tutor was still more strict in his religious sentiments, and the lightest literary diversion in which either of them indulged was such as could be gleaned from the time-honoured folios of Archbishop Spottiswoode or worthy Robert Wodrow. Even here, however, Scott's young mind contrived to gather materials and impulses for future action. In his long arguments with Master Mitchell, he became steeped in the history of the Covenanters and the persecuted Church of Scotland, while he was still more rooted in his own Jacobite notions, early instilled into his mind by the tales of his relatives of Sandy-Knowe, whose own family had been out in the "affair of forty-five." Amid the professional and polemical worthies of his father's library, Scott detected a copy of Shakspeare, and he relates with what *godt* he used to creep out of his bed, where he had been safely deposited for the night, and, by the light of the fire, *in puris naturalibus*, pore over the pages of the great magician, and study those mighty spells by which he gave to airy phantasies the forms and substance

of humanity. Scott distinctly recollected the time and the spot where he first opened a volume of Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*; a work which may have suggested to him the plan and the purpose of the *Border Minstrelsy*. Every day's experience shows how much more actively the business of education goes on out of school than in it; and Scott's history shows equally that genius, whatever obstacles may be thrown in its way in one direction, will find room for its expansion in another, as the young tree sends forth its shoots most prolific in that quarter where the sunshine is permitted to fall on it.

At the High School, in which he was placed by his father at an early period, he seems not to have been particularly distinguished in the regular course of studies. His voracious appetite for books, however, of a certain cast, as romances, chivalrous tales, and worm-eaten chronicles scarcely less chivalrous, and his wonderful memory for such reading as struck his fancy, soon made him regarded by his fellows as a phenomenon of black-letter scholarship, which in process of time achieved for him the cognomen of that redoubtable schoolman, *Duns Scotus*. He now also gave evidence of his powers of creation as well as of acquisition. He became noted for his own stories, generally bordering on the marvellous, with a plentiful seasoning of knight-errantry, which suited his bold and chivalrous temper. "Slink over beside me, Jamie," he would whisper to his schoolfellow Ballantyne, "and I'll tell you a story." Jamie was, indeed, destined to sit beside him during the greater part of his life.

The same tastes and talents continued to display themselves more strongly with increasing years. Having beaten pretty thoroughly the ground of romantic and legendary lore, at least so far as the English libraries to which he had access would permit, he next endeavoured, while at the university, to which he had been transferred from the high school, to pursue the same subject in the continental languages. Many were the strolls which he took in the neighbourhood, especially to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, where, perched on some almost inaccessible eyrie, he might be seen conning over his *Ariosto* or *Cervantes*, or some other bard of romance, with some favourite companion of his studies, or pouring into the ears of the latter his own boyish legends, glowing with

"achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry."

A critical knowledge of these languages he seems not to have obtained, and, even in the French, made but an indifferent figure in conversation. An accurate acquaintance with the pronunciation and prosody of a foreign tongue is undoubtedly a desirable accomplishment; but it is, after all, a mere accomplishment subordinate to the great purposes for which a language is to be learned. Scott did not, as is too often the case, mistake the shell for the kernel. He looked on language only as the key to unlock the foreign stores of wisdom, the pearls of inestimable price, wherever found, with which to enrich his native literature.

After a brief residence at the university, he was regularly indented as an apprentice to his father in 1786. One can hardly imagine a situation less congenial with the ardent, effervescent spirit of a poetic fancy, fettered down to a daily routine of drudgery scarcely above that of a mere scrivener. It proved, however, a useful school of discipline to him. It formed early habits of method, punctuality, and laborious industry; business habits, in short, most adverse to the poetic temperament, but indispensable to the accomplishment of the gigantic tasks which he afterward assumed. He has himself borne testimony to his general diligence in his new vocation, and tells us that on one occasion he transcribed no less than a hundred and twenty folio pages at a sitting.

In the midst of these mechanical duties, he did not lose sight of the favourite objects of his study and meditation. He made frequent excursions into the Lowland as well as Highland districts in search of traditional relics. These pilgrimages he frequently performed on foot. His constitution, now become hardy by severe training, made him careless of exposure, and his frank and warm-hearted manners—eminently favourable to his purposes, by thawing at once any feelings of frosty reserve which might have encountered a stranger—made him equally welcome at the staid and decorous manse, and at the rough but hospitable board of the peasant. Here was, indeed, the study of the future novelist; the very school in which to meditate those models of character and situation which he was afterward, long afterward, to transfer, in such living colours, to the canvas. "He was makin' himsell a' the time," says one of his companions, "but he didna ken, maybe, what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queer-ness and the fun." The honest writer to the signet does not seem to have thought it either so funny or so profitable; for on his son's return from one of these *raids*, as he styled them, the old gentleman peevishly inquired how he had been living so long? "Pretty much like the young ravens," answered Walter; "I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I doubt," said the grave clerk to the signet, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a *gunyrel scrapgut*!" Perhaps even the revelation, could it have been made to him, of his son's future literary glory, would scarcely have satisfied the worthy father, who probably would have regarded a seat on the bench of the Court of Sessions as much higher glory. At all events, this was not far from the judgment of Dominie Mitchell, who, in his notice of his illustrious pupil, "sincerely regrets that Sir Walter's precious time was devoted to the *dulce* rather than the *utile* of composition, and that his great talents should have been wasted on such subjects!"

It is impossible to glance at Scott's early life without perceiving how powerfully all its circumstances, whether accidental or contrived, conspired to train him for the peculiar position he was destined to occupy in the world of letters. There never was a character in whose infant germ the mature and fully developed lineaments might be more distinctly traced. What he was in his riper age, so he was in his boyhood. We discern the same tastes, the same peculiar talents, the same social temper and affections, and, in a great degree, the same habits—in their embryo state, of course, but distinctly marked—and his biographer has shown no little skill in enabling us to trace their gradual, progressive expansion, from the hour of his birth up to the full prime and maturity of manhood.

In 1792, Scott, whose original destination of a writer had been changed to that of an advocate—from his father's conviction, as it would seem, of the superiority of his talents to the former station—was admitted to the Scottish bar. Here he continued in assiduous attendance during the regular terms, but more noted for his stories in the outer house than his arguments in court. It may appear singular, that a person so gifted, both as a writer and as a *raconteur*, should have had no greater success in his profession. But the case is not uncommon: indeed, experience shows that the most eminent writers have not made the most successful speakers. It is not more strange than that a good writer of novels should not excel as a dramatic author. Perhaps a consideration of the subject would lead us to refer the phenomena in both cases to the same principle. At all events, Scott was an exemplification of both, and we leave the solution to those who have more leisure and ingenuity to unravel the mystery.

Scott's leisure, in the meantime, was well employed in storing his mind

with German romance, with whose wild fictions, intrenching on the grotesque, he found at that time more sympathy than in later life. In 1796, he first appeared before the public as a translator of Bürger's well-known ballads, thrown off by him at a heat, and which found favour with the few into whose hands they passed. He subsequently adventured in Monk Lewis's crazy bark, *Tales of Wonder*, which soon went to pieces, leaving, however, among its surviving fragments the scattered contributions of Scott.

At last, in 1802, he gave to the world his first two volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy*, printed by his old schoolfellow Ballantyne, and which, by the beauty of the typography, as well as literary execution, made an epoch in Scottish literary history. There was no work of Scott's after-life which showed the result of so much preliminary labour. Before ten years old, he had collected several volumes of ballads and traditions, and we have seen how diligently he pursued the same vocation in later years. The publication was admitted to be far more faithful, as well as skilfully collated, than its prototype, the *Reliques* of Bishop Percy; while his notes contained a mass of antiquarian information relative to border life, conveyed in a style of beauty unprecedented in topics of this kind, and enlivened with a higher interest than poetic fiction. Percy's *Reliques* had prepared the way for the kind reception of the *Minstrelsy*, by the general relish—notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's protest—it had created for the simple pictures of a pastoral and heroic time. Burns had since familiarized the English ear with the Doric melodies of his native land; and now a greater than Burns appeared, whose first production, by a singular chance, came into the world in the very year in which the Ayrshire minstrel was withdrawn from it, as if nature had intended that the chain of poetic inspiration should not be broken. The delight of the public was farther augmented on the appearance of the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*, containing various imitations of the old ballad, which displayed the rich fashion of the antique, purified from the mould and rust by which the beauties of such weather-beaten trophies are defaced.

The first edition of the *Minstrelsy*, consisting of eight hundred copies, went off, as Lockhart tells us, in less than a year; and the poet, on the publication of a second, received five hundred pounds sterling from Longman—an enormous price for such a commodity, but the best bargain, probably, that the bookseller ever made, as the subsequent sale has since extended to twenty thousand copies.

Scott was not in great haste to follow up his success. It was three years later before he took the field as an independent author, in a poem which at once placed him among the great original writers of his country. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a complete expansion of the ancient ballad into an epic form, was published in 1805. It was opening a new creation in the realm of fancy. It seemed as if the author had transfused into his page the strong delineations of the Homeric pencil, the rude but generous gallantry of a primitive period, softened by the more airy and magical inventions of Italian romance,* and conveyed in tones of natural melody, such as had not been heard since the strains of Burns. The book speedily found that unprecedented

* "Mettendo lo Turpin, lo metto anch' io,"

says Ariosto, playfully, when he tells a particularly tough story.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me,"

says the author of the "Lay," on a similar occasion. The resemblance might be traced much farther than mere forms of expression, to the Italian, who, like

"the Ariosto of the North,

Sung ladye-love, and war, romance, and knightly worth."

circulation which all his subsequent compositions attained. Other writers had addressed themselves to a more peculiar and limited feeling ; to a narrower, and generally a more select, audience. But Scott was found to combine all the qualities of interest for every order. He drew from the pure springs which gush forth in every heart. His narrative chained every reader's attention by the stirring variety of its incidents, while the fine touches of sentiment with which it abounded, like wild-flowers, springing up spontaneously around, were full of freshness and beauty, that made one wonder others should not have stooped to gather them before.

The success of the *Lay* determined the course of its author's future life. Notwithstanding his punctual attention to his profession, his utmost profits for any one year of the ten he had been in practice had not exceeded two hundred and thirty pounds ; and of late they had sensibly declined. Latterly, indeed, he had coquetted somewhat too openly with the Muse for his professional reputation. Themis has always been found a stern and jealous mistress, chary of dispensing her golden favours to those who are seduced into a flirtation with her more volatile sister.

Scott, however, soon found himself in a situation that made him independent of her favours. His income from the two offices to which he was promoted, of Sheriff of Selkirk, and Clerk of the Court of Sessions, was so ample, combined with what fell to him by inheritance and marriage, that he was left at liberty freely to consult his own tastes. Amid the seductions of poetry, however, he never shrunk from his burdensome professional duties ; and he submitted to all their drudgery with unflinching constancy, when the labours of his pen made the emoluments almost beneath consideration. He never relished the idea of being divorced from active life by the solitary occupations of a recluse. And his official functions, however severely they taxed his time, may be said to have, in some degree, compensated him by the new scenes of life which they were constantly disclosing—the very materials of those fictions on which his fame and his fortune were to be built.

Scott's situation was eminently propitious to literary pursuits. He was married, and passed the better portion of the year in the country, where the quiet pleasures of his fireside circle, and a keen relish for rural sports, relieved his mind, and invigorated both health and spirits. In early life, it seems, he had been crossed in love ; and like Dante and Byron, to whom, in this respect, he is often compared, he had more than once, according to his biographer, shadowed forth in his verses the object of his unfortunate passion. He does not appear to have taken it very seriously, however, nor to have shown the morbid sensibility in relation to it discovered by both Byron and Dante, whose stern and solitary natures were cast in a very different mould from the social temper of Scott.

His next great poem was his *Marmion*, transcending, in the judgment of many, all his other epics, and containing, in the judgment of all, passages of poetic fire which he never equalled, but which, nevertheless, was greeted on its entrance into the world by a critique, in the leading journal of the day, of the most caustic and unfriendly temper. The journal was the *Edinburgh*, to which he had been a frequent contributor, and the reviewer was his intimate friend, Jeffrey. The unkindest cut in the article was the imputation of a neglect of Scottish character and feeling. "There is scarcely one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem ; and Mr. Scott's only expression of admiration for the beautiful country to which he belongs is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his Southern favourites." This of Walter Scott !

Scott was not slow, after this, in finding the political principles of the *Edinburgh* so repugnant to his own (and they certainly were as opposite as the poles), that he first dropped the journal, and next laboured with unwearied

diligence to organize another, whose main purpose should be to counteract the heresies of the former. This was the origin of the *London Quarterly*, more imputable to Scott's exertions than to those of any, indeed all other persons. The result has been, doubtless, highly serviceable to the interests of both morals and letters. Not that the new Review was conducted with more fairness, or, in this sense, *principle*, than its antagonist. A remark of Scott's own, in a letter to Ellis, shows with how much principle:—"I have run up an attempt on *The Curse of Kehamà* for the *Quarterly*. It affords cruel openings to the quizzers, and I suppose will get it roundly in the *Edinburgh Review*. I would have made a very different hand of it, indeed, had the order of the day been *pour déchirer*." But, although the fate of the individual was thus, to a certain extent, a matter of caprice, or, rather, prejudice in the critic, yet the great abstract questions in morals, politics, and literature, by being discussed on both sides, were presented in a fuller, and, of course, fairer light to the public. Another beneficial result to letters was—and we shall gain credit, at least, for candour in confessing it—that it broke down somewhat of that divinity which hedged in the despotic *we* of the reviewer, so long as no rival arose to contest the sceptre. The claims to infallibility, so long and slavishly acquiesced in, fell to the ground when thus stoutly asserted by conflicting parties. It was pretty clear that the same thing could not be all black and all white at the same time. In short, it was the old story of pope and anti-pope; and the public began to find out that there might be hopes for the salvation of an author, though damned by the literary popedom. Time, by reversing many of its decisions, must at length have shown the same thing.

But to return. Scott showed how nearly he had been touched to the quick by two other acts not so discreet. These were, the establishment of an *Annual Register*, and of the great publishing house of the Ballantynes, in which he became a silent partner. The last step involved him in grievous embarrassments, and stimulated him to exertions which required "a frame of adamant and soul of fire." At the same time, we find him overwhelmed with poetical, biographical, historical, and critical compositions, together with editorial labours of appalling magnitude. In this multiplication of himself in a thousand forms we see him always the same, vigorous and effective. "Poetry," he says in one of his letters, "is a scourging crop, and ought not to be hastily repeated. Editing, therefore, may be considered as a green crop of turnips or pease, extremely useful to those whose circumstances do not admit of giving their farm a summer fallow." It might be regretted, however, that he should have wasted powers fitted for so much higher culture on the coarse products of a kitchen garden, which might have been safely trusted to inferior hands.

In 1811, Scott gave to the world his exquisite poem, *The Lady of the Lake*. One of his fair friends had remonstrated with him on thus risking again the laurel he had already won. He replied with characteristic, and, indeed, prophetic spirit, "If I fail, *I will write prose all my life*. But if I succeed,

'Up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk and the feather an' a'!'"

In his eulogy on Byron, Scott remarks, "There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddlng* and petty precaution which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself." Scott could not have more accurately described his own character.

The *Lady of the Lake* was welcomed with an enthusiasm surpassing that which attended any other of his poems. It seemed like the sweet breathings of his native pibroch, stealing over glen and mountain, and calling up all the delicious associations of rural solitude, which beautifully contrasted with the

din of battle and the shrill cry of the war-trumpet, that stirred the soul in every page of his *Marmion*. The publication of this work carried his fame as a poet to its most brilliant height. The post-horse duty rose to an extraordinary degree in Scotland, from the eagerness of travellers to visit the localities of the poem. A more substantial evidence was afforded in its amazing circulation, and, consequently, its profits. The press could scarcely keep pace with the public demand, and no less than fifty thousand copies of it have been sold since the date of its appearance. The successful author received more than two thousand guineas for his production. Milton received ten pounds for the two editions which he lived to see of his *Paradise Lost*. The Ayrshire bard had sighed for "a lass wi' a tocher." Scott had now found one, where it was hardly to be expected, in the Muse.

While the poetical fame of Scott was thus at its zenith, a new star rose above the horizon, whose eccentric course and dazzling radiance completely bewildered the spectator. In 1812, *Childe Harold* appeared, and the attention seemed to be now called, for the first time, from the outward form of man and visible nature, to the secret depths of the soul. The darkest recesses of human passion were laid open, and the note of sorrow was prolonged in tones of agonized sensibility, the more touching as coming from one who was placed on those dazzling heights of rank and fashion which, to the vulgar eye at least, seem to lie in unclouded sunshine. Those of the present generation who have heard only the same key thrummed *ad nauseum* by the feeble imitators of his lordship, can form no idea of the effect produced when the chords were first swept by the master's fingers. It was found impossible for the ear, once attuned to strains of such compass and ravishing harmony, to return with the same relish to purer, it might be, but tamer melody; and the sweet voice of the Scottish minstrel lost much of its power to charm, let him charm never so wisely. While *Rokeby* was in preparation, bets were laid on the rival candidates by the wits of the day. The sale of this poem, though great, showed a sensible decline in the popularity of its author. This became still more evident on the publication of *The Lord of the Isles*; and Scott admitted the conviction with his characteristic spirit and good-nature. "Well, James' (he said to his printer), 'I have given you a week—what are people saying about the *Lord of the Isles*?' I hesitated a little, after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—*Disappointment*.' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event. At length he said, with perfect cheerfulness, 'Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must stick to something else.'" This *something else* was a mine he had already hit upon, of invention and substantial wealth, such as Thomas the Rhymer, or Michael Scott, or any other adept in the black art, had ever dreamed of.

Everybody knows the story of the composition of *Waverley*—the most interesting story in the annals of letters—and how, some ten years after its commencement, it was fished out of some old lumber in an attic, and completed in a few weeks for the press in 1814. Its appearance marks a more distinct epoch in English literature than that of the poetry of its author. All previous attempts in the same school of fiction—a school of English growth—had been cramped by the limited information or talent of the writers. Smollett had produced his spirited sea-pieces, and Fielding his warm sketches of country life, both of them mixed up with so much Billingsgate as required a strong flavour of wit to make them tolerable. Richardson had covered acres of

canvas with his faithful family pictures. Mrs. Radcliffe had dipped up to the elbows in horrors; while Miss Burney's fashionable gossip, and Miss Edgeworth's Hogarth drawings of the prose—not the poetry—of life and character, had each and all found favour in their respective ways. But a work now appeared, in which the author swept over the whole range of character with entire freedom as well as fidelity, ennobling the whole by high historic associations, and in a style varying with his theme, but whose pure and classic flow was tinged with just so much of poetic colouring as suited the purposes of romance. It was Shakspeare in prose.

The work was published, as we know, anonymously. Mr. Gillies states, however, that, while in the press, fragments of it were communicated to "Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Hamilton, and other *savans* or *savantes*, whose dicta on the merits of a new novel were considered unimpeachable." By their approbation "a strong body of friends was formed, and the curiosity of the public prepared the way for its reception." This may explain the rapidity with which the anonymous publication rose into a degree of favour, which, though not less surely, perhaps, it might have been more slow in achieving. The author jealously preserved his incognito, and, in order to heighten the mystification, flung off, almost simultaneously, a variety of works in prose and poetry, any one of which might have been the labour of months. The public for a moment was at fault. There seemed to be six Richmonds in the field. The world, therefore, was reduced to the dilemma of either supposing that half a dozen different hands could work in precisely the same style, or that one could do the work of half a dozen. With time, however, the veil wore thinner and thinner, until at length, and long before the ingenious argument of Mr. Adolphus, there was scarcely a critic so purblind as not to discern behind it the features of the mighty minstrel.

Constable had offered seven hundred pounds for the new novel. "It was," says Mr. Lockhart, "ten times as much as Miss Edgeworth ever realized from any of her popular Irish tales." Scott declined the offer, which had been a good one for the bookseller had he made it as many thousand. But it passed the art of necromancy to divine this.

Scott, once entered on this new career, followed it up with an energy unrivalled in the history of literature. The public mind was not suffered to cool for a moment, before its attention was called to another miracle of creation from the same hand. Even illness, that would have broken the spirits of most men, as it prostrated the physical energies of Scott, opposed no impediment to the march of composition. When he could no longer write he could dictate, and in this way, amid the agonies of a racking disease, he composed *The Bride of Lammermoor*, the *Legend of Montrose*, and a great part of *Ivanhoe*. The first, indeed, is darkened with those deep shadows that might seem thrown over it by the sombre condition of its author. But what shall we say of the imperturbable dry humour of the gallant Captain Dugald Dalgetty, of Drunthwacket, or of the gorgeous revelries of *Ivanhoe*—

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream"—

what shall we say of such brilliant day-dreams for a bed of torture? Never before had the spirit triumphed over such agonies of the flesh. "The best way," said Scott, in one of his talks with Gillies, "is, *if possible*, to triumph over disease, by setting it at defiance; somewhat on the same principle as one avoids being stung by boldly grasping a nettle."

The prose fictions were addressed to a much larger audience than the poems could be. They had attractions for every age and every class. The profits, of course, were commensurate. Arithmetic has never been so severely taxed as in the computation of Scott's productions and the proceeds resulting from them.

In one year he received (or, more properly, was credited with, for it is somewhat doubtful how much he actually received) fifteen thousand pounds for his novels, comprehending the first edition and the copyright. The discovery of this rich mine furnished its fortunate proprietor with the means of gratifying the fondest and even most chimerical desires. He had always coveted the situation of a lord of acres—a Scottish laird—where his passion for planting might find scope in the creation of whole forests—for everything with him was on a magnificent scale—and where he might indulge the kindly feelings of his nature in his benevolent offices to a numerous and dependent tenantry. The few acres of the original purchase now swelled into hundreds, and, for aught we know, thousands; for one tract alone we find incidentally noticed as costing thirty thousand pounds. "It rounds off the property so handsomely," he says, in one of his letters. There was always a corner to "round off." The mansion, in the mean time, from a simple cottage *ornée*, was amplified into the dimensions almost, as well as the bizarre proportions, of some old feudal castle. The furniture and decorations were of the costliest kind; the wainscots of oak and cedar; the floors tessellated with marbles, or woods of different dyes; the ceilings fretted and carved with the delicate tracery of a Gothic abbey; the storied windows blazoned with the richly-coloured insignia of heraldry, the walls garnished with time-honoured trophies, or curious specimens of art, or volumes sumptuously bound—in short, with all that luxury could demand or ingenuity devise; while a copious reservoir of gas supplied every corner of the mansion with such fountains of light as must have puzzled the genius of the *lamp* to provide for the less fortunate Aladdin.

Scott's exchequer must have been seriously taxed in another form by the crowds of visitors whom he entertained under his hospitable roof. There was scarcely a person of note, or, to say the truth, not of note, who visited that country, without paying his respects to the Lion of Scotland. Lockhart reckons up a full sixth of the British peerage who had been there within his recollection; and Captain Hall, in his amusing *Notes*, remarks, that it was not unusual for a dozen or more coach loads to find their way into his grounds in the course of the day, most of whom found or forced an entrance into the mansion. Such was the heavy tax paid by his celebrity, and, we may add, his good-nature; for, if the one had been a whit less than the other, he could never have tolerated such a nuisance.

The cost of his correspondence gives one no light idea of the demands made on his time, as well as purse, in another form. His postage for letters, independently of franks, by which a large portion of it was covered, amounted to a hundred and fifty pounds, it seems, in the course of the year. In this, indeed, should be included ten pounds for a pair of unfortunate *Oherokee Lovers*, sent all the way from our own happy land in order to be god-fathered by Sir Walter on the London boards. Perhaps the smart-money he had to pay on this interesting occasion had its influence in mixing up rather more acid than was natural to him in his judgments of our countrymen. At all events, the Yankees find little favour on the few occasions on which he has glanced at them in his correspondence. "I am not at all surprised," he says, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, "I am not at all surprised at what you say of the Yankees. They are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honourable love of their country, and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good-breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence in their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. But this will wear off, and is already wearing away. Men, when they have once got

benches, will soon fall into the use of cushions. They are advancing in the lists of our literature, and they will not be long deficient in the *petite morale*, especially as they have, like ourselves, the rage for travelling." On another occasion, he does, indeed, admit having met with, in the course of his life, "four or five well-lettered Americans, ardent in pursuit of knowledge, and free from the ignorance and forward presumption which distinguish many of their countrymen." This seems hard measure, but perhaps we should find it difficult, among the many who have visited this country, to recollect as great a number of Englishmen—and Scotchmen to boot—entitled to a higher degree of commendation. It can hardly be that the well-informed and well-bred men of both countries make a point of staying at home; so we suppose we must look for the solution of the matter in the existence of some disagreeable ingredient, common to the characters of both nations, sprouting, as they do from a common stock, which remains latent at home, and is never fully disclosed till they get into a foreign climate. But as this problem seems pregnant with philosophical, physiological, and, for aught we know, psychological matter, we have not courage for it here, but recommend the solution to Miss Martineau, to whom it will afford a very good title for a new chapter in her next edition. The strictures we have quoted, however, to speak more seriously, are worth attending to, coming as they do from a shrewd observer, and one whose judgments, though here somewhat coloured, no doubt, by political prejudice, are, in the main, distinguished by a sound and liberal philanthropy. But were he ten times an enemy, we would say, "*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*"

With the splendid picture of the baronial residence at Abbotsford, Mr. Lockhart closes all that at this present writing we have received of his delightful work in this country; and in the last sentence the melancholy sound of the "muffled drum" gives ominous warning of what we are to expect in the sixth and concluding volume. In the dearth of more authentic information, we will piece out our sketch with a few facts gleaned from the somewhat meagre bill of fare—meagre by comparison with the rich banquet of the true Amphitryon—afforded by the *Recollections* of Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies.

The unbounded popularity of the *Waverley Novels* led to still more extravagant anticipations on the part both of the publishers and author. Some hints of a falling off, though but slightly, in the public favour, were unheeded by both parties, though, to say truth, the exact state of things was never disclosed to Scott, it being Ballantyne's notion that it would prove a damper, and that the true course was "to press on more sail as the wind lulled." In these sanguine calculations, not only enormous sums, or, to speak correctly, *bills* were given for what had been written; but the author's drafts, to the amount of many thousand pounds, were accepted by Constable in favour of works, the very embryos of which lay, not only unformed, but unimagined in the womb of time. In return for this singular accommodation, Scott was induced to endorse the drafts of his publisher, and in this way an amount of liabilities was incurred, which, considering the character of the house and its transactions, it is altogether inexplicable that a person in the independent position of Sir Walter Scott should have subjected himself to for a moment. He seems to have had entire confidence in the stability of the firm—a confidence to which it seems, from Mr. Gillies' account, not to have been entitled from the first moment of his connection with it. The great reputation of the house, however, the success and magnitude of some of its transactions, especially the publication of these novels, gave it a large credit, which enabled it to go forward with a great show of prosperity in ordinary times, and veiled its tottering state probably from Constable's own eyes. It is but the tale of yesterday. The case of Constable and Co. is, unhappily, a very familiar one to us. But when the hurricane of 1825 came on, it swept away all those

buildings that were not founded on a rock, and those of Messrs. Constable among others, soon became literally mere castles in the air—in plain English, the firm stopped payment. The assets were very trifling in comparison with the debts; and Sir Walter Scott was found on their paper to the frightful amount of one hundred thousand pounds!

His conduct on the occasion was precisely what was to have been anticipated from one who had declared on a similar, though much less appalling conjuncture, "I am always ready to make any sacrifices to do justice to my engagements, and would rather sell anything, or everything, than be less than a true man to the world." He put up his house and furniture in town at auction, delivered over his personal effects at Abbotsford, his plate, books, furniture, &c., to be held in trust for his creditors (the estate itself had been recently secured to his son on occasion of his marriage), and bound himself to discharge a certain amount annually of the liabilities of the insolvent firm. He then, with his characteristic energy, set about the performance of his Herculean task. He took lodgings in a third-rate house in St. David's street, saw but little company, abridged the hours usually devoted to his meals and his family, gave up his ordinary exercise, and, in short, adopted the severe habits of a regular Grub-street stipendiary.

"For many years," he said to Mr. Gillies, "I have been accustomed to hard work, because I found it a pleasure; now, with all due respect for Falstaff's principle, 'nothing on compulsion,' I certainly will not shrink from work because it has become necessary."

One of his first tasks was his *Life of Bonaparte*, achieved in the space of thirteen months. For this he received fourteen thousand pounds, about eleven hundred per month—not a bad bargain either, as it proved, for the publishers. The first two volumes of the nine which make up the English edition were a *refacimento* of what he had before compiled for the *Annual Register*. With every allowance for the inaccuracies, and the excessive expansion incident to such a flashing rapidity of execution, the work, taking into view the broad range of its topics, its shrewd and sagacious reflections, and the free, bold, and picturesque colouring of its narration, and, above all, considering the brief time in which it was written, is indisputably one of the most remarkable monuments of genius and industry—perhaps the most remarkable—ever recorded.

Scott's celebrity made everything that fell from him, however trifling—the dewdrops from the lion's mane—of value. But none of the many adventures he embarked in, or rather set afloat, proved so profitable as the republication of his novels, with his notes and illustrations. As he felt his own strength in the increasing success of his labours, he appears to have relaxed somewhat from them, and to have again resumed somewhat of his ancient habits, and, in a mitigated degree, his ancient hospitality. But still his exertions were too severe, and pressed heavily on the springs of his health, already deprived by age of their former elasticity and vigour. At length, in 1831, he was overtaken by one of those terrible shocks of paralysis which seem to have been constitutional in his family, but which, with more precaution, and under happier auspices, might doubtless have been postponed, if not wholly averted. At this time he had, in the short space of little more than five years, by his sacrifices and efforts, discharged about two-thirds of the debt for which he was responsible; an astonishing result, wholly unparalleled in the history of letters! There is something inexpressibly painful in this spectacle of a generous heart thus courageously contending with fortune, bearing up against the tide with unconquerable spirit, and finally overwhelmed by it just within reach of shore.

The rest of his story is one of humiliation and sorrow. He was induced to take a voyage to the Continent to try the effect of a more genial climate.

Under the sunny sky of Italy, he seemed to gather new strength for a while ; but his eye fell with indifference on the venerable monuments which, in better days, would have kindled all his enthusiasm. The invalid sighed for his own home at Abbotsford. The heat of the weather and the fatigue of rapid travel brought on another shock, which reduced him to a state of deplorable imbecility. In this condition he returned to his own halls, where the sight of early friends, and of the beautiful scenery, the creation, as it were, of his own hands, seemed to impart a gleam of melancholy satisfaction, which soon, however, sunk into insensibility. To his present situation might well be applied the exquisite verses which he indited on another melancholy occasion :—

“ Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore ;
Though Evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o’er the hills of Ettrick’s shore.

“ With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed’s silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.

“ The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me ?”

Providence, in its mercy, did not suffer the shattered frame long to outlive the glorious spirit which had informed it. He breathed his last on the 21st of September, 1832. His remains were deposited, as he had always desired, in the hoary abbey of Dryburgh, and the pilgrim from many a distant clime shall repair to the consecrated spot so long as the reverence for exalted genius and worth shall survive in the human heart.

This sketch, brief as we could make it, of the literary history of Sir Walter Scott, has extended so far as to leave but little space for—what Lockhart’s volumes afford ample materials for—his personal character. Take it for all and all, it is not too much to say that this character is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man of historical celebrity that we now recall, who combined, in so eminent a degree, the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business ; though achieving with the most wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious ; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present, and whatever was going on around him ; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yet chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse ; a man with a heart as capacious as his head ; a Tory, brimful of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest ; a successful author, without pedantry and without conceit ; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or rather that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it, in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and, in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise—clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism that make one’s joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the

same force of purpose turned to higher objects. A striking example occurs in his organization of the journals and the publishing-house in opposition to Constable. In what Herculean drudgery did not this latter business, in which he undertook to supply matter for the nimble press of Ballantyne, involve him! while, in addition to his own concerns, he had to drag along by his solitary momentum a score of heavier undertakings, that led Lockhart to compare him to a steam-engine, with a train of coal waggons hitched to it. "Yes," said Scott, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe (for they were felling larches), "and there was a cursed lot of dung-carts, too."

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labour, not a page of *Ivanhoe* would have been written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable." But the most extraordinary instance of this trait is the readiness with which he assumed and the spirit with which he carried through, till his mental strength broke down under it, the gigantic task imposed on him by the failure of Constable.

It mattered little what the nature of the task was, whether it were organizing an opposition to a political faction, or a troop of cavalry to resist invasion, or a medley of wild Highlanders or Edinburgh cockneys to make up a royal puppet-show—a loyal celebration—for "his Most Sacred Majesty"—he was the master-spirit that gave the cue to the whole *dramatis personæ*. This potent impulse showed itself in the thoroughness with which he prescribed, not merely the general orders, but the execution of the minutest details, in his own person. Thus all around him was the creation, as it were, of his individual exertion. His lands waved with forests planted with his own hands, and, in process of time, cleared by his own hands. He did not lay the stones in mortar, exactly, for his whimsical castle, but he seems to have superintended the operation from the foundation to the battlements. The antique relics, the curious works of art, the hangings and furniture, even, with which his halls were decorated, were specially contrived or selected by him; and, to read his letters at this time to his friend Terry, one might fancy himself perusing the correspondence of an upholsterer, so exact and technical is he in his instructions. We say this not in disparagement of his great qualities. It is only the more extraordinary; for, while he stooped to such trifles, he was equally thorough in matters of the highest moment. It was a trait of character.

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given the tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water. In early life, and possibly sometimes in later, high spirits and a vigorous constitution led him occasionally to carry his social propensities into convivial excess; but he never was in danger of the habitual excess to which a vulgar mind—and sometimes, alas! one more finely tuned—abandons itself. With all his conviviality, it was not the sensual relish, but the social, which acted on him. He was neither *gourmé* nor *gourmand*; but his social meetings were endeared to him by the free interchange of kindly feelings with his friends. La Bruyère says (and it is odd he should have found it out in Louis the Fourteenth's court), "the heart has more to do than the head with the pleasures, or rather promoting the pleasures of society;" "*Un homme est d'un meilleur commerce dans la société par le cœur que par l'esprit.*" If report—the report of travellers—be true, we Americans, at least the New Englanders, are too much perplexed with the cares and crosses of life to afford many genuine specimens of this *bonhomie*. How-

ever this may be, we all, doubtless, know some such character, whose shining face, the index of a cordial heart, radiant with beneficent pleasure, diffuses its own exhilarating glow wherever it appears. Rarely, indeed, is this precious quality found united with the most exalted intellect. Whether it be that Nature, chary of her gifts, does not care to shower too many of them on one head; or that the public admiration has led the man of intellect to set too high a value on himself, or at least his own pursuits, to take an interest in the inferior concerns of others; or that the fear of compromising his dignity puts him "on points" with those who approach him; or whether, in truth, the very magnitude of his own reputation throws a freezing shadow over us little people in his neighbourhood—whatever be the cause, it is too true that the highest powers of mind are very often deficient in the only one which can make the rest of much worth in society—the power of pleasing.

Scott was not one of these little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness, or cordial greeting, for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. His frank address was a sort of *open sesame* to every heart. He did not deal in sneers, the poisoned weapons which come not from the head, as the man who launches them is apt to think, but from an acid heart, or, perhaps, an acid stomach, a very common laboratory of such small artillery. Neither did Scott amuse the company with parliamentary harangues or metaphysical disquisitions. His conversation was of the narrative kind, not formal, but as casually suggested by some passing circumstance or topic, and thrown in by way of illustration. He did not repeat himself, however, but continued to give his anecdotes such variations, by rigging them out in a new "cocked hat and walking-cane," as he called it, that they never tired like the thrice-told tale of a chronic *raconteur*. He allowed others, too, to take their turn, and thought with the Dean of St. Patrick's:

"Carve to all, but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you."

He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laughter," said Scott himself, on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford. His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good-humour with himself, in the same manner as a cunning portrait-painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote as may throw them off their guard, and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

Scott, in his wide range of friends and companions, does not seem to have been over-fastidious. In the instance of John Ballantyne, it has exposed him to some censure. In truth, a more worthless fellow never hung on the skirts of a great man; for he did not take the trouble to throw a decent veil over the grossest excesses. But then he had been the schoolboy friend of Scott; had grown up with him in a sort of dependence—a relation which begets a kindly feeling in the party that confers the benefits at least. How strong it was in him may be inferred from his remark at his funeral. "I feel," said Scott, mournfully, as the solemnity was concluded, "I feel as if there

would be less sunshine for me from this day forth!" It must be admitted, however, that his intimacy with little Rigdumfunnidos, whatever apology it may find in Scott's heart, was not very creditable to his taste.

But the benevolent principle showed itself not merely in words, but in the more substantial form of actions. How many are the cases recorded of indigent merit, which he drew from obscurity, and almost warmed into life by his own generous and most delicate patronage! Such were the cases, among others, of Leyden, Weber, Hogg. How often and how cheerfully did he supply such literary contributions as were solicited by his friends—and they taxed him pretty liberally—amid all the pressure of business, and at the height of his fame, when his hours were golden hours to him! In the more vulgar and easier forms of charity he did not stint his hand, though, instead of direct assistance, he preferred to enable others to assist themselves; in this way fortifying their good habits, and relieving them from the sense of personal degradation.

But the place where his benevolent impulses found their proper theatre for expansion was his own home; surrounded by a happy family, and dispensing all the hospitalities of a great feudal proprietor. "There are many good things in life," he says, in one of his letters, "whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (without which, by-the-by, they can hardly exist), are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us." Every page of the work, almost, shows us how intimately he blended himself with the pleasures and the pursuits of his own family, watched over the education of his children, shared in their rides, their rambles, and sports, losing no opportunity of kindling in their young minds a love of virtue, and honourable principles of action. He delighted, too, to collect his tenantry around him, multiplying holidays, when young and old might come together under his roof-tree, when the jolly punch was liberally dispensed by himself and his wife among the elder people, and the *Hogmanay* cakes and pennies were distributed among the young ones; while his own children mingled in the endless reels and hornpipes on the earthen floor, and the *laird* himself, mixing in the groups of merry faces, had "his private joke for every old wife or 'gausie carle,' his arch compliment for the ear of every bonny lass, and his hand and his blessing for the head of every little *Eppie Daidle* from Abbotstown or Broomylees." "Sir Walter," said one of his old retainers, "speaks to every man as if he were his blood relation." No wonder that they should have returned this feeling with something warmer than blood relations usually do. Mr. Gillies tells an anecdote of the Ettrick Shepherd, showing how deep a root such feelings, notwithstanding his rather odd way of expressing them, sometimes, had taken in his honest nature. Mr. James Ballantyne, walking home with him one evening from Scott's, where, by-the-by, Hogg had gone uninvited, happened to observe, 'I do not at all like this illness of Scott's. I have often seen him look jaded of late, and am afraid it is serious.' 'Haud your tongue, or I'll gar you measure your length on the pavement!' replied Hogg. 'You fause, down-hearted loon that you are; ye daur to speak as if Scott were on his death-bed! It cannot be—it *must* not be! I will not suffer you to speak that gait.' The sentiment was like that of Uncle Toby at the bedside of Le Fevre; and, at these words, the Shepherd's voice became suppressed with emotion."

But Scott's sympathies were not confined to his species, and if he treated them like blood relations, he treated his brute followers like persons! friends. Every one remembers old Maida and faithful Camp, the "dear old friend," whose loss cost him a dinner. Mr. Gillies tells us that he went into his study on one occasion, when he was winding off his *Vision of Don Roderick*. "Look

here,' says the poet, 'I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day and applauded so much. Return to supper if you can; only don't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet.' At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he directly seized, looking very wise, and holding it firmly and contentedly in its mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. 'Very well,' said he; *now* we shall get on.' And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my 'absence would be the best company.' This fellowship extended much farther than to his canine followers, of which, including hounds, terriers, mastiffs, and mongrels, he had certainly a goodly assortment. We find, also, Grimalkin installed in a responsible post in the library, and out of doors pet hens, pet donkeys, and—tell it not in Judæa—a pet pig!

Scott's sensibilities, though easily moved and widely diffused, were warm and sincere. None shared more cordially in the troubles of his friends; but on all such occasions, with a true manly feeling, he thought less of mere sympathy than of the most effectual way for mitigating their sorrows. After a touching allusion in one of his epistles to his dear friend Erskine's death, he concludes, "I must turn to and see what can be done about getting some pension for his daughters." In another passage, which may remind one of some of the exquisite touches in Jeremy Taylor, he indulges in the following beautiful strain of philosophy: "The last three or four years have swept away more than half the friends with whom I lived in habits of great intimacy. So it must be with us

"When aunc life's day draws near the gloamin',"

and yet we proceed with our plantations and plauns as if any tree but the sad cypress would accompany us to the grave, where our friends have gone before us. It is the way of the world, however, and must be so; otherwise life would be spent in unavailing mourning for those whom we have lost. It is better to enjoy the society of those who remain to us." His well-disciplined heart seems to have confessed the influence of this philosophy in his most ordinary relations. "I can't help it," was a favourite maxim of his, "and therefore will not think about it; for that, at least, I *can* help."

Among his admirable qualities must not be omitted a certain worldly sagacity or shrewdness, which is expressed as strongly as any individual trait can be in some of his portraits, especially in the excellent one of him by Leslie. Indeed, his countenance would seem to exhibit, ordinarily, much more of Dandie Dinmont's benevolent shrewdness than of the eye glancing from earth to heaven, which in fancy we assign to the poet, and which, in some moods, must have been his. This trait may be readily discerned in his business transactions, which he managed with perfect knowledge of character as well as of his own rights. No one knew better than he the market value of an article; and, though he underrated his literary wares as to their mere literary rank, he set as high a money value on them, and made as sharp a bargain, as any of the *trade* could have done. In his business concerns, indeed, he managed rather too much, or, to speak more correctly, was too fond of mixing up mystery in his transactions, which, like most mysteries, proved of little service to their author. Scott's correspondence, especially with his son, affords obvious examples of shrewdness, in the advice he gives as to his deportment in the novel situations and society into which the young cornet was thrown. Occasionally, in the cautious hints about etiquette and social observances, we may be reminded of that ancient "arbitrator elegantiarum," Lord Chesterfield, though it must be confessed there is throughout a high moral tone, which the noble lord did not very scrupulously affect.

Another feature in Scott's character was his loyalty, which some people would extend into a more general deference to rank not royal. We do certainly meet with a tone of deference, occasionally, to the privileged orders (or, rather, privileged persons, as the king, or his own chief, for to the mass of stars and garters he showed no such respect), which falls rather unpleasantly on the ear of a Republican. But, independently of the feelings which rightfully belonged to him as the subject of a monarchy, and without which he must have been a false-hearted subject, his own were heightened by a poetical colouring, that mingled in his mind even with much more vulgar relations of life. At the opening of the regalia in Holyrood House, when the honest burgomaster deposited the crown on the head of one of the young ladies present, the good man probably saw nothing more in the dingy diadem than we should have seen—a headpiece for a set of men no better than himself, and, if the old adage of a "dead lion" holds true, not quite so good. But to Scott's imagination other views were unfolded. "A thousand years their cloudy wings expanded" around him, and, in the dim visions of distant times he beheld the venerable line of monarchs who had swayed the councils of his country in peace, and led her armies in battle. The "golden round" became in his eye the symbol of his nation's glory; and as he heaved a heavy oath from his heart, he left the room in agitation, from which he did not speedily recover. There was not a spice of affectation in this—for who ever accused Scott of affectation!—but there was a good deal of poetry, the poetry of sentiment.

We have said that this feeling mingled in the more common concerns of his life. His cranium, indeed, to judge from his busts, must have exhibited a strong development of the organ of veneration. He regarded with reverence everything connected with antiquity. His establishment was on the feudal scale; his house was fashioned more after the feudal ages than his own; and even in the ultimate distribution of his fortune, although the circumstance of having made it himself relieved him from any legal necessity of contravening the suggestions of natural justice, he showed such attachment to the old aristocratic usage as to settle nearly the whole of it on his eldest son.

The influence of this poetic sentiment is discernible in his most trifling acts, in his tastes, his love of the arts, his social habits. His museum, house, and grounds were adorned with relics, curious not so much from their workmanship as their historic associations. It was the ancient fountain from Edinburgh, the Tolbooth lintels, the blunderbuss and spleughan of Rob Roy, the drinking-cup of Prince Charlie, or the like. It was the same in the arts. The tunes he loved were not the refined and complex melodies of Italy, but the simple notes of his native minstrelsy, from the bagpipe of John of Skye, or from the harp of his own lovely and accomplished daughter. So, also, in painting. It was not the masterly designs of the great Flemish and Italian schools that adorned his walls, but some portrait of Claverhouse, or of Queen Mary, or of "glorious old John." In architecture we see the same spirit in the singular "romance of stone and lime," which may be said to have been his own device, down to the minutest details of its finishing. We see it again in the joyous celebrations of his feudal tenantry, the good old festivals, the Hogmanay, the Kirm, &c., long fallen into desuetude, when the old Highland piper sounded the same wild pibroch that had so often summoned the clans together, for war or for wassail, among the fastnesses of the mountains. To the same source, in fine, may be traced the feelings of superstition which seemed to hover round Scott's mind like some "strange, mysterious dream," giving a romantic colouring to his conversation and his writings, but rarely, if ever, influencing his actions. It was a poetic sentiment.

Scott was a Tory to the backbone. Had he come into the world half a century sooner, he would, no doubt, have made a figure under the banner of

the Pretender. He was at no great pains to disguise his political creed; witness his jolly drinking-song on the acquittal of Lord Melville. This was verse; but his prose is not much more qualified. "As for Whiggery in general," he says, in one of his letters, "I can only say that, as no man can be said to be utterly overset until his rump has been higher than his head, so I cannot read in history of any free state which has been brought to slavery, until the rascal and uninstructed populace had had their short hour of anarchical government, which naturally leads to the stern repose of military despotism. . . . With these convictions, I am very jealous of Whiggery under all modifications, and I must say my acquaintance with the total want of principle in some of its warmest professors does not tend to recommend it." With all this, however, his Toryism was not, practically, of that sort which blunts a man's sensibilities for those who are not of the same porcelain clay with himself. No man, Whig or Radical, ever had less of this pretension, or treated his inferiors with greater kindness, and even familiarity; a circumstance noticed by every visitor at his hospitable mansion who saw him strolling round his grounds, taking his pinch of snuff out of the mull of some "gray-haired old hedger," or leaning on honest Tom Purdie's shoulder, and taking sweet counsel as to the right method of thinning a plantation. But, with all this familiarity, no man was better served by his domestics. It was the service of love, the only service that power cannot command and money cannot buy.

Akin to the feelings of which we have been speaking, was the truly chivalrous sense of honour which stamped his whole conduct. We do not mean that Hotspur honour which is roused only by the drum and fife—though he says of himself, "I like the sound of a drum as well as Uncle Toby ever did"—but that honour which is deep-seated in the heart of every true gentleman, shrinking with sensitive delicacy from the least stain, or imputation of a stain, on his faith. "If we lose everything else," writes he, on a trying occasion, to a friend who was not so nice in this particular, "we will at least keep our honour unblemished." It reminds one of the pithy epistle of a kindred chivalrous spirit, Francis the First, to his mother, from the unlucky field of Pavia: "*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.*" Scott's latter years furnished a noble commentary on the sincerity of his manly principles.

Little is said directly of his religious sentiments in the biography. They seem to have harmonized well with his political. He was a member of the English Church, a staunch champion of established forms, and a sturdy enemy to everything that savoured of the sharp tang of Puritanism. On this ground, indeed, the youthful Samson used to wrestle manfully with worthy Dominie Mitchell, who, no doubt, furnished many a screed of doctrine for the Reverend Peter Poundtext, Master Nehemiah Holdenough, and other lights of the Covenant. Scott was no friend to cant under any form. But, whatever were his speculative opinions, in practice his heart overflowed with that charity which is the life-spring of our religion; and whenever he takes occasion to allude to the subject directly, he testifies a deep reverence for the truths of revelation, as well as for its Divine original.

Whatever estimate be formed of Scott's moral qualities, his intellectual were of a kind which well entitled him to the epithet conferred on Lope de Vega, "*monstruo de naturaleza*" (a miracle of nature). His mind scarcely seemed to be subjected to the same laws that control the rest of his species. His memory, as is usual, was the first of his powers fully developed. While an urchin at school, he could repeat whole cantos, he says, of Ossian and of Spenser. In riper years we are constantly meeting with similar feats of his achievement. Thus, on one occasion, he repeated the whole of a poem in some penny magazine, incidentally alluded to, which he had not seen since he was a schoolboy. On another, when the Ettrick Shepherd was trying ineffectually

to fish up from his own recollections some scraps of a ballad he had himself manufactured years before, Scott called to him, "Take your pencil, Jemmy, and I will tell it to you, word for word;" and he accordingly did so. But it is needless to multiply examples of feats so startling as to look almost like the tricks of a conjuror.

What is most extraordinary is, that while he acquired with such facility, that the bare perusal, or the repetition of a thing once to him, was sufficient, he yet retained it with the greatest pertinacity. Other men's memories are so much jostled in the rough and tumble of life, that most of the facts get sifted out nearly as fast as they are put in; so that we are in the same dilemma with those unlucky daughters of Danaus, of schoolboy memory, obliged to spend the greater part of the time in replenishing. But Scott's memory seemed to be hermetically sealed, suffering nothing once fairly in to leak out again. This was of immense service to him when he took up the business of authorship, as his whole multifarious stock of facts, whether from books or observation, became, in truth, his stock-in-trade, ready furnished to his hands. This may explain in part—though it is not less marvellous—the cause of his rapid execution of works, often replete with rare and curious information. The labour, the preparation, had been already completed. His whole life had been a business of preparation. When he ventured, as in the case of *Rocheby* and of *Quentin Durward*, on ground with which he had not been familiar, we see how industriously he set about new acquisitions.

In most of the prodigies of memory which we have ever known, the overgrowth of that faculty seems to have been attained at the expense of all the others; but in Scott, the directly opposite power of the imagination, the inventive power, was equally strongly developed, and at the same early age; for we find him renowned for story-craft while at school. How many a delightful fiction, warm with the flush of ingenuous youth, did he not throw away on the ears of thoughtless childhood, which, had they been duly registered, might now have amused children of a larger growth! We have seen Scott's genius in its prime and its decay. The frolic graces of childhood are alone wanting.

The facility with which he threw his ideas into language was also remarked very early. One of his first ballads, and a long one, was dashed off at the dinner-table. His *Lay* was written at the rate of a canto a week. *Waverley*, or rather the last two volumes of it, cost the evenings of a summer month. Who that has ever read the account can forget the movements of that mysterious hand, as described by the two students from the window of a neighbouring attic, throwing off sheet after sheet, with untiring rapidity, of the pages destined to immortality? Scott speaks pleasantly enough of this marvellous facility in a letter to his friend Morritt: "When once I set my pen to the paper, it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone, and see whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it. A hopeful prospect for the reader."

As to the time and place of composition, he appears to have been nearly indifferent. He possessed entire power of abstraction, and it mattered little whether he were nailed to his clerk's desk, under the drowsy eloquence of some long-winded barrister, or dashing his horse into the surf on Portobello sands, or rattling in a post-chaise, or amid the hum of guests in his overflowing halls at Abbotsford—it mattered not; the same well-adjusted little packet, "nicely corded and sealed," was sure to be ready, at the regular time, for the Edinburgh mail. His own account of his composition to a friend, who asked when he found time for it, is striking enough. "Oh," said Scott, "I lie *summering* over things for an hour or so before I get up, and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*; and, when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dike

or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain rigs in some other world." Never did this sort of simmering produce such a splendid bill of fare.

The quality of the material, under such circumstances, is, in truth, the great miracle of the whole. The execution of so much work, as a mere feat of penmanship, would undoubtedly be very extraordinary, but as a mere scrivener's miracle, would be hardly worth recording. It is a sort of miracle that is every day performing under our own eyes, as it were, by Messrs. James, Bulwer, and Co., who, in all the various staples of "comedy, history, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral," &c., supply their own market, and ours too, with all that can be wanted. In Spain, and in Italy also, we may find abundance of *improvisatori* and *improvisatrici*, who perform miracles of the same sort, in verse, too, in languages whose vowel terminations make it very easy for the thoughts to tumble into rhyme, without any malice prepense. Sir Stamford Raffles, in his account of Java, tells us of a splendid avenue of trees before his house, which in the course of a year shot up to the height of forty feet. But who shall compare the brief, transitory splendours of a fungus vegetation with the mighty monarch of the forest, sending his roots deep into the heart of the earth, and his branches, amid storm and sunshine, to the heavens? And is not the latter the true emblem of Scott? For who can doubt that his prose creations, at least, will gather strength with time, living on through succeeding generations, even when the language in which they are written, like those of Greece and Rome, shall cease to be a living language?

The only writer deserving, in these respects, to be named with Scott, is Lope de Vega, who, in his own day, held as high a rank in the republic of letters as our great contemporary. The beautiful dramas which he threw off for the entertainment of the capital, and whose success drove Cervantes from the stage, outstripped the abilities of an amanuensis to copy. His intimate friend, Montalvan, one of the most popular and prolific authors of the time, tells us that he undertook with Lope once to supply the theatre with a comedy—in verse, and in three acts, as the Spanish dramas usually were—at a very short notice. In order to get through his half as soon as his partner, he rose by two in the morning, and at eleven had completed it; an extraordinary feat, certainly, since a play extended to between thirty and forty pages, of a hundred lines each. Walking into the garden, he found his brother poet pruning an orange tree. "Well, how do you get on?" said Montalvan. "Very well," answered Lope: "I rose betimes—at five; and afore I got through, eat my breakfast; since which I have written a letter of fifty triplets, and watered the whole of the garden, which has tired me a good deal."

But a little arithmetic will best show the comparative fertility of Scott and Lope de Vega. It is so german to the present matter, that we shall make no apology for transcribing here some computations from our last July number; and as few of our readers, we suspect, have the airtight memory of Sir Walter, we doubt not that enough of it has escaped them by this time to excuse us from equipping it with one of those "cocked hats and walking-sticks" with which he furnished up an old story.

"It is impossible to state the results of Lope de Vega's labours in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend Montalvan, with eighteen hundred regular plays, and four hundred *autos* or religious dramas—all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than one hundred comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each; and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed, and interspersed with sonnets, and other more

difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years; and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes quarto, of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

"The only achievements we can recall in literary history bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are those of our illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the addition of two volumes of which Murray has not the copyright, probably contains ninety volumes small octavo. [To these should farther be added a large supply of matter for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, as well as other anonymous contributions.] Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months during the whole of that period; to which must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival; and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all."

Of all the wonderful dramatic creations of Lope de Vega's genius, what now remains? Two or three plays only keep possession of the stage, and few, very few, are still read with pleasure in the closet. They have never been collected into a uniform edition, and are now met with in scattered sheets only on the shelves of some mousing bookseller, or collected in miscellaneous parcels in the libraries of the curious.

Scott, with all his facility of execution, had none of that pitiable affectation sometimes found in men of genius, who think that the possession of this quality may dispense with regular, methodical habits of study. He was most economical of time. He did not, like Voltaire, speak of it as "a terrible thing that so much time should be wasted in talking." He was too little of a pedant, and far too benevolent, not to feel that there are other objects worth living for than mere literary fame; but he grudged the waste of time on merely frivolous and heartless objects. "As for dressing when we are quite alone," he remarked one day to Mr. Gillies, whom he had taken home with him to a family dinner, "it is out of the question. Life is not long enough for such fiddle-faddle." In the early part of his life he worked late at night, but, subsequently, from a conviction of the superior healthiness of early rising, as well as the desire to secure, at all hazards, a portion of the day for literary labour, he rose at five the year round; no small effort, as any one will admit, who has seen the pain and difficulty which a regular bird of night finds in reconciling his eyes to daylight. He was scrupulously exact, moreover, in the distribution of his hours. In one of his letters to his friend Terry, the player, replete, as usual, with advice that seems to flow equally from the head and the heart, he says, in reference to the practice of dawdling away one's time, "A habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated." With the same emphasis he inculcates the like habits on his son. If any man might dispense with them, it was surely Scott. But he knew that

without them the greatest powers of mind will run to waste, and water but the desert.

Some of the literary opinions of Scott are singular, considering, too, the position he occupied in the world of letters. "I promise you," he says, in an epistle to an old friend, "my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more on my compositions for manure than on any other compositions to which I was ever accessory." This may seem *badinage*; but he repeatedly, both in writing and conversation, places literature, as a profession, below other intellectual professions, and especially the military. The Duke of Wellington, the representative of the last, seems to have drawn from him a very extraordinary degree of deference, which we cannot but think smacks a little of that strong relish for gunpowder which he avows in himself.

It is not very easy to see on what this low estimate of literature rested. As a profession, it has too little in common with more active ones, to afford much ground for running a parallel. The soldier has to do with externals; and his contests and triumphs are over matter in its various forms, whether of man or material nature. The poet deals with the bodiless forms of air, of fancy lighter than air. His business is contemplative—the other's is active, and depends for its success on strong moral energy and presence of mind. He must, indeed, have genius of the highest order to effect his own combinations, anticipate the movements of his enemy, and dart with eagle eye on his vulnerable point. But who shall say that this practical genius, if we may so term it, is to rank higher in the scale than the creative power of the poet, the spark from the mind of divinity itself?

The orator might seem to afford better ground for comparison, since, though his theatre of action is abroad, he may be said to work with much the same tools as the writer. Yet how much of his success depends on qualities other than intellectual. "Action," said the father of eloquence, "action, action, are the three most essential things to an orator." How much depends on the look, the gesture, the magical tones of voice, modulated to the passions he has stirred; and how much on the contagious sympathies of the audience itself, which drown everything like criticism in the overwhelming tide of emotion! If any one would know how much, let him, after patiently standing—

"till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,"

read the same speech in the columns of a morning newspaper, or in the well-concocted report of the orator himself. The productions of the writer are subjected to a fiercer ordeal. He has no excited sympathies of numbers to hurry his readers along over his blunders. He is scanned in the calm silence of the closet. Every flower of fancy seems here to wither under the rude breath of criticism; every link in the chain of argument is subjected to the touch of prying scrutiny, and if there be the least flaw in it, it is sure to be detected. There is no tribunal so stern as the secret tribunal of a man's own closet, far removed from all the sympathetic impulses of humanity. Surely there is no form in which *intellect* can be exhibited to the world so completely stripped of all adventitious aids as the form of written composition. But, says the practical man, let us estimate things by their utility. "You talk of the poems of Homer," said a mathematician, "but, after all, what do they *prove*?" A question which involves an answer somewhat too voluminous for the tail of an article. But if the poems of Homer were, as Heeren asserts, the principal bond which held the Grecian States together, and gave them a national feeling, they "prove" more than all the arithmeticians of Greece—and there were many cunning ones in it—ever proved. The results of military skill are indeed obvious. The soldier, by a single victory, enlarges

the limits of an empire; he may do more—he may achieve the liberties of a nation, or roll back the tide of barbarism ready to overwhelm them. Wellington was placed in such a position, and nobly did he do his work; or, rather, he was placed at the head of such a gigantic moral and physical apparatus as enabled him to do it. With his own unassisted strength, of course, he could have done nothing. But it is on his own solitary resources that the great writer is to rely. And yet who shall say that the triumphs of Wellington have been greater than those of Scott, whose works are familiar as household words to every fireside in his own land, from the castle to the cottage; have crossed oceans and deserts, and, with healing on their wings, found their way to the remotest regions; have helped to form the character, until his own mind may be said to be incorporated into those of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men? Who is there that has not, at some time or other, felt the heaviness of his heart lightened, his pains mitigated, and his bright moments of life made still brighter by the magical touches of his genius? And shall we speak of his victories as less real, less serviceable to humanity, less truly glorious than those of the greatest captain of his day? The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakspeare will be renewed with greater and greater lustre in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.

But, after all, this sort of parallel is not very gracious, nor very philosophical, and, to say truth, is somewhat foolish. We have been drawn into it by the not random, but very deliberate, and in our poor judgment, very disparaging estimate by Scott of his own vocation; and, as we have taken the trouble to write it, our readers will excuse us from blotting it out. There is too little ground for the respective parties to stand on for a parallel. As to the pedantic *cul bono* standard, it is impossible to tell the final issues of a single act; how can we then hope to those of a course of action? As for the honour of different vocations, there never was a truer sentence than the stale one of Pope—stale now, because it is so true—

“Act well your part—there all the honour lies.”

And it is the just boast of our own country, that in no civilized nation is the force of this philanthropic maxim so nobly illustrated as in ours—thanks to our glorious institutions.

A great cause, probably, of Scott's low estimate of letters was the facility with which he wrote. What costs us little we are apt to prize little. If diamonds were as common as pebbles, and gold-dust as any other, who would stoop to gather them? It was the prostitution of his muse, by-the-by, for this same gold-dust, which brought a sharp rebuke on the poet from Lord Byron, in his *English Bards*:

“For this we spurn Apollo's venal son;”

a coarse cut, and the imputation about as true as most satire—that is, not true at all. This was indited in his lordship's earlier days, when he most chivalrously disclaimed all purpose of bartering his rhymes for gold. He lived long enough, however, to weigh his literary wares in the same money-balance used by more vulgar manufacturers; and, in truth, it would be ridiculous if the produce of the brain should not bring its price in this form as well as any other. There is little danger, we imagine, of finding too much gold in the bowels of Parnassus.

Scott took a more sensible view of things. In a letter to Ellis, written soon after the publication of *The Minstrelsy*, he observes, “People may say this

and that of the pleasure of fame, or of profit, as a motive of writing, I think the only pleasure is in the actual exertion and research; and I would no more write upon any other terms than I would hunt merely to dine upon hare soup. At the same time, if credit and profit came unlooked for, I would no more quarrel with them than with the soup." Even this declaration was somewhat more magnanimous than was warranted by his subsequent conduct. The truth is, he soon found out, especially after the Waverley vein had opened, that he had hit on a gold-mine. The prodigious returns he got gave the whole thing the aspect of a speculation. Every new work was an adventure, and the proceeds naturally suggested the indulgence of the most extravagant schemes of expense, which in their turn stimulated him to fresh efforts. In this way the "profits" became, whatever they might have been once, a principal incentive to, as they were the recompence of, exertion. His productions were cash articles, and were estimated by him more on the Hudibrastic rule of "the real worth of a thing," than by any fanciful standard of fame. He bowed with deference to the judgment of the booksellers, and trimmed his sails dexterously as the "*aura popularis*" shifted. "If it is na weil hobbit," he writes to his printer, on turning out a less lucky novel, "we'll hobbit again." His muse was of that school who seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number. We can hardly imagine him invoking her like Milton:—

"Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few."

Still less can we imagine him, like the blind old bard, feeding his soul with visions of posthumous glory, and spinning out epics for five pounds apiece.

It is singular that Scott, although he set as high a money value on his productions as the most enthusiastic of the "trade" could have done, in a literary view should have held them so cheap. "Whatever others may be," he said, "I have never been a partisan of my own poetry; as John Wilkes declared, that, 'in the height of his success, he had himself never been a Wilkite.'" Considering the poet's popularity, this was but an indifferent compliment to the taste of his age. With all this disparagement of his own productions, however, Scott was not insensible to criticism. He says somewhere that, "if he had been conscious of a single vulnerable point in himself, he would not have taken up the business of writing!" but, on another occasion, he writes, "I make it a rule never to read the attacks made upon me;" and Captain Hall remarks, "He never reads the criticisms on his books; this I know from the most unquestionable authority. Praise, he says, gives him no pleasure, and censure annoys him." Madame de Graffigny says, also, of Voltaire, "that he was altogether indifferent to praise, but the least word from his enemies drove him crazy." Yet both these authors banquetted on the sweets of panegyric as much as any who ever lived. They were in the condition of an epicure whose palate had lost its relish for the dainty fare in which it has been so long revelling, without becoming less sensible to the annoyances of sharper and coarser flavours. It may afford some consolation to humble mediocrity, to the less fortunate votaries of the muse, that those who have reached the summit of Parnassus are not much more contented with their condition than those who are scrambling among the bushes at the bottom of the mountain. The fact seems to be, as Scott himself intimates more than once, that the joy is in the chase, whether in the prose or the poetry of life.

But it is high time to terminate our lucubrations, which, however imperfect and unsatisfactory, have already run to a length that must trespass on the patience of the reader. We rise from the perusal of these delightful volumes with the same sort of melancholy feeling with which we wake from a pleasant dream. The concluding volume, of which such ominous presage is given in the last sentence of the fifth, has not yet reached us; but we know enough to

anticipate the sad catastrophe it is to unfold of the drama. In those which we have seen, we have beheld a succession of interesting characters come upon the scene and pass away to their long home. "Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced," seem to haunt us, too, as we write. The imagination reverts to Abbotsford—the romantic and once brilliant Abbotsford—the magical creation of *his* hands. We see its halls radiant with the hospitality of *his* benevolent heart; thronged with pilgrims from every land, assembled to pay homage at the shrine of genius; echoing to the blithe music of those festal holidays when young and old met to renew the usages of the good old times.

"These were its charms, but all these charms are fled."

Its courts are desolate, or trodden only by the foot of the stranger. The stranger sits under the shadows of the trees which his hand planted. The spell of the enchanter is dissolved; his wand is broken; and the mighty minstrel himself now sleeps in the bosom of the peaceful scenes embellished by his taste, and which his genius has made immortal.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

OCTOBER, 1839.

THERE are few topics of greater attraction, or, when properly treated, of higher importance, than literary history. For what is it but a faithful register of the successive steps by which a nation has advanced in the career of civilization? Civil history records the crimes and the follies, the enterprises, discoveries, and triumphs, it may be, of humanity. But to what do all these tend, or of what moment are they in the eye of the philosopher, except as they accelerate or retard the march of civilization? The history of literature is the history of the human mind. It is, as compared with other histories, the intellectual as distinguished from the material—the informing spirit, as compared with the outward and visible.

When such a view of the mental progress of a people is combined with individual biography, we have all the materials for the deepest and most varied interest. The life of the man of letters is not always circumscribed by the walls of a cloister; and was not, even in those days when the cloister was the familiar abode of science. The history of Dante and of Petrarch is the best commentary on that of their age. In later times, the man of letters has taken part in all the principal concerns of public and social life. But, even when the story is to derive its interest from personal character, what a store of entertainment is supplied by the eccentricities of genius—the joys and sorrows, not visible to vulgar eyes, but which agitate his finer sensibilities as powerfully as the greatest shocks of worldly fortune would a hardier and less visionary temper! What deeper interest can romance afford than is to be gathered from the melancholy story of Petrarch, Tasso, Alfieri, Rousseau, Byron, Burns, and a crowd of familiar names, whose genius seems to have been given them only to sharpen their sensibility to suffering? What matter if their sufferings were, for the most part, of the imagination? They were not the less real to *them*. They lived in a world of imagination, and by the gift of genius, unfortunate to its proprietor, have known how, in the language of one of the most unfortunate, “to make madness beautiful” in the eyes of others.

But, notwithstanding the interest and importance of literary history, it has hitherto received but little attention from English writers. No complete survey of the treasures of our native tongue has been yet produced, or even attempted. The earlier periods of the poetical development of the nation have been well illustrated by various antiquaries. Warton has brought the history of poetry down to the season of its first vigorous expansion—the age of Elizabeth. But he did not penetrate beyond the magnificent vestibule of the temple. Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* have done much to supply the deficiency in this department. But much more remains to be done to afford the student anything like a complete view of the progress of poetry in England. Johnson's work, as every one knows, is conducted on the most capricious and

* “Sketches of English Literature; with Considerations on the Spirit of the Times, Men, and Revolutions. By the Viscount de Chateaubriand.” 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836.

irregular plan. The biographies were dictated by the choice of the bookseller. Some of the most memorable names in British literature are omitted to make way for a host of minor luminaries, whose dim radiance, unassisted by the critic's magnifying lens, would never have penetrated to posterity. The same irregularity is visible in the proportion he has assigned to each of his subjects; the principal figures, or what should have been such, being often thrown into the background, to make room for some subordinate person whose story was thought to have more interest.

Besides these defects of plan, the critic was certainly deficient in sensibility to the more delicate, the minor beauties of poetic sentiment. He analyses verse in the cold-blooded spirit of a chemist, until all the aroma, which constituted its principal charm, escapes in the decomposition. By this kind of process, some of the finest fancies of the Muse, the lofty dithyrambs of Gray, the ethereal effusions of Collins, and of Milton too, are rendered sufficiently vapid. In this sort of criticism, all the effect that relies on *impressions* goes for nothing. Ideas are alone taken into the account, and all is weighed in the same hard, matter-of-fact scales of common sense, like so much solid prose. What a sorry figure would Byron's Muse make subjected to such an ordeal! The doctor's taste in composition, to judge from his own style, was not of the highest order. It was a style, indeed, of extraordinary power, suited to the expression of his original thinking, bold, vigorous, and glowing with all the lustre of pointed antithesis. But the brilliancy is cold, and the ornaments are much too florid and overcharged for a graceful effect. When to these minor blemishes we add the graver one of an obliquity of judgment, produced by inveterate political and religious prejudice, which has thrown a shadow over some of the brightest characters subjected to his pencil, we have summed up a fair amount of critical deficiencies. With all this, there is no one of the works of this great and good man in which he has displayed more of the strength of his mighty intellect, shown a more pure and masculine morality, more sound principles of criticism in the abstract, more acute delineation of character, and more gorgeous splendour of diction. His defects, however, such as they are, must prevent his maintaining with posterity that undisputed dictatorship in criticism which was conceded to him in his own day. We must do justice to his errors as well as to his excellences, in order that we may do justice to the characters which have come under his censure. And we must admit that his work, however admirable as a gallery of splendid portraits, is inadequate to convey anything like a complete or impartial view of English poetry.

The English have made but slender contributions to the history of foreign literatures. The most important, probably, are Roscoe's works, in which literary criticism, though but a subordinate feature, is the most valuable part of the composition. As to anything like a general survey of this department, they are wholly deficient. The deficiency, indeed, is likely to be supplied, to a certain extent, by the work of Mr. Hallam, now in progress of publication; the first volume of which—the only one which has yet issued from the press—gives evidence of the same curious erudition, acuteness, honest impartiality, and energy of diction which distinguish the other writings of this eminent scholar. But the extent of his work, limited to four volumes, precludes anything more than a survey of the most prominent features of the vast subject he has undertaken.

The Continental nations, under serious discouragements, too, have been much more active than the British in this field. The Spaniards can boast a general history of letters, extending to more than twenty volumes in length, and compiled with sufficient impartiality. The Italians have several such. Yet these are the lands of the Inquisition, where reason is hoodwinked, and the honest utterance of opinion has been recompensed by persecution, exile,

and the stake. How can such a people estimate the character of compositions which, produced under happier institutions, are instinct with the spirit of freedom? How can they make allowance for the manifold eccentricities of a literature where thought is allowed to expatiate in all the independence of individual caprice? How can they possibly, trained to pay such nice deference to outward finish and mere verbal elegance, have any sympathy with the rough and homely beauties which emanate from the people and are addressed to the people?

The French, nurtured under freer forms of government, have contrived to come under a system of literary laws scarcely less severe. Their first great dramatic production gave rise to a scheme of critical legislation, which has continued ever since to press on the genius of the nation in all the higher walks of poetic art. Amid all the mutations of state, the tone of criticism has remained essentially the same to the present century, when, indeed, the boiling passions and higher excitements of a revolutionary age have made the classic models on which their literature was cast appear somewhat too frigid, and a warmer colouring has been sought by an infusion of English sentiment. But this mixture, or, rather, confusion of styles, neither French nor English, seems to rest on no settled principles, and is, probably, too alien to the genius of the people to continue permanent.

The French, forming themselves early on a foreign and antique model, were necessarily driven to rules, as a substitute for those natural promptings which have directed the course of other modern nations in the career of letters. Such rules, of course, while assimilating them to antiquity, drew them aside from sympathy with their own contemporaries. How can they, thus formed on an artificial system, enter into the spirit of other literatures so uncongenial with their own?

That the French continued subject to such a system, with little change to the present age, is evinced by the example of Voltaire, a writer whose lawless ridicule

"like the wind,
blew where it listed, laying all things prone,"

but whose revolutionary spirit made no serious changes in the principles of the national criticism. Indeed, his commentaries on Corneille furnish evidence of a willingness to contract still closer the range of the poet, and to define more accurately the laws by which his movements were to be controlled. Voltaire's history affords an evidence of the truth of the Horatian maxim, "*naturam expellas*," &c. In his younger days he passed some time, as is well known, in England, and contracted there a certain relish for the strange models which came under his observation. On his return he made many attempts to introduce the foreign school with which he had become acquainted to his own countrymen. His vanity was gratified by detecting the latent beauties of his barbarian neighbours, and by being the first to point them out to his countrymen. It associated him with names venerated on the other side of the Channel, and at home transferred a part of their glory to himself. Indeed, he was not backward in transferring as much as he could of it, by borrowing on his own account, where he could venture, *manibus plenius*, and with very little acknowledgment. The French at length became so far reconciled to the monstrosities of their neighbours, that a regular translation of Shakespeare, the lord of the British pandemonium, was executed by Letourneur, a scholar of no great merit,—but the work was well received. Voltaire, the veteran, in his solitude of Ferney, was roused by the applause bestowed on the English poet in his Parisian costume to a sense of his own imprudence. He saw, in imagination, the altars which been raised to him, as well as to the other master-spirits of the national drama, in a fair way to be

overturned, in order to make room for an idol of his own importation. "Have you seen," he writes, speaking of Letourneur's version, "his abominable trash? Will you endure the affront put upon France by it? There are no epithets bad enough, nor fools' caps, nor pillories enough in all France for such a scoundrel. The blood tingles in my old veins in speaking of him. What is the most dreadful part of the affair is, the monster has his party in France; and, to add to my shame and consternation, it was I who first sounded the praises of *this Shakespeare*; I who first showed the pearls, picked here and there, from his overgrown dunghill. Little did I anticipate that I was helping to trample under foot, at some future day, the laurels of Racine and Corneille to adorn the brows of a barbarous player—this drunkard of a Shakespeare." Not content with this expectation of his bile, the old poet transmitted a formal letter of remonstrance to D'Alembert, which was read publicly, as designed, at a regular *séance* of the academy. The document, after expatiating at length on the blunders, vulgarities, and indecencies of the English bard, concludes with this appeal to the critical body he was addressing: "Paint to yourselves, gentlemen, Louis the Fourteenth in his gallery at Versailles, surrounded by his brilliant court: a tatterdemalion advances, covered with rags, and proposes to the assembly to abandon the tragedies of Racine for a mountebank, full of grimaces, with nothing but a lucky hit, now and then, to redeem them."

At a later period, Ducis, the successor of Voltaire, if we remember right, in the academy, a writer of far superior merit to Letourneur, did the British bard into much better French than his predecessor; though Ducis, as he takes care to acquaint us, "did his best to efface those startily impressions of horror which would have damned his author in the polished theatres of Paris!" Voltaire need not have taken the affair so much to heart. Shakespeare reduced within the compass, as much as possible, of the rules, with all his eccentricities and peculiarities—all that made him English, in fact—smoothed away, may be tolerated, and, to a certain extent countenanced, in the "polished theatres of Paris." But this is not

"Shakspeare, Nature's child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

The Germans are just the antipodes of their French neighbours. Coming late on the arena of modern literature, they would seem to be particularly qualified for excelling in criticism by the variety of styles and models for their study supplied by other nations. They have, accordingly, done wonders in this department, and have extended their critical wand over the remotest regions, dispelling the mists of old prejudice, and throwing the light of learning on what before was dark and inexplicable. They certainly are entitled to the credit of a singularly cosmopolitan power of divesting themselves of local and national prejudice. No nation has done so much to lay the foundations of that reconciling spirit of criticism, which, instead of condemning a difference of taste in different nations as a departure from it, seeks to explain such discrepancies by the peculiar circumstances of the nation, and thus from the elements of discord, as it were, to build up a universal and harmonious system. The exclusive and unfavourable views entertained by some of the later critics respecting the French literature, indeed, into which they have been urged, no doubt, by a desire to counteract the servile deference shown to that literature by their countrymen of the preceding age, forms an important exception to their usual candour.

As general critics, however, the Germans are open to grave objections. The very circumstances of their situation, so favourable, as we have said, to the formation of a liberal criticism, have encouraged the taste for theories and for system-building, always unpropitious to truth. Whoever broaches a theory

has a hard battle to fight with conscience. If the theory cannot conform to the facts, so much the worse for the facts, as some wag has said; they must, at all events, conform to the theory. The Germans have put together hypotheses with the facility with which children construct card-houses, and many of them bid fair to last as long. They show more industry in accumulating materials than taste or discretion in their arrangement. They carry their fantastic imagination beyond the legitimate province of the Muse into the sober fields of criticism. Their philosophical systems, curiously and elaborately devised, with much ancient lore and solemn imaginings, may remind one of some of those venerable English cathedrals where the magnificent and mysterious Gothic is blended with the clumsy Saxon. The effect on the whole, is grand, but grotesque withal.

The Germans are too often sadly wanting in discretion, or, in vulgar parlance, taste. They are perpetually overleaping the modesty of nature. They are possessed by a cold-blooded enthusiasm, if we may say so—since it seems to come rather from the head than the heart—which spurs them on over the plainest barriers of common sense, until even the right becomes the wrong. A striking example of these defects is furnished by the dramatic critic Schlegel, whose *Lectures* are, or may be, familiar to every reader, since they have been reprinted in the English version in this country. No critic, not even a native, has thrown such a flood of light on the characteristics of the sweet bard of Avon. He has made himself so intimately acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of the poet's age and country, that he has been enabled to speculate on his productions as those of a contemporary. In this way he has furnished a key to the mysteries of his composition, has reduced what seemed anomalous to system, and has supplied Shakspeare's own countrymen with new arguments for vindicating the spontaneous suggestions of feeling on strictly philosophical principles. Not content with this important service, he, as usual, pushes his argument to extremes, vindicates obvious blemishes as necessary parts of a system, and calls on us to admire, in contradiction to the most ordinary principles of taste and common sense. Thus, for example, speaking of Shakspeare's notorious blunders in geography and chronology, he coolly tells us, "I undertake to prove that Shakspeare's anachronisms are, for the most part, committed purposely, and after great consideration." In the same vein, speaking of the poet's villanous puns and quibbles, which, to his shame, or rather, that of his age, so often bespangle with tawdry brilliancy the majestic robe of the Muse, he assures us that "the poet here probably, as everywhere else, has followed principles which will bear a strict examination." But the intrepidity of criticism never went farther than in the conclusion of this same analysis, where he unhesitatingly assigns several apocryphal plays to Shakspeare, gravely informing us that the last three, *Sir John Oldcastle—A Yorkshire Tragedy—and Thomas Lord Cromwell*, of which the English critics speak with unreserved contempt, "are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, but, in his judgment, rank among the best and ripest of his works!" The old bard, could he raise his head from the tomb, where none might disturb his bones, would exclaim, we imagine, "*Non tali auxilio!*"

It shows a tolerable degree of assurance in a critic thus to dogmatize on nice questions of verbal resemblance which have so long baffled the natives of the country, who, on such questions, obviously can be the only competent judges. It furnishes a striking example of the want of discretion noticeable in so many of the German scholars. With all these defects, however, it cannot be denied that they have widely extended the limits of rational criticism, and, by their copious stores of erudition, furnished the student with facilities for attaining the best points of view for a comprehensive survey of both ancient and modern literature.

The English have had advantages, on the whole, greater than those of any

other people, for perfecting the science of general criticism. They have had no academies to bind the wing of genius to the earth by their thousand wire-drawn subtleties. No inquisition has placed its burning seal upon the lip, and thrown its dark shadow over the recesses of the soul. They have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of thinking what they pleased, and of uttering what they thought. Their minds, trained to independence, have had no occasion to shrink from encountering any topic, and have acquired a masculine confidence, indispensable to a calm appreciation of the mighty and widely diversified productions of genius, as unfolded under the influences of as widely diversified institutions and national character. Their own literature, with chameleon-like delicacy, has reflected all the various aspects of the nation in the successive stages of its history. The rough, romantic beauties and gorgeous pageantry of the Elizabethan age, the stern, sublime enthusiasm of the Commonwealth, the cold brilliancy of Queen Anne, and the tumultuous movements and ardent sensibilities of the present generation, all have been reflected as in a mirror, in the current of English literature, as it has flowed down through the lapse of ages. It is easy to understand what advantages this cultivation of all these different styles of composition at home must give the critic in divesting himself of narrow and local prejudice, and in appreciating the genius of foreign literatures, in each of which some one or other of these different styles has found favour. To this must be added the advantages derived from the structure of the English language itself, which, compounded of the Teutonic and the Latin, offers facilities for a comprehension of other literatures not afforded by those languages, as the German and Italian, for instance, almost exclusively derived from but one of them.

With all this, the English, as we have remarked, have made fewer direct contributions to general literary criticism than the continental nations, unless, indeed, we take into the account the periodical criticism, which has covered the whole field with a light skirmishing, very unlike any systematic plan of operations. The good effect of this *guerilla* warfare may well be doubted. Most of these critics for the nonce (and we certainly are competent judges on this point) come to their work with little previous preparation. Their attention has been habitually called, for the most part, in other directions, and they throw off an accidental essay in the brief intervals of other occupation. Hence their views are necessarily often superficial, and sometimes contradictory, as may be seen from turning over the leaves of any journal where literary topics are widely discussed; for, whatever consistency may be demanded in politics or religion, very free scope is offered, even in the same journal, to literary speculation. Even when the article may have been the fruit of a mind ripened by study and meditation on congenial topics, it too often exhibits only the partial view suggested by the particular and limited direction of the author's thoughts in this instance. Truth is not much served by this irregular process; and the general illumination, indispensable to a full and fair survey of the whole ground, can never be supplied from such scattered and capricious gleams, thrown over it at random.

Another obstacle to a right result is founded in the very constitution of review-writing. Miscellaneous in its range of topics, and addressed to a miscellaneous class of readers, its chief reliance for success, in competition with the thousand novelties of the day, is in the temporary interest it can excite. Instead of a conscientious discussion and cautious examination of the matter in hand, we too often find an attempt to stimulate the popular appetite by piquant sallies of wit, by caustic sarcasm, or by a pert, dashing confidence that cuts the knot it cannot readily unloose. Then, again, the spirit of periodical criticism would seem to be little favourable to perfect impartiality. The critic, shrouded in his secret tribunal, too often demeans himself like a stern inquisitor, whose business is rather to convict than to examine. Criti-

cism is directed to scent out blemishes instead of beauties. "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*" is the bloody motto of a well-known British periodical, which, under this piratical flag, has sent a broadside into many a gallant bark that deserved better at its hands.

When we combine with all this the spirit of patriotism, or, what passes for such with nine-tenths of the world, the spirit of national vanity, we shall find abundant motives for a deviation from a just, impartial estimate of foreign literatures. And if we turn over the pages of the best-conducted English journals, we shall probably find ample evidence of the various causes we have enumerated. We shall find, amid abundance of shrewd and sarcastic observation, smart skirmish of wit, and clever antithesis, a very small infusion of sober, dispassionate criticism; the criticism founded on patient study and on strictly philosophical principles; the criticism on which one can safely rely as the criterion of good taste, and which, however tame it may appear to the jaded appetite of the literary lounge, is the only one that will attract the eye of posterity.

The work named at the head of our article will, we suspect, notwithstanding the author's brilliant reputation, never meet this same eye of posterity. Though purporting to be, in its main design, an Essay on English Literature, it is, in fact, a multifarious compound of as many ingredients as entered into the witches' cauldron, to say nothing of a gallery of portraits of dead and living, among the latter of whom M. de Chateaubriand himself is not the least conspicuous. "I have treated of everything," he says truly enough in his preface, "the present, the past, the future." The parts are put together in the most grotesque and disorderly manner, with some striking coincidences, occasionally, of characters and situations, and some facts not familiar to every reader. The most unpleasant feature in the book is the doleful lamentation of the author over the evil times on which he has fallen. He has indeed, lived somewhat beyond his time, which was that of Charles the Tenth, of pious memory—the good old time of apostolicals and absolutists, which will not be likely to revisit France again very soon. Indeed, our unfortunate author reminds one of some weather-beaten hulk which the tide has left high and dry on the strand, and whose signals of distress are little heeded by the rest of the convoy, which have trimmed their sails more dexterously, and sweep merrily on before the breeze. The present work affords glimpses, occasionally, of the author's happier style, which has so often fascinated us in his earlier productions. On the whole, however, it will add little to his reputation, nor, probably, much subtract from it. When a man has sent forth a score or two of octavoes into the world, and as good as some of M. de Chateaubriand's, he can bear up under a poor one now and then. This is not the first indifferent work laid at his door, and, as he promises to keep the field for some time longer, it will probably not be the last.

We pass over the first half of the first volume to come to the Reformation, the point of departure, as it were, for modern civilization. Our author's views in relation to it, as we might anticipate, are not precisely those we should entertain.

"In a religious point of view," he says, "the Reformation is leading insensibly to indifference, or the complete absence of faith; the reason is, that the independence of the mind terminates in two gulfs, doubt and incredulity.

"By a very natural reaction, the Reformation, at its birth, rekindled the dying flame of Catholic fanaticism. It may thus be regarded as the indirect cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the disturbances of the League, the assassination of Henry the Fourth, the murders in Ireland, and of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the *dragonnades*!"—Vol. i. p. 193.

As to the tendency of the Reformation towards doubt and incredulity, we

know that free inquiry, continually presenting new views as the sphere of observation is enlarged, may unsettle old principles without establishing any fixed ones in their place, or, in other words, lead to scepticism; but we doubt if this happens more frequently than under the opposite system, inculcated by the Romish Church, which, by precluding examination, excludes the only ground of rational belief. At all events, scepticism, in the former case, is much more remediable than in the latter; since the subject of it, by pursuing his inquiries, will, it is to be hoped, as truth is mighty, arrive at last at a right result; while the Romanist, inhibited from such inquiry, has no remedy. The ingenious author of *Doblado's Letters from Spain* has painted in the most affecting colours the state of such a mind, which, declining to take its creed at the bidding of another, is lost in a labyrinth of doubt without a clue to guide it. As to charging on the Reformation the various enormities with which the above extract concludes, the idea is certainly new. It is, in fact, making the Protestants guilty of their own persecution, and Henry the Fourth of his own assassination; quite an original view of the subject, which, as far as we know, has hitherto escaped the attention of historians.

A few pages further, and we find the following information respecting the state of Catholicism in our own country:

"Maryland, a Catholic and very populous State, made common cause with the others, and now most of the Western States are Catholic. The progress of this communion in the United States of America exceeds belief. There it has been invigorated in its evangelical aliment, popular liberty, while other communions decline in profound indifference."—Vol. i. p. 201.

We were not aware of this state of things. We did indeed know that the Roman Church had increased much of late years, especially in the Valley of the Mississippi: but so have other communions, as the Methodist and Baptist, for example, the latter of which comprehends five times as many disciples as the Roman Catholic. As to the population of the latter in the West, the whole number of Catholics in the Union does not amount, probably, to three-fourths of the number of inhabitants in the single Western State of Ohio. The truth is, that, in a country where there is no established or favoured sect, and where the clergy depend on voluntary contribution for their support, there must be constant efforts at proselytism, and a mutation of religious opinion, according to the convictions, or fancied convictions, of the converts. What one denomination gains another loses, till roused, in its turn, by its rival, new efforts are made to retrieve its position, and the equilibrium is restored. In the meantime, the population of the whole country goes forward with giant strides, and each sect boasts, and boasts with truth, of the hourly augmentation of its numbers. Those of the Roman Catholics are swelled, moreover, by a considerable addition from emigration, many of the poor foreigners, especially the Irish, being of that persuasion. But this is no ground of triumph, as it infers no increase to the sum of Catholicism, since what is thus gained in the New World is lost in the Old.

Our author pronounces the Reformation hostile to the arts, poetry, eloquence, elegant literature, and even the spirit of military heroism. But hear his own words:

"The Reformation, imbued with the spirit of its founder, declared itself hostile to the arts. It sacked tombs, churches, and monuments, and made in France and England heaps of ruins." . . .

"The beautiful in literature will be found to exist in a greater or less degree, in proportion as writers have approximated to the genius of the Roman Church." . . .

"If the Reformation restricted genius in poetry, eloquence, and the arts, it also checked heroism in war, for heroism is imagination in the military order."—Vol. i. pp. 194-207.

This is a sweeping denunciation; and, as far as the arts of design are intended, may probably be defended. The Romish worship, its stately ritual and gorgeous ceremonies, the throng of numbers assisting, in one form or another, at the service, all required spacious and magnificent edifices, with the rich accessories of sculpture and painting, and music also, to give full effect to the spectacle. Never was there a religion which addressed itself more directly to the senses. And, fortunately for it, the immense power and revenues of its ministers enabled them to meet its exorbitant demands. On so splendid a theatre, and under such patronage, the arts were called into life in modern Europe, and most of all in that spot which represented the capital of Christendom. It was there, amid the pomp and luxury of religion, that those beautiful structures rose, with those exquisite creations of the chisel and the pencil, which embodied in themselves all the elements of ideal beauty.

But, independently of these external circumstances, the spirit of Catholicism was eminently favourable to the artist. Shut out from free inquiry—from the Scriptures themselves—and compelled to receive the dogmas of his teachers upon trust, the road to conviction lay less through the understanding than the heart. The heart was to be moved, the affections and sympathies to be stirred, as well as the senses to be dazzled. This was the machinery by which alone could an effectual devotion to the faith be maintained in an ignorant people. It was not, therefore, Christ as a teacher delivering lessons of practical wisdom and morality that was brought before the eye, but Christ filling the offices of human sympathy, ministering to the poor and sorrowing, giving eyes to the blind, health to the sick, and life to the dead. It was Christ suffering under persecution, crowned with thorns, lacerated with stripes, dying on the cross. These sorrows and sufferings were understood by the dumbest soul, and told more than a thousand homilies. So with the Virgin. It was not that sainted mother of the Saviour whom Protestants venerate, but do not worship; it was the Mother of God, and entitled, like him, to adoration. It was a woman, and, as such, the object of those romantic feelings which would profane the service of the Deity, but which are not the less touching as being in accordance with human sympathies. The respect for the Virgin, indeed, partook of that which a Catholic might feel for his tutelar saint and his mistress combined. Orders of chivalry were dedicated to her service; and her shrine was piled with more offerings and frequented by more pilgrimages than the altars of the Deity himself. Thus, feelings of love, adoration, and romantic honour, strangely blended, threw a halo of poetic glory around their object, making it the most exalted theme for the study of the artist. What wonder that this subject should have called forth the noblest inspirations of his genius? What wonder that an artist like Raphael should have found in the simple portraiture of a woman and a child the materials for immortality?

It was something like a kindred state of feeling which called into being the arts of ancient Greece, when her mythology was comparatively fresh, and faith was easy; when the legends of the past, familiar as Scripture story at a later day, gave a real existence to the beings of fancy, and the artist, embodying these in forms of visible beauty, but finished the work which the poet had begun.

The Reformation brought other trains of ideas, and with them other influences on the arts, than those of Catholicism. Its first movements were decidedly hostile, since the works of art, with which the temples were adorned, being associated with the religion itself, became odious as the symbols of idolatry. But the spirit of the Reformation gave thought a new direction even in the cultivation of art. It was no longer sought to appeal to the senses by brilliant display, or to waken the sensibilities by those superficial emotions which find relief in tears. A sterner, deeper feeling was roused. The mind

was turned within, as it were, to ponder on the import of existence and its future destinies; for the chains were withdrawn from the soul, and it was permitted to wander at large in the regions of speculation. Reason took the place of sentiment—the useful of the merely ornamental. Facts were substituted for forms, even the ideal forms of beauty. There were to be no more Michael Angelos and Raphaels; no glorious Gothic temples which consumed generations in their building. The sublime and the beautiful were not the first objects proposed by the artist. He sought truth—fidelity to nature. He studied the characters of his species as well as the forms of imaginary perfection. He portrayed life as developed in its thousand peculiarities before his own eyes, and the ideal gave way to the natural. In this way, new schools of painting, like that of Hogarth, for example, arose, which, however inferior in those great properties for which we must admire the masterpieces of Italian art, had a significance and a philosophic depth which furnished quite as much matter for study and meditation.

A similar tendency was observable in poetry, eloquence, and works of elegant literature. The influence of the Reformation here was undoubtedly favourable, whatever it may have been on the arts. How could it be otherwise on literature, the written expression of thought, in which no grace of visible forms and proportions, no skill of mechanical execution, can cheat the eye with the vain semblance of genius? But it was not until the warm breath of the Reformation had dissolved the icy fetters which had so long held the spirit of man in bondage that the genial current of the soul was permitted to flow, that the gates of reason were unbarred, and the mind was permitted to taste of the tree of knowledge, forbidden tree no longer. Where was the scope for eloquence when thought was stifled in the very sanctuary of the heart? for out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

There might, indeed, be an elaborate attention to the outward forms of expression, an exquisite finish of verbal arrangement, the dress and garniture of thought. And, in fact, the Catholic nations have surpassed the Protestant in attention to verbal elegance and the soft music of numbers, to nice rhetorical artifice and brilliancy of composition. The poetry of Italy and the prose of France bear ample evidence how much time and talent have been expended on this beauty of outward form, the rich vehicle of thought. But where shall we find the powerful reasoning, various knowledge, and fearless energy of diction which stamp the oratory of Protestant England and America? In France, indeed, where prose has received a higher polish and classic elegance than in any other country, pulpit eloquence has reached an uncommon degree of excellence; for though much was excluded, the avenues to the heart, as with the painter and the sculptor, were still left open to the orator. If there has been a deficiency in this respect in the English Church, which all will not admit, it arises probably from the fact that the mind, unrestricted, has been occupied with reasoning rather than rhetoric, and sought to clear away old prejudices and establish new truths, instead of wakening a transient sensibility, or dazzling the imagination with poetic flights of eloquence. That it is the fault of the preacher, at all events, and not of Protestantism, is shown by a striking example under our own eyes, that of our distinguished countryman, Dr. Channing, whose style is irradiated with all the splendours of a glowing imagination, showing as powerfully as any other example, probably, in English prose, of what melody and compass the language is capable under the touch of genius instirct with genuine enthusiasm. Not that we would recommend this style, grand and beautiful as it is, for imitation. We think we have seen the ill effects of this already in more than one instance. In fact, no style should be held up as a model for imitation. Dr. Johnson tells us, in one of those oracular passages somewhat threadbare now, that “whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostenta-

tions, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." With all deference to the great critic, who, by the formal cut of the sentence just quoted, shows that he did not care to follow his own prescription, we think otherwise. Whoever would write a good English style, we should say, should acquaint himself with the mysteries of the language as revealed in the writings of the best masters, but should form his own style on nobody but himself. Every man, at least every man with a spark of originality in his composition, has his own peculiar way of thinking, and, to give it effect, it must find its way out in its own peculiar language. Indeed, it is impossible to separate language from thought in that delicate blending of both which is called style; at least, it is impossible to produce the same effect with the original by any copy, however literal. We may imitate the structure of a sentence, but the ideas which gave it its peculiar propriety we cannot imitate. The forms of expression that suit one man's train of thinking no more suit another's than one man's clothes will suit another. They will be sure to be either too large or too small, or, at all events, not to make what gentlemen of the needle call a *good fit*. If the party chances, as is generally the case, to be rather under size, and the model is over size, this will only expose his own littleness the more. There is no case more in point than that afforded by Dr. Johnson himself. His brilliant style has been the ambition of every schoolboy, and of some children of larger growth, since the days of the *Rambler*. But the nearer they come to it the worse. The beautiful is turned into the fantastic, and the sublime into the ridiculous. The most curious example of this within our recollection is the case of Dr. Symmons, the English editor of Milton's prose writings, and the biographer of the poet. The little doctor has maintained throughout his ponderous volume a most exact imitation of the great doctor, his sesquipedalian words, and florid rotundity of period. With all this cumbersome load of brave finery on his back, swelled to twice his original dimensions, he looks for all the world, as he is, like a mere bag of wind—a scare-crow, to admonish others of the folly of similar depredations.

But to return. The influence of the Reformation on elegant literature was never more visible than in the first great English school of poets, which came soon after it, at the close of the sixteenth century. The writers of that period displayed a courage, originality, and truth highly characteristic of the new revolution which had been introduced by breaking down the old landmarks of opinion, and giving unbounded range to speculation and inquiry. The first great poet, Spenser, adopted the same vehicle of imagination with the Italian bards of chivalry, the romantic epic; but, instead of making it, like them, a mere revel of fancy, with no farther object than to delight the reader by brilliant combinations, he moralized his song, and gave it a deeper and more solemn import by the mysteries of allegory, which, however prejudicial to its effect as a work of art, showed a mind too intent on serious thoughts and inquiries itself to be content with the dazzling but impotent coruscations of genius, that serve no other end than that of amusement.

In the same manner, Shakspeare and the other dramatic writers of the time, instead of adopting the formal rules recognized afterward by the French writers, their long rhetorical flourishes, their exaggerated models of character, and ideal forms, went freely and fearlessly into all the varieties of human nature, the secret depths of the soul, touching on all the diversified interests of humanity—for he might touch on all without fear of persecution, and thus making his productions a storehouse of philosophy, of lessons of practical wisdom, deep, yet so clear that he who runs may read.

But the spirit of the Reformation did not descend in all its fulness on the Muse till the appearance of Milton. That great poet was in heart as thoroughly a Reformer, and in doctrine much more thoroughly so, than Luther himself. Indignant at every effort to crush the spirit, and to cheat

it, in his own words, "of that liberty which rarefies and enlightens it like the influence of heaven," he proclaimed the rights of man as a rational, immortal being, undismayed by menace and obloquy, amid a generation of servile and unprincipled sycophants. The blindness which excluded him from the things of earth opened to him more glorious and spiritualized conceptions of heaven, and aided him in exhibiting the full influence of those sublime truths which the privilege of free inquiry in religious matters had poured upon the mind. His muse was as eminently the child of Protestantism as that of Dante, who resembled him in so many traits of character, was of Catholicism. The latter poet, coming first among the moderns, after the fountains of the great deep, which had so long overwhelmed the world, were broken up, displayed, in his wonderful composition, all the elements of modern institutions as distinguished from those of antiquity. He first showed the full and peculiar influence of Christianity on literature, but it was Christianity under the form of Catholicism. His subject, spiritual in its design, like Milton's, was sustained by all the auxiliaries of a visible and material existence. His passage through the infernal abyss is a series of tragic pictures of human woe, suggesting greater refinements of cruelty than were ever imagined by a heathen poet. Amid all the various forms of mortal anguish, we look in vain for the mind as a means of torture. In like manner, in ascending the scale of celestial being, we pass through a succession of brilliant *sphères*, made up of light, music, and motion, increasing in splendour and velocity, till all are lost and confounded in the glories of the Deity. Even the pencil of the great master, dipped in these gorgeous tints of imagination, does not shrink from the attempt to portray the outlines of Deity itself. In this he aspired to what many of his countrymen in the sister arts of design have since attempted, and, like him, have failed; for who can hope to give form to the Infinite? In the same false style Dante personifies the spirits of evil, including Satan himself. Much was doubtless owing to the age, though much, also, must be referred to the genius of Catholicism, which, appealing to the senses, has a tendency to materialize the spiritual, as Protestantism, with deeper reflection, aims to spiritualize the material. Thus Milton, in treading similar ground, borrows his illustrations from intellectual sources, conveys the image of the Almighty by his attributes, and, in the frequent portraiture which he introduces of Satan, suggests only vague conceptions of form, the faint outlines of matter, as it were, stretching vast over many a rood, but towering sublime by the unconquerable energy of will—the fit representative of the principle of evil. Indeed, Milton has scarcely anything of what may be called scenic decorations to produce a certain stage effect. His actors are few, and his action nothing. It is only by their intellectual and moral relations, by giving full scope to the

"Cherub Contemplation—
He that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,"

that he has prepared for us visions of celestial beauty and grandeur which never fade from our souls.

In the dialogue with which the two poets have seasoned their poems, we see the action of the opposite influences we have described. Both give vent to metaphysical disquisition, of learned sound, and much greater length than the reader would desire; but in Milton it is the free discussion of a mind trained to wrestle boldly on abstrusest points of metaphysical theology, while Dante follows in the same old barren footsteps which had been trodden by the schoolmen. Both writers were singularly bold and independent. Dante asserted that liberty which should belong to the citizen of every free state; that civil liberty which had been sacrificed in his own country by the spirit of faction. But Milton claimed a higher freedom; a freedom of thinking and of giving

utterance to thought, uncontrolled by human authority. He had fallen on evil times; but he had a generous confidence that his voice would reach to posterity, and would be a guide and a light to the coming generations. And truly has it proved so; for in his writings we find the germs of many of the boasted discoveries of our own day in government and education, so that he may be fairly considered as the morning star of that higher civilization which distinguishes our happier era.

Milton's poetical writings do not seem, however, to have been held in that neglect by his contemporaries which is commonly supposed. He had attracted too much attention as a political controversialist, was too much feared for his talents, as well as hated for his principles, to allow anything which fell from his pen to pass unnoticed. Although the profits went to others, he lived to see a second edition of *Paradise Lost*, and this was more than was to have been fairly anticipated of a composition of this nature, however well executed, falling on such times. Indeed, its sale was no evidence that its merits were comprehended, and may be referred to the general reputation of its author; for we find so accomplished a critic as Sir William Temple, some years later, omitting the name of Milton in his roll of writers who have done honour to modern literature, a circumstance which may, perhaps, be imputed to that reverence for the ancients which blinded Sir William to the merits of their successors. How could Milton be understood in his own generation, in the grovelling, sensual court of Charles the Second? How could the dull eyes, so long fastened on the earth, endure the blaze of his inspired genius? It was not till time had removed him to a distance that he could be calmly gazed on, and his merits fairly contemplated. Addison, as is well known, was the first to bring them into popular view, by a beautiful specimen of criticism that has permanently connected his name with that of his illustrious subject. More than half a century later, another great name in English criticism, perhaps the greatest in general reputation, Johnson, passed sentence of a very different kind on the pretensions of the poet. A production more discreditable to the author is not to be found in the whole of his voluminous works; equally discreditable, whether regarded in an historical light, or as a sample of literary criticism. What shall we say of the biographer who, in allusion to that affecting passage where the blind old bard talks of himself as "in darkness, and with dangers compass'd round," can coolly remark that "this darkness, had his eyes been better employed, might undoubtedly have deserved compassion?" Or what of the critic who can say of the most exquisite effusion of Doric minstrelsy that our language boasts, "surely no man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure, had he not known the author;" and of *Paradise Lost* itself, that "its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure?" Could a more exact measure be afforded than by this single line of the poetic sensibility of the critic, and his unsuitableness for the office he had here assumed? His *Life of Milton* is a humiliating testimony of the power of political and religious prejudices to warp a great and good mind from the standard of truth, in the estimation, not merely of contemporary excellence, but of the great of other years, over whose frailties Time might be supposed to have drawn his friendly mantle.

Another half century has elapsed, and ample justice has been rendered to the fame of the poet by two elaborate criticisms: the one in the *Edinburgh Review*, from the pen of Mr. Macaulay; the other by Dr. Channing, in the *Christian Examiner*, since republished in his own works; remarkable performances, each in the manner highly characteristic of its author, and which have contributed, doubtless, to draw attention to the prose compositions of their subject, as the criticism of Addison did to his poetry. There is something gratifying in the circumstance that this great advocate of intellectual liberty should have found his most able and eloquent expositor among us,

whose position qualifies us, in a peculiar manner, for profiting by the rich legacy of his genius. It was but discharging a debt of gratitude.

Chateaubriand has much to say about Milton, for whose writings, both prose and poetry, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments on almost all points of politics and religion, he appears to entertain the most sincere reverence. His criticisms are liberal and just; they show a thorough study of his author; but neither the historical facts nor the reflections will suggest much that is new on a subject now become trite to the English reader.

We may pass over a good deal of skimble-skamble stuff about men and things, which our author may have cut out of his common-place book, to come to his remarks on Sir Walter Scott, whom he does not rate so highly as most critics.

"The illustrious painter of Scotland," he says, "seems to me to have created a false class; he has, in my opinion, confounded history and romance. The novelist has set about writing historical romances, and the historian romantic histories."—Vol. ii. p. 306.

We should have said, on the contrary, that he had improved the character of both; that he had given new value to romance by building it on history, and new charms to history by embellishing it with the graces of romance.

To be more explicit. The principal historical work of Scott is the *Life of Napoleon*. It has, unquestionably, many of the faults incident to a dashing style of composition, which precluded the possibility of compression and arrangement in the best form of which the subject was capable. This, in the end, may be fatal to the perpetuity of the work, for posterity will be much less patient than our own age. He will have a much heavier load to carry, inasmuch as he is to bear up under all of his own time, and ours too. It is very certain, then, some must go by the board; and nine sturdy volumes, which is the amount of Sir Walter's English edition, will be somewhat alarming. Had he confined himself to half the quantity, there would have been no ground for distrust. Every day, nay hour, we see, ay and feel, the ill effects of this rapid style of composition, so usual with the best writers of our day. The immediate profits which such writers are pretty sure to get, notwithstanding the example of M. Chateaubriand, operate like the dressing improvidently laid on a naturally good soil, forcing out noxious weeds in such luxuriance as to check, if not absolutely to kill, the more healthful vegetation. Quantities of trivial detail find their way into the page, mixed up with graver matters. Instead of that skilful preparation by which all the avenues verge at last to one point, so as to leave a distinct impression—an impression of unity—on the reader, he is hurried along zigzag, in a thousand directions, or round and round, but never, in the cant of the times, "going ahead" an inch. He leaves off pretty much where he set out, except that his memory may be tolerably well stuffed with facts, which, from want of some principle of cohesion, will soon drop out of it. He will find himself like a traveller who has been riding through a fine country; it may be, by moonlight, getting glimpses of everything, but no complete, well-illuminated view of the whole ("*quale per incertam lunam*," &c.); or, rather, like the same traveller, whizzing along in a locomotive so rapidly as to get even a glimpse fairly of nothing, instead of making his tour in such a manner as would enable him to pause at what was worth his attention, to pass by night over the barren and uninteresting, and occasionally to rise to such elevations as would afford the best points of view for commanding the various prospect.

The romance writer labours under no such embarrassments. He may, undoubtedly, precipitate his work, so that it may lack proportion, and the nice arrangement required by the rules which, fifty years ago, would have condemned it as a work of art. But the criticism of the present day is not so

squeamish, or, to say truth, pedantic. It is enough for the writer of fiction if he give pleasure; and this, everybody knows, is not effected by the strict observance of artificial rules. It is of little consequence how the plot is entangled, or whether it be untied or cut, in order to extricate the *dramatis personæ*. At least, it is of little consequence compared with the true delineation of character. The story is serviceable only as it affords a means for the display of this; and if the novelist but keep up the interest of his story and the truth of his characters, we easily forgive any dislocations which his light vehicle may encounter from too heedless motion. Indeed, rapidity of motion may, in some sort, favour him, keeping up the glow of his invention, and striking out, as he dashes along, sparks of wit and fancy, that give a brilliant illumination to his track. But in history there must be another kind of process—a process at once slow and laborious. Old parchments are to be ransacked, charters and musty records to be deciphered, and stupid, worm-eaten chroniclers, who had much more of passion, frequently, to blind, than good sense to guide them, must be sifted and compared. In short, a sort of Medea-like process is to be gone through, and many an old bone is to be boiled over in the cauldron before it can come out again clothed in the elements of beauty. The dreams of the novelist—the poet of prose, on the other hand, are beyond the reach of art, and the magician calls up the most brilliant forms of fancy by a single stroke of his wand.

Scott, in his history, was relieved in some degree from this necessity of studious research, by borrowing his theme from contemporary events. It was his duty, indeed, to examine evidence carefully, and sift out contradictions and errors. This demanded shrewdness and caution, but not much previous preparation and study. It demanded, above all, candour; for it was his business not to make out a case for a client, but to weigh both sides, like an impartial judge, before summing up the evidence, and delivering his conscientious opinion. We believe there is no good ground for charging Scott with having swerved from this part of his duty. Those who expected to see him deify his hero, and raise altars to his memory, were disappointed; and so were those also, who demanded that the tail and cloven hoof should be made to peep out beneath the imperial robe. But this proves his impartiality. It would be unfair, however, to require the degree of impartiality which is to be expected from one removed to a distance from the theatre of strife, from those national interests and feelings which are so often the disturbing causes of historic fairness. An American, no doubt, would have been, in this respect, in a more favourable point of view for contemplating the European drama. The ocean, stretched between us and the Old World, has the effect of time, and extinguishes, or at least cools, the hot and angry feelings which find their way into every man's bosom within the atmosphere of the contest. Scott was a Briton, with all the peculiarities of one—at least of a North Briton; and the future historian, who gathers materials from his labours, will throw these national predilections into the scale in determining the probable accuracy of his statements. These are not greater than might occur to any man, and allowance will always be made for them on the ground of a general presumption; so that a greater degree of impartiality, by leading to false conclusions in this respect, would scarcely have served the cause of truth better with posterity. An individual who felt his reputation compromised may have joined issue on this or that charge of inaccuracy, but no such charge has come from any of the leading journals in the country, which would not have been slow to expose it, and which would not, considering the great popularity, and, consequently, influence of the work, have omitted, as they did, to notice it at all, had it afforded any obvious ground of exception on this score. Where, then, is the romance which our author accuses Sir Walter of blending with history?

Scott was, in truth, master of the picturesque. He understood, better than any historian since the time of Livy, how to dispose his lights and shades so as to produce the most striking result. This property of romance he had a right to borrow.—This talent is particularly observable in the animated parts of his story—in his battles, for example. No man ever painted those terrible scenes with greater effect. He had a natural relish for gunpowder; and his mettle roused, like that of the war-horse, at the sound of the trumpet. His acquaintance with military science enabled him to employ a technical phraseology, just technical enough to give a knowing air to his descriptions, without embarrassing the reader by a pedantic display of unintelligible jargon. This is a talent rare in a civilian. Nothing can be finer than many of his battle-pieces in his *Life of Bonaparte*, unless, indeed, we except one or two in his *History of Scotland*: as the fight of Bannockburn, for example, in which Burns' "Scots wha hae" seems to breathe in every line.

It is when treading on Scottish ground that he seems to feel all his strength. "I seem always to step more firmly," he said to some one, "when on my own native heather." His mind was steeped in Scottish lore, and his bosom warmed with a glow for the age of chivalry. Accordingly, his delineations of this period, whether in history or romance, are unrivalled; as superior in effect to those of most compilers, as the richly-stained glass of the feudal ages is superior in beauty and brilliancy of tints to a modern imitation. If this be borrowing something from romance, it is, we repeat, no more than what is lawful for the historian, and explains the meaning of our assertion that he has improved history by the embellishments of fiction.

Yet, after all, how wide the difference between the province of history and of romance, under Scott's own hands, may be shown by comparing his account of Mary's reign in his *History of Scotland* with the same period in the novel of *The Abbot*. The historian must keep the beaten track of events. The novelist launches into the illimitable regions of fiction, provided only that his historic portraits be true to their originals. By due attention to this, fiction is made to minister to history, and may, in point of fact, contain as much real truth—truth of character, though not of situation. "The difference between the historian and me," says Fielding, "is, that with him everything is false but the names and dates, while with me nothing is false but these." There is, at least, as much truth in this as in most witticisms.

It is the great glory of Scott, that, by nice attention to costume and character in his novels, he has raised them to historic importance, without impairing their interest as works of art. Who now would imagine that he could form a satisfactory notion of the golden days of Queen Bess, that had not read *Kenilworth*? or of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his brave paladins, that had not read *Ivanhoe*? Why, then, it has been said, not at once incorporate into regular history all these traits which give such historical value to the novel? Because, in this way, the strict truth which history requires would be violated. This cannot be. The fact is, History and Romance are too near akin ever to be lawfully united. By mingling them together, a confusion is produced, like the mingling of day and night, mystifying and distorting every feature of the landscape. It is enough for the novelist if he be true to the spirit; the historian must be true, also, to the letter. He cannot coin pertinent remarks and anecdotes to illustrate the characters of his drama. He cannot even provide them with suitable costumes. He must take just what Father Time has given him, just what he finds in the records of the age, setting down neither more nor less. Now the dull chroniclers of the old time rarely thought of putting down the smart sayings of the great people they biographize, still less of entering into minute circumstances of personal interest. These were too familiar to contemporaries to require it, and, therefore, they waste their breath on more solemn matters of state, all important in their generation, but not

worth a rush in the present. What would the historian not give, could he borrow those fine touches of nature with which the novelist illustrates the characters of his actors—natural touches, indeed, but, in truth, just as artificial as any other part—all coined in the imagination of the writer? There is the same difference between his occupation and that of the novelist that there is between the historical and the portrait painter. The former necessarily takes some great subject, with great personages, all strutting about in gorgeous state attire, and air of solemn tragedy; while his brother-artist insinuates himself into the family groups, and picks out natural, familiar scenes and faces, laughing or weeping, but in the charming undress of nature. What wonder that novel-reading should be so much more amusing than history?

But we have already trespassed too freely on the patience of our readers, who will think the rambling spirit of our author contagious. Before dismissing him, however, we will give a taste of his quality by one or two extracts, not very germane to English literature, but about as much so as a great part of the work. The first is a poetical sally on Bonaparte's burial-place, quite in *Monsieur Chateaubriand's* peculiar vein.

"The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality, vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps for ever, like a hermit or a pariah, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent; their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the ear of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his flight downward from the planet of light, rests alone, for a moment, over the ashes, the weight of which has shaken the equilibrium of the globe.

"Bonaparte crossed the ocean to repair to his final exile, regardless of that beautiful sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. Stretched upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were sparkling over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one of them has failed to fulfil its destiny: one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle, the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb."

—Vol. ii. pp. 185, 186.

The next extract relates to the British statesman, William Pitt:

"Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible. At the same time the lucidness and the fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something above the ordinary line.

"I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James's Park from his own house to the palace. On his part, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he drove through the mean courts of his mean habitation in a grey chariot, followed by a few of the horse-guards. This was the master of the kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are the masters of India. Pitt, dressed in black, with a steel-hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage he only met with three or four emigrants, who had nothing to do. Casting on us a disdainful look, he turned up his nose and his pale face, and passed on.

"At home this great financier kept no sort of order: he had no regular hours for his meals or for sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never could take the trouble to cast up a bill. A *valet de chambre* managed his house. Ill dressed, without pleasure, without passion, greedy of power, he despised honours, and would not be anything more than William Pitt.

"In the month of June, 1822, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house. As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house, where the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who had had Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty."—Vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

The following extracts show the changes that have taken place in English manners and society, and may afford the "whiskered pandour" of our own day an opportunity of contrasting his style of dandyism with that of the preceding generation:

"Separated from the Continent by a long war, the English retained their manners and their national character till the end of the last century. All was not yet machine in the working classes—fully in the upper classes. On the same pavements where you now meet squalid figures and men in frock coats, you were passed by young girls with white tippetts, straw hats tied under the chin with a riband, with a basket on the arm, in which was fruit or a book; all kept their eyes cast down; all blushed when one looked at them. Frock coats, without any other, were so unusual in London in 1793, that a woman, deploring with tears the death of Louis the Sixteenth, said to me, 'But, my dear sir, is it true that the poor king was dressed in a frock coat when they cut off his head?'

"The gentlemen-farmers had not yet sold their patrimony to take up their residence in London; they still formed, in the House of Commons, that independent fraction which, transferring their support from the opposition to the ministerial side, upheld the ideas of order and propriety. They hunted the fox and shot pheasants in autumn, ate fat goose at Michaelmas, greeted the sirloin with shouts of 'Roast beef for ever!' complained of the present, extolled the past, cursed Pitt and the war, which doubled the price of port wine, and went to bed drunk, to begin the same life again on the following day. They felt quite sure that the glory of Great Britain would not perish so long as 'God save the King' was sung, the rotten boroughs maintained, the game-laws enforced, and hares and partridges could be sold by stealth at market, under the names of lions and ostriches."—Vol. ii. pp. 279, 280.

"In 1822, at the time of my embassy to London, the fashionable was expected to exhibit, at the first glance, an unhappy and unhealthy man; to have an air of negligence about his person, long nails, a beard neither entire nor shaven, but as if grown for a moment unawares, and forgotten during the preoccupations of wretchedness; hair in disorder; a sublime, mild, wicked eye; lips compressed in disdain of human nature; a Byronian heart, overwhelmed with weariness and disgust of life.

"The dandy of the present day must have a conquering, frivolous, insolent look. He must pay particular attention to his toilet, wear mustaches, or a beard trimmed into a circle like Queen Elizabeth's ruff, or like the radiant disc of the sun. He shows the proud independence of his character by keeping his hat upon his head, by lolling upon sofas, by thrusting his boots into the faces of the ladies seated in admiration upon chairs before him. He rides with a cane, which he carries like a taper, regardless of the horse, which he bestrides, as it were by accident. His health must be perfect, and he must always have five or six felicities upon his hands. Some radical dandies, who have advanced the farthest towards the future, have a pipe. But, no doubt, all this has changed, even during the time that I have taken to describe it."—Vol. ii. pp. 303, 304.

The avowed purpose of the present work, singular as it may seem from the above extracts, is to serve as an introduction to a meditated translation of Milton into French, since wholly, or in part, completed by M. Chateaubriand, who thinks, truly enough, that Milton's "political ideas make him a man of our own epoch." When an exile in England, in his early life, during the troubles of the Revolution, our author earned an honourable subsistence by translating some of Milton's verses; and he now proposes to render the bard and himself the same kind office by his labours on a more extended scale. Thus he concludes: "I again seat myself at the table of my poet. He will have nourished me in my youth and my old age. It is nobler and safer to have recourse to glory than power." Our author's situation is an indifferent commentary on the value of literary fame, at least on its pecuniary value. No man has had more of it in his day. No man has been more alert to make the most of it by frequent reiterated appearance before the public—whether in full dress or dishabille, yet always before them; and now, in the decline of life, we find him obtaining a scanty support by "French translation and Italian song." We heartily hope that the bard of *Paradise Lost* will do better for his translator than he did for himself, and that M. de Chateaubriand will put more than five pounds in his pocket by his literary labour.

* BANCROFT'S UNITED STATES.*

JANUARY, 1841.

THE celebrated line of Bishop Berkeley,

"Westward the *course of empire takes its way*,"

is too gratifying to national vanity not to be often quoted (though not always quoted right); and if we look on it in the nature of a prediction, the completion of it not being limited to any particular time, it will not be easy to disprove it. Had the bishop substituted "freedom" for "empire," it would be already fully justified by experience. It is curious to observe how steadily the progress of freedom, civil and religious—of the enjoyment of those rights which may be called the natural rights of humanity—has gone on from east to west, and how precisely the more or less liberal character of the social institutions of a country may be determined by its geographical position, as falling within the limits of one of the three quarters of the globe occupied wholly or in part by members of the great Caucasian family.

Thus, in Asia we find only far-extended despotisms, in which but two relations are recognized, those of master and slave: a solitary master, and a nation of slaves. No Constitution exists there to limit his authority; no intermediate body to counterbalance, or, at least, shield the people from its exercise. The people have no political existence. The monarch is literally the state. The religion of such countries is of the same complexion with their government. The free spirit of Christianity, quickening and elevating the soul by the consciousness of its glorious destiny, made few proselytes there; but Mohammedanism, with its doctrines of blind fatality, found ready favour with those who had already surrendered their wills—their responsibility—to an earthly master. In such countries, of course, there has been little progress in science. Ornamental arts, and even the literature of imagination, have been cultivated with various success; but little has been done in those pursuits which depend on freedom of inquiry, and are connected with the best interests of humanity. The few monuments of an architectural kind that strike the traveller's eye are the cold memorials of pomp and selfish vanity, not those of public spirit, directed to enlarge the resources and civilization of an empire.

As we cross the boundaries into Europe, among the people of the same primitive stock and under the same parallels, we may imagine ourselves transplanted to another planet. Man no longer grovels in the dust beneath a master's frown. He walks erect, as lord of the creation, his eyes raised to that heaven to which his destinies call him. He is a free agent—thinks, speaks, acts for himself; enjoys the fruits of his own industry; follows the careers suited to his own genius and taste; explores fearlessly the secrets of time and nature; lives under laws which he has assisted in framing; demands justice as his right when those laws are invaded. In his freedom of

* "History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft." Vol. III. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 8vo., pp. 468.

speculation and action he has devised various forms of government. In most of them the monarchical principle is recognized; but the power of the monarch is limited by written or customary rules. The people at large enter more or less into the exercise of government; and a numerous aristocracy, interposed between them and the crown, secures them from the oppression of Eastern tyranny, while this body itself is so far an improvement in the social organization, that the power, instead of being concentrated in a single person—plaintiff, judge, and executioner—is distributed among a large number of different individuals and interests. This is a great advance, in itself, towards popular freedom.

The tendency, almost universal, is to advance still farther. It is this war of opinion—this contest between light and darkness, now going forward in most of the countries of Europe—which furnishes the point of view from which their history is to be studied in the present, and, it may be, the following centuries; for revolutions in society, when founded on opinion—the only stable foundation, the only foundation at which the friend of humanity does not shudder—must be the slow work of time; and who would wish the good cause to be so precipitated that, in eradicating the old abuses which have interwoven themselves with every stone and pillar of the building, the noble building itself, which has so long afforded security to its inmates, should be laid in ruins? What is the best, what the worst form of government, in the abstract, may be matter of debate; but there can be no doubt that the best will become the worst to a people who blindly rush into it without the preliminary training for comprehending and conducting it. Such transitions must, at least, cost the sacrifice of generations; and the patriotism must be singularly pure and abstract which, at such cost, would purchase the possible, or even probable, good of a remote posterity. Various have been the efforts in the Old World at popular forms of government, but, from some cause or other, they have failed; and however time, a wider intercourse, a greater familiarity with the practical duties of representation, and, not least of all, our own auspicious example, may prepare the European mind for the possession of Republican freedom, it is very certain that, at the present moment, Europe is not the place for Republics.

The true soil for these is our own continent, the New World, the last of the three great geographical divisions of which we have spoken. This is the spot on which the beautiful theories of the European philosopher—who had risen to the full freedom of speculation, while action was controlled—have been reduced to practice. The atmosphere here seems as fatal to the arbitrary institutions of the Old World as that has been to the democratic forms of our own. It seems scarcely possible that any other organization than these latter should exist here. In three centuries from the discovery of the country, the various races by which it is tenanted, some of them from the least liberal of the European monarchies, have, with few exceptions, come into the adoption of institutions of a Republican character. Toleration, civil and religious, has been proclaimed, and enjoyed to an extent unknown since the world began, throughout the wide borders of this vast continent. Alas! for those portions which have assumed the exercise of these rights without fully comprehending their import; who have been intoxicated with the fumes of freedom instead of drawing nourishment from its living principle.

It was a fortunate, or, to speak more properly, a providential thing, that the discovery of the New World was postponed to the precise period when it occurred. Had it taken place at an earlier time—during the flourishing period of the feudal ages, for example—the old institutions of Europe, with their hallowed abuses, might have been ingrafted on this new stock, and instead of the fruit of the tree of life, we should have furnished only varieties of a kind already far exhausted and hastening to decay. But happily, some

important discoveries in science, and, above all, the glorious Reformation, gave an electric shock to the intellect, long benumbed under the influence of a tyrannical priesthood. It taught men to distrust authority, to trace effects back to their causes, to search for themselves, and to take no guide but the reason which God had given them. It taught them to claim the right of free inquiry as their inalienable birthright, and, with free inquiry, freedom of action. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the period of the mighty struggle between the conflicting elements of religion, as the eighteenth and nineteenth have been that of the great contest for civil liberty.

It was in the midst of this universal ferment, and in consequence of it, that these shores were first peopled by our Puritan ancestors. Here they found a world where they might verify the value of those theories which had been derided as visionary or denounced as dangerous in their own land. All around was free—free as nature herself: the mighty streams rolling on in their majesty, as they had continued to roll from the creation; the forests, which no hand had violated, flourishing in primeval grandeur and beauty; their only tenants the wild animals, or the Indians nearly as wild, scarcely held together by any tie of social polity. Nowhere was the trace of civilized man, or of his curious contrivances. Here was no Star Chamber nor Court of High Commission; no racks, nor jails, nor gibbets; no feudal tyrant to grind the poor man to the dust on which he toiled; no Inquisition to pierce into the thought, and to make thought a crime. The only eye that was upon them was the eye of Heaven.

True, indeed, in the first heats of suffering enthusiasm they did not extend that charity to others which they claimed for themselves. It was a blot on their characters, but one which they share in common with most reformers. The zeal requisite for great revolutions, whether in church or state, is rarely attended by charity for difference of opinion. Those who are willing to do and to suffer bravely for their own doctrines, attach a value to them which makes them impatient of opposition from others. The martyr for conscience sake cannot comprehend the necessity of leniency to those who denounce those truths for which he is prepared to lay down his own life. If he set so little value on his own life, is it natural he should set more on that of others? The Dominican, who dragged his victims to the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, freely gave up his ease and his life to the duties of a missionary among the heathen. The Jesuits, who suffered martyrdom among the American savages in the propagation of their faith, stimulated those very savages to their horrid massacres of the Protestant settlements of New England. God has not often combined charity with enthusiasm. When He has done so, He has produced His noblest work—a More, or a Fenelon.

But if the first settlers were intolerant in practice, they brought with them the living principle of freedom, which would survive when their generation had passed away. They could not avoid it; for their coming here was in itself an assertion of that principle. They came for conscience sake—to worship God in their own way. Freedom of political institutions they at once avowed. Every citizen took his part in the political scheme, and enjoyed all the consideration of an equal participation in civil privileges: and liberty in political matters gradually brought with it a corresponding liberty in religious concerns. In their subsequent contest with the mother country they learned a reason for their faith, and the best manner of defending it. Their liberties struck a deep root in the soil amid storms which shook but could not prostrate them. It is this struggle with the mother country, this constant assertion of the right of self-government, this tendency—feeble in its beginning, increasing with increasing age—towards Republican institutions, which connects the colonial history with that of the Union, and forms the true point of view from which it is to be regarded.

The history of this country naturally divides itself into three great periods : the Colonial, when the idea of independence was slowly and gradually ripening in the American mind ; the Revolutionary, when this idea was maintained by arms ; and that of the Union, when it was reduced to practice. The first two heads are now ready for the historian ; the last is not yet ripe for him. Important contributions may be made to it in the form of local narratives, personal biographies, political discussions, subsidiary documents, and *mémoires pour servir* ; but we are too near the strife, too much in the dust and mist of the parties, to have reached a point sufficiently distant and elevated to embrace the whole field of operations in one view, and paint it in its true colours and proportions for the eye of posterity. We are, besides, too new as an independent nation, our existence has been too short, to satisfy the scepticism of those who distrust the perpetuity of our political institutions. They do not consider the problem, so important to humanity, as yet solved. Such sceptics are found not only abroad but at home. Not that the latter suppose the possibility of again returning to those forms of arbitrary government which belong to the Old World. It would not be more chimerical to suspect the Emperor Nicholas or Prince Metternich, or the citizen-king Louis Philippe, of being Republicans at heart, and sighing for a democracy, than to suspect the people of this country (above all, of New England, the most thorough democracy in existence)—who have inherited Republican principles and feelings from their ancestors, drawn them in with their mother's milk, breathed the atmosphere of them from their cradle, participated in their equal rights and glorious privileges—of foregoing their birthright and falsifying their nature so far as to acquiesce in any other than a popular form of government. But there are some sceptics who, when they reflect on the fate of similar institutions in other countries ; when they see our sister states of South America, after nobly winning their independence, split into insignificant fractions ; when they see the abuses which from time to time have crept into our own administration, and the violence offered, in manifold ways, to the Constitution ; when they see ambitious and able statesmen in one section of the country proclaiming principles which must palsy the arm of the Federal Government, and urging the people of their own quarter to efforts for securing their independence of every other quarter—there are, we say, some wise and benevolent minds among us, who, seeing all this, feel a natural distrust as to the stability of the federal compact, and consider the experiment as still in progress.

We, indeed, are not of that number, while we respect and feel the weight of their scruples. We sympathise fully in those feelings, those hopes, it may be, which animate the great mass of our countrymen. Hope is the attribute of republics : it should be peculiarly so of ours. Our fortune is all in the advance. We have no past, as compared with the nations of the Old World. Our existence is but two centuries, dating from our embryo state ; our real existence as an independent people little more than half a century. We are to look forward, then, and go forward, not with vain-glorious boasting, but with resolution and honest confidence. Boasting, indecorous in all, is peculiarly so in those who take credit for the great things they are going to do, not those they have done. The glorification of an Englishman or a Frenchman, with a long line of annals in his rear, may be offensive ; that of an American is ridiculous. But we may feel a just confidence from the past that we shall be true to ourselves for the future ; that, to borrow a cant phrase of the day, we shall be true to our *mission*—the most momentous ever entrusted to a nation ; that there is sufficient intelligence and moral principle in the people, if not always to choose the best rulers, at least to right themselves by the ejection of bad ones when they find they have been abused ; that they have intelligence enough to understand that their only consideration, their security as a nation, is in union ; that separation into smaller communities is

the creation of so many hostile states; that a large extent of empire, instead of being an evil, from embracing regions of irreconcilable local interests, is a benefit, since it affords the means of that commercial reciprocity which makes the country, by its own resources, independent of every other; and that the representatives drawn from these "magnificent distances" will, on the whole, be apt to legislate more independently, and on broader principles, than if occupied with the concerns of a petty state, where each legislator is swayed by the paltry factions of his own village. In all this we may honestly confide; but our confidence will not pass for argument, will not be accepted as a solution of the problem. Time only can solve it; and until the period has elapsed which shall have fairly tried the strength of our institutions, through peace and through war, through adversity and more trying prosperity, the time will not have come to write the history of the Union.*

But still, results have been obtained sufficiently glorious to give great consideration to the two preliminary narratives, namely, of the Colonies and the Revolution, which prepared the way for the Union. Indeed, without these results, they would both, however important in themselves, have lost much of their dignity and interest. Of these two narratives, the former, although less momentous than the latter, is most difficult to treat.

It is not that the historian is called on to pry into the dark recesses of antiquity, the twilight of civilization, mystifying and magnifying every object to the senses, nor to unravel some poetical mythology, hanging its metaphorical illusions around everything in nature, mingling fact with fiction, the material with the spiritual, until the honest inquirer after truth may fold his arms in despair before he can cry *εὐρηκα*; nor is he compelled to unroll musty worm-eaten parchments, and dusty tomes in venerable black letter, of the good times of honest Caxton and Winken de Worde, nor to go about gleaning traditionary tales and ballads in some obsolete provincial *patois*. The record is plain and legible, and he need never go behind it. The antiquity of his story goes but little more than two centuries back; a very modern antiquity. The commencement of it was not in the dark ages, but in a period of illumination; an age yet glowing with the imagination of Shakspeare and Spenser, the philosophy of Bacon, the learning of Coke and of Hooker. The early passages of his story—coeval with Hampden, and Milton, and Sidney—belong to the times in which the same struggle for the rights of conscience was going on in the land of our fathers as in our own. There was no danger that the light of the Pilgrim should be hid under a bushel, or that there should be any dearth of chronicler or bard—such as they were—to record his sacrifice. And fortunate for us that it was so, since in this way every part of this great enterprise, from its conception to its consummation, is brought into the light of

* The preceding cheering remarks on the auspicious destinies of our country were written more than four years ago; and it is not now as many days since we have received the melancholy tidings that the project for the *Annexation of Texas* has been sanctioned by Congress. The remarks in the text on "the extent of empire" had reference only to that legitimate extent which might grow out of the peaceful settlement and civilization of a territory, sufficiently ample certainly, that already belongs to us. The craving for foreign acquisitions has ever been a most fatal symptom in the history of republics; but when these acquisitions are made, as in the present instance, in contempt of constitutional law, and in disregard of the great principles of international justice, the evil assumes a tenfold magnitude; for it flows not so much from the single act as from the principle on which it rests, and which may open the way to the indefinite perpetration of such acts. In glancing my eye over the text at this gloomy moment, and considering its general import, I was unwilling to let it go into the world with my name to it, without entering my protest, in common with so many better and wiser in our country, against a measure which every friend of freedom, both at home and abroad, may justly lament as the most serious shock yet given to the stability of our glorious institutions.

day. We are put in possession, not merely of the action, but of the motives which led to it; and as to the character of the actors, are enabled to do justice to those who, if we pronounce from their actions only, would seem not always careful to do justice to themselves.

The embarrassment of the colonial history arises from the difficulty of obtaining a central point of interest among so many petty states, each independent of the others, and all, at the same time, so dependent on a foreign one as to impair the historic dignity which attaches to great, powerful, and self-regulated communities. This embarrassment must be overcome by the author's detecting, and skilfully keeping before the reader, some great principle of action, if such exist, that may give unity, and, at the same time, importance to the theme. Such a principle did exist in that tendency to independence, which, however feeble, till fanned by the breath of persecution into a blaze, was nevertheless the vivifying principle, as before remarked, of our ante-revolutionary annals.

Whoever has dipped much into historical reading is aware how few have succeeded in weaving an harmonious tissue from the motley and tangled skein of general history. The most fortunate illustration of this within our recollection is Sismondi's *Républiques Italiennes*, a work in sixteen volumes, in which the author has brought on the stage all the various governments of Italy for a thousand years, and in almost every variety of combination. Yet there is a pervading principle in this great mass of apparently discordant interests. That principle was the rise and decline of liberty. It is the key-note to every revolution that occurs. It gives an harmonious tone to the many-coloured canvas, which would else have offended by its glaring contrasts, and the startling violence of its transitions. The reader is interested in spite of the transitions, but knows not the cause. This is the skill of the great artist. So true is this, that the same author has been able to concentrate what may be called the essence of his bulky history into a single volume, in which he confines himself to the development of the animating principle of his narrative, stripped of all the superfluous accessories, under the significant title of *Rise, Progress, and Decline of Italian Freedom*.

This embarrassment has not been easy to overcome by the writers of our colonial annals. The first volume of Marshall's *Life of Washington* has great merit as a wise and comprehensive survey of this early period, but the plan is too limited to afford room for anything like a satisfactory fulness of detail. The most thorough work, and incomparably the best on the subject, previous to the appearance of Mr. Bancroft's, is the well-known history by Mr. Grahame, a truly valuable book, in which the author, though a foreigner, has shown himself capable of appreciating the motives and comprehending the institutions of our Puritan ancestors. He has spared no pains in the investigation of such original sources as were at his command, and has conducted his inquiries with much candour, manifesting throughout the spirit of a scholar and a gentleman. It is not very creditable to his countrymen that they should have received his labours with the apathy which he tells us they have, amid the ocean of contemptible trash with which their press is daily deluged. But, in truth, the colonial and revolutionary story of this country is a theme too ungrateful to British ears for us to be astonished at any insensibility on this score.

Mr. Grahame's work, however, with all its merit, is the work of a *foreigner*, and that word comprehends much that cannot be overcome by the best writer. He may produce a beautiful composition, faultless in style, accurate in the delineation of prominent events, full of sound logic and most wise conclusions, but he cannot enter into the sympathies, comprehend all the minute feelings, prejudices, and peculiar ways of thinking which form the idiosyncrasy of the nation. What can he know of these who has never been warmed by the same

sun, lingered among the same scenes, listened to the same tales in childhood, been pledged to the same interests in manhood by which these fancies are nourished—the loves, the hates, the hopes, the fears, that go to form national character? Write as he will, he is still an alien, speaking a tongue in which the nation will detect the foreign accent. He may produce a book without a blemish in the eyes of foreigners; it may even contain much for the instruction of the native that he would not be likely to find in his own literature: but it will afford evidence on every page of its exotic origin. Botta's *History of the War of the Revolution* is the best treatise yet compiled of that event. It is, as everyone knows, a most classical and able work, doing justice to most of the great heroes and actions of the period; but we will venture to say, no well-informed American ever turned over its leaves without feeling that the writer was not nourished among the men and the scenes he is painting. With all its great merits, it cannot be, at least for Americans, the history of the Revolution.

It is the same as in portrait-painting. The artist may catch the prominent lineaments, the complexion, the general air, the peculiar costume of his subject—all that a stranger's eye will demand; but he must not hope, unless he has had much previous intimacy with the sitter, to transfer those fleeting shades of expression, the almost imperceptible play of features, which are revealed to the eye of his own family.

Who would think of looking to a Frenchman for a history of England? to an Englishman for the best history of France? Ill fares it with the nation that cannot find writers of genius to tell its own story. What foreign hand could have painted, like Herodotus and Thucydides, the achievements of the Greeks? Who, like Livy and Tacitus, have portrayed the shifting character of the Roman, in his rise, meridian, and decline? Had the Greeks trusted their story to these same Romans, what would have been their fate with posterity? Let the Carthaginians tell. All that remains of this nation, the proud rival of Rome, who once divided with her the empire of the Mediterranean, and surpassed her in commerce and civilization—nearly all that now remains to indicate her character, is a poor proverb, *Punica fides*, a brand of infamy given by the Roman historian, and one which the Romans merited probably as richly as the Carthaginians. Yet America, it is too true, must go to Italy for the best history of the Revolution, and to Scotland for the best history of the Colonies. Happily, the work before us bids fair, when completed, to supply this deficiency; and it is quite time we should turn to it.

Mr. Bancroft's first two volumes have been too long before the public to require anything to be now said of them. Indeed, the first has already been the subject of a particular notice in this journal. These volumes are mainly occupied with the settlement of the country by the different colonies, and the institutions gradually established among them, with a more particular illustration of the remarkable features in their character or policy.

In the present volume the immediate point of view is somewhat changed. It was no longer necessary to treat each of the colonies separately, and a manifest advantage in respect to unity is gained by their being brought more under one aspect. A more prominent feature is gradually developed by the relations with the mother country. This is the mercantile system, as it is called by economical writers, which distinguishes the colonial policy of modern Europe from that of ancient. The great object of this system was to get as much profit from the colonies, with as little cost to the mother country, as possible. The former, instead of being regarded as an integral part of the empire, were held as property, to be dealt with for the benefit of the proprietors. This was the great object of legislation, almost the sole one. The system, so different from anything known in antiquity, was introduced by the Spaniards and Portuguese, and by them carried to an extent which no

other nation has cared to follow. By the most cruel and absurd system of prohibitory legislation, their colonies were cut off from intercourse with all but the parent country ; and, as the latter was unable to supply their demands for even the necessities of life, an extensive contraband trade was introduced, which, without satisfying the wants of the colonies, corrupted their morals. It is an old story, and the present generation has witnessed the results, in the ruin of those fine countries and the final assertion of their independence, which the degraded condition in which they have so long been held has wholly unfitted them to enjoy.

The English government was too wise and liberal to press thus heavily on its transatlantic subjects ; but the policy was similar, consisting, as is well known, and is ably delineated in these volumes, of a long series of restrictive measures, tending to cramp their free trade, manufactures, and agriculture, and to secure the commercial monopoly of Great Britain. This is the point from which events in the present volume are to be more immediately contemplated, all subordinate, like those in the preceding, to that leading principle of a Republican tendency—the centre of attraction, controlling the movements of the numerous satellites in our colonial system.

The introductory chapter in the volume opens with a view of the English Revolution in 1688, which, though not popular, is rightly characterized as leading the way to popular liberty. Its great object was the security of property ; and our author has traced its operation, in connection with the gradual progress of commercial wealth, to give greater authority to the mercantile system. We select the following original sketch of the character of William the Third :—

“The character of the new monarch of Great Britain could mould its policy, but not its constitution. True to his purposes, he yet wins no sympathy. In political sagacity, in force of will, far superior to the English statesmen who environed him ; more tolerant than his ministers or his parliaments, the childless man seems like the unknown character in algebra, which is introduced to form the equation, and dismissed when the problem is solved. In his person thin and feeble, with eyes of a hectic lustre, of a temperament inclining to the melancholic, in conduct cautious, of a self-relying humour, with abiding impressions respecting men, he sought no favour, and relied for success on his own inflexibility, and the greatness and maturity of his designs. Too wise to be cajoled, too firm to be complaisant, no address could sway his resolve. In Holland he had not scrupled to derive an increased power from the crimes of rioters and assassins ; in England, no filial respect diminished the energy of his ambition. His exterior was chilling ; yet he had a passionate delight in horses and the chase. In conversation he was abrupt, speaking little and slowly, and with repulsive dryness ; in the day of battle he was all activity, and the highest energy of life, without kindling his passions, animated his frame. His trust in Providence was so connected with faith in general laws, that in every action he sought the principle which should range it on an absolute decree. Thus, unconscious to himself, he had sympathy with the people, who always have faith in Providence. ‘Do you dread death in my company ?’ he cried to the anxious sailors, when the ice on the coast of Holland had almost crushed the boat that was bearing him to the shore. Courage and pride pervaded the reserve of the prince, who, spurning an alliance with a bastard daughter of Louis XIV., had made himself the centre of a gigantic opposition to France. For England, for the English people, for English liberties, he had no affection, indifferently employing the Whigs, who found their pride in the Revolution, and the Tories, who had opposed his elevation, and who yet were the fittest instruments ‘to carry the prerogative high.’ One great passion had absorbed his breast—the independence of his native country. The harsh encroachments of Louis XIV.,

which in 1672 had made William of Orange a revolutionary stadtholder, now assisted to constitute him a revolutionary king, transforming the impassive champion of Dutch independence into the defender of the liberties of Europe."—Vol. iii. pp. 2-4.

The chapter proceeds to examine the relations, not always of the most friendly aspect, between England and the colonies, in which Mr. Bancroft pays a well-merited tribute to the enlightened policy of Penn. and the tranquillity he secured to his settlement. At the close of the chapter is an account of that lamentable—farce, we should have called it, had it not so tragic a conclusion—the Salem witchcraft.

Our author has presented some very striking sketches of these deplorable scenes, in which poor human nature appears in as humiliating a plight as would be possible in a civilized country. The Inquisition, fierce as it was, and most unrelenting in its persecutions, had something in it respectable in comparison with this wretched and imbecile self-delusion. The historian does not shrink from distributing his censure, in full measure, to those to whom he thinks it belongs. The erudite divine, Cotton Mather, in particular, would feel little pleasure in the contemplation of the portrait sketched for him on this occasion. Vanity, according to Mr. Bancroft, was quite as active an incentive to his movements as religious zeal; and if he began with the latter, there seems no reason to doubt that pride of opinion, an unwillingness to expose his error, so humiliating to the world, perhaps even to his own heart, were powerful stimulants to his continuing the course he had begun, though others faltered in it.

Mr. Bancroft has taken some pains to show that the prosecutions were conducted before magistrates not appointed by the people, but the crown; and that a stop was not put to them till after the meeting of the representatives of the people. This, in our view, is a distinction somewhat fanciful. The judges held their commissions from the governor; and if he was appointed by the crown, it was, as our author admits, at the suggestion of Increase Mather, a minister of the people. The accusers, the witnesses, the jurors, were all taken from the people. And when a stop was put to farther proceedings by the seasonable delay interposed by the general court, before the assembling of the "legal colonial" tribunal (thus giving time for the illusion to subside), it was, in part, from the apprehension that, in the rising tide of accusation, no man, however elevated might be his character or condition, would be safe.

In the following chapter, after a full exposition of the prominent features in the system of commercial monopoly which controlled the affairs of the colonies, we are introduced to the great discoveries in the northern and western regions of the continent, made by the Jesuit missionaries of France. Nothing is more extraordinary in the history of this remarkable order than their bold enterprise in spreading their faith over this boundless wilderness, in defiance of the most appalling obstacles which man and nature could present. Faith and zeal triumphed over all, and, combined with science and the spirit of adventure, laid open unknown regions in the heart of this vast continent, then roamed over by the buffalo and the savage, and now alive with the busy hum of an industrious and civilized population.

The historian has diligently traced the progress of the missionaries in their journeys into the western territory of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, down the deep basin of the Mississippi to its mouth. He has identified the scenes of some striking events in the history of discovery, as, among others, the place where Marquette first met the Illinois tribe, at Iowa. No preceding writer has brought into view the results of these labours in a compass which may be embraced, as it were, in a single glance. The character of this order, and their fortune, form one of the most remarkable objects for contemplation in

the history of man. Springing up, as it were, to prop the crumbling edifice of Catholicism when it was reeling under the first shock of the Reformation, it took up its residence, indifferently, within the precincts of palaces, or in the boundless plains and forests of the wilderness; held the consciences of civilized monarchs in its keeping, and directed their counsels, while, at the same time, it was gathering barbarian nations under its banners, and pouring the light of civilization into the farthest and darkest quarters of the globe.

"The establishment of 'the Society of Jesus,'" says Mr. Bancroft, "by Loyola had been contemporary with the Reformation, of which it was designed to arrest the progress, and its complete organization belongs to the period when the first full edition of Calvin's *Institutes* saw the light. Its members were, by its rules, never to become prelates, and could gain power and distinction only by influence over mind. Their vows were poverty, chastity, absolute obedience, and a constant readiness to go on missions against heresy or heathenism. Their cloisters became the best schools in the world. Emancipated, in a great degree, from the forms of piety, separated from domestic ties, constituting a community essentially intellectual as well as essentially plebeian, bound together by the most perfect organization, and having for their end a control over opinion among the scholars and courts of Europe, and throughout the habitable globe, the order of the Jesuits held as its ruling maxims the widest diffusion of its influence, and the closest internal unity. Immediately on its institution, their missionaries, kindling with a heroism that defied every danger and endured every toil, made their way to the ends of the earth; they raised the emblem of man's salvation on the Moluccas, in Japan, in India, in Thibet, in Cochin China, and in China; they penetrated Ethiopia, and reached the Abyssinians; they planted missions among the Caffres; in California, on the banks of the Marañon, in the plains of Paraguay, they invited the wildest of barbarians to the civilization of Christianity."

"Religious enthusiasm," he adds, "colonized New-England; and religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the upper Lakes, and explored the Mississippi. Puritanism gave New-England its worship and its schools; the Roman Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals, and its seminaries. The influence of Calvin can be traced to every New-England village; in Canada, the monuments of feudalism and the Catholic Church stand side by side; and the names of Montmorenci and Bourbon, of Levi and Condé, are mingled with memorials of St. Athanasius and Augustin, of St. Francis of Assisi, and Ignatius Loyola."—*Ibid.* pp. 120, 121.

We hardly know which to select from the many brilliant and spirited sketches in which this part of the story abounds. None has more interest, on the whole, than the discovery of the Mississippi by Marquette and his companions, and the first voyage of the white men down its majestic waters.

"Behold, then, in 1673, on the tenth day of June, the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Joliet for his associate, five Frenchmen as his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their two canoes on their backs, and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the water-shed; uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they leave the streams that, flowing onward, could have borne their greetings to the Castle of Quebec; already they stand by the Wisconsin. 'The guides returned,' says the gentle Marquette, 'leaving us alone in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence.' France and Christianity stood in the valley of the Mississippi. Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers, as they sailed west, went solitarily down the stream, between alternate prairies and hill-sides, beholding neither man nor

the wonted beasts of the forest : no sound broke the appalling silence but the ripple of their canoe and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days 'they entered happily the Great River, with a joy that could not be expressed ;' and the two birch-bark canoes, raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated gently down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad, clear sandbars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl—gliding past islands that swelled from the bosom of the stream, with their tufts of massive thickets, and between the wide plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded as they were with majestic forests, or choquered by island grove and the open vastness of the prairie.

"About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men ; a little footpath was discerned leading into a beautiful prairie ; and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the *Mou-in-gou-e-na*, or *Moingona*, of which we have corrupted the name into *Des Moines*. Marquette and Joliet were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Commending themselves to God, they uttered a loud cry. The Indians hear ; four old men advance slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe brilliant with many-coloured plumes. 'We are Illinois,' said they ; that is, when translated, 'We are men ;' and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming, 'How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us ! Our whole village awaits thee ; thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings.' And the pilgrims were followed by the devouring gaze of an astonished crowd.

"At the great council, Marquette published to them the one true God, their creator. He spoke, also, of the great captain of the French, the governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded peace ; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi and the tribes that possessed its banks. For the messengers who announced the subjection of the Iroquois, a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy, and fish, and the choicest viands from the prairies.

"After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to their canoes ; and, selecting a peace-pipe embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds, and all feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung around Marquette the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, the sacred calumet, a safeguard among the nations.

"The little group proceeded onward. 'I did not fear death,' says Marquette ; 'I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God.' They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters ; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by the Algonquin name of *Pekitanoni* ; and when they came to the most beautiful confluence of waters in the world—where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea—the good Marquette resolved in his heart, anticipating Lewis and Clarke, one day to ascend the mighty river to its source ; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and, descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the Gospel to all the people of this New World.*

"In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterward, called the *Wabash*. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

"The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong that the buffalo could not break through them ; the insects become intolerable ; as a shelter against

the suns of July, the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish ; thick forests of whitewood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowd even to the skirt of the pebbly shore. It is also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians have guns.

"Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea, in a region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. 'Now,' thought Marquette, 'we must indeed ask the aid of the Virgin.' Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amid continual whoops, the natives, bent on war, embark in vast canoes made out of the trunks of hollow trees ; but, at the sight of the mysterious peace-pipe held aloft, God touched the hearts of the old men, who checked the impetuosity of the young, and, throwing their bows and quivers into the canoes as a token of peace, they prepared a hospitable welcome.

"The next day, a long wooden canoe, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers for eight or ten leagues, to the village of Akansea, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonquins, and, in the midst of the Sioux and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half league above Akansea they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace-pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe, he gave bread of maize. The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo-skins ; their weapons were axes of steel—a proof of commerce with Europeans.

"Thus had our travellers descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, to the genial climes that have almost no winter but rains, beyond the bound of the Huron and Algonquin languages, to the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico, and to tribes of Indians that had obtained European arms by traffic with Spaniards or with Virginia.

"So, having spoken of God and the mysteries of the Catholic faith ; having become certain that the Father of Rivers went not to the ocean east of Florida, nor yet to the Gulf of California, Marquette and Joliet left Akansea and ascended the Mississippi.

"At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, and discovered a country without its paragon for the fertility of its beautiful prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags ; for the loveliness of its rivulets, and the prodigal abundance of wild duck and swans, and of a species of parrots and wild turkeys. The tribe of Illinois, that tenanted its banks, entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, conducted the party, by way of Chicago, to Lake Michigan ; and, before the end of September, all were safe in Green Bay.

"Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery, of which the fame, through Talon, quickened the ambition of Colbert ; the unaspiring Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the Miamis, who dwelt in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterward, sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass after the rites of the Catholic Church ; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for half an hour

'In the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.'

At the end of the half hour they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan,

would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument."—*Ibid.* pp. 157, 162.

The list of heroic adventurers in the path of discovery is closed by La Salle, the chivalrous Frenchman of whom we have made particular record in a previous number of this journal,* and whose tremendous journey from the Illinois to the French settlements in Canada, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, is also noticed by Mr. Bancroft. His was the first European bark that emerged from the mouth of the Mississippi; and Mr. Bancroft, as he notices the event, and the feelings it gave rise to in the mind of the discoverer, gives utterance to his own in language truly sublime:

"As he raised the cross by the Arkansas—as he planted the arms of France near the Gulf of Mexico, he anticipated the future affluence of emigrants, and heard in the distance the footsteps of the advancing multitude that were coming to take possession of the valley."—*Ibid.* p. 168.

This descent of the Great River our author places without hesitation in 1682, being a year earlier than the one assigned by us in the article referred to.† Mr. Bancroft is so familiar with the whole ground, and has studied the subject so carefully, that great weight is due to his opinions; but he has not explained the precise authority for his conclusions in this particular.

This leads us to enlarge on what we consider a defect in our author's present plan. His notes are discarded altogether, and his references transferred from the bottom of the page to the side margin. This is very objectionable, not merely on account of the disagreeable effect produced on the eye, but from the more serious inconvenience of want of room for very frequent and accurate reference. Titles are necessarily much abridged, sometimes at the expense of perspicuity. The first reference in this volume is "Hallam, iv. 374;" the second is "Archdale." Now Hallam has written several works, published in various forms and editions. As to the second authority, we have no means of identifying the passage at all. This, however, is not the habit of Mr. Bancroft where the fact is of any great moment, and his references throughout are abundant. But the practice of references in the side margin, though warranted by high authority, is unfavourable, from want of room, for very frequent or very minute specification.

The omission of notes we consider a still greater evil. It is true, they lead to great abuses, are often the vehicle of matter which should have been incorporated in the text, more frequently of irrelevant matter which should not have been admitted anywhere, and thus exhaust the reader's patience, while they spoil the effect of the work by drawing the attention from the continuous flow of the narrative, checking the heat that is raised by it in the reader's mind, and not unfrequently jarring on his feelings by some misplaced witticism, or smart attempt at one. For these and the like reasons, many competent critics have pronounced against the use of notes, considering that a writer who could not bring all he had to say into the compass of his text was a bungler. Gibbon, who practised the contrary, intimates a regret in one of his letters that he had been overruled so far as to allow his notes to be printed at the bottom of the page instead of being removed to the end of the volume. But from all this we dissent, especially in reference to a work of research like the present History. We are often desirous here to have the assertion of the author, or the sentiment quoted by him, if important, verified by the original extract, especially when this is in a foreign language. We want to see the grounds of his conclusions, the scaffolding by which he has raised his structure; to estimate the true value of his authorities; to know something of their characters, positions in society, and the probable influences to which they were exposed. Where there is contradiction, we want to see it stated; the *pros* and

* See "North American Review," vol. xlviii. p. 69 *et seq.* † *Ibid.* pp. 84, 85.

the *cons*, and the grounds for rejecting this and admitting that. We want to have a reason for our faith, otherwise we are merely led blindfold. Our guide may be an excellent guide; he may have travelled over the path till it has become a beaten track to him; but we like to use our own eyesight, too, to observe somewhat for ourselves, and to know, if possible, why he has taken this particular road in preference to that which his predecessors have travelled.

The objections made to notes are founded rather on the abuse than the proper use of them. Gibbon only wished to remove his own to the end of his volume; though in this we think he erred, from the difficulty and frequent disappointment which the reader must have experienced in consulting them—a disappointment of little moment when unattended by difficulty. But Gibbon knew too well the worth of this part of his labours to him to wish to discard them altogether. He knew his reputation stood on them as intimately as on his narrative. Indeed, they supply a body of criticism, and well-selected, well-digested learning, which of itself would make the reputation of any scholar. Many accomplished writers, however, and Mr. Bancroft among the number, have come to a different conclusion; and he has formed his, probably, with deliberation, having made the experiment in both forms.

It is true, the fulness of the extracts from original sources with which his text is inlaid, giving such life and presence to it, and the frequency of his references, supersede much of the necessity of notes. We should have been very glad of one, however, of the kind we are speaking of, at the close of his expedition of La Salle.

We have no room for the discussion of the topics in the next chapter, relating to the hostilities for the acquisition of colonial territory between France and England, each of them pledged to the same system of commercial monopoly, but must pass to the author's account of the aborigines east of the Mississippi. In this division of his subject he brings into view the geographical positions of the numerous tribes, their languages, social institutions, religious faith, and probable origin. All these copious topics are brought within the compass of a hundred pages; arranged with great harmony, and exhibited with perspicuity and singular richness of expression. It is, on the whole, the most elaborate and finished portion of the volume.

His remarks on the localities of the tribes, instead of a barren muster-roll of names, are constantly enlivened by picturesque details connected with their situation. His strictures on their various languages are conceived in philosophical spirit. The subject is one that has already employed the pens of the ablest philologists in this country, among whom it is only necessary to mention the names of Du Ponceau, Pickering, and Gallatin. Our author has evidently bestowed much labour and thought on the topic. He examines the peculiar structure of the languages, which, though radically different, bear a common resemblance in their compounded and synthetic organization. He has omitted to notice the singular exception to the polysynthetic formation of the Indian languages presented by the Otomis, which has afforded a Mexican philologist so ingenious a parallel in its structure with the Chinese. Mr. Bancroft concludes his review of them by admitting the copiousness of their combinations, and by inferring that this copiousness is no evidence of care and cultivation, but the elementary form of expression of a rude and uncivilized people; in proof of which he cites the example of the partially civilized Indian in accommodating his idiom gradually to the analytic structure of the European languages. May not this be explained by the circumstance that the influence under which he makes this, like his other changes, is itself European? But we pass to a more popular theme—the religious faith of the red man, whose fanciful superstitions are depicted by our author with highly poetical colouring.

"The red man, unaccustomed to generalization, obtained no conception of an

absolute substance, of a self-existent being, but saw a divinity in every power. Wherever there was being, motion, or action, there to him was a spirit; and, in a special manner, wherever there appeared singular excellence among beasts, or birds, or in the creation, there to him was the presence of a divinity. When he feels his pulse throb, or his heart beat, he knows that it is a spirit. A god resides in the flint, to give forth the kindling, cheering fire; a spirit resides in the mountain cliff; a spirit makes its abode in the cool recesses of the grottoes which nature has adorned; a god dwells in each 'little grass' that springs miraculously from the earth. 'The woods, the wilds, and the waters respond to savage intelligence; the stars and the mountains live; the river, and the lake, and the waves have a spirit.' Every hidden agency, every mysterious influence, is personified. A god dwells in the sun, and in the moon, and in the firmament; the spirit of the morning reddens in the eastern sky; a deity is present in the ocean and in the fire; the crag that overhangs the river has its genius; there is a spirit to the waterfall; a household god dwells in the Indian's wigwam, and consecrates his home; spirits climb upon the forehead to weigh down the eyelids in sleep. Not the heavenly bodies only, the sky is filled with spirits that minister to man. To the savage, divinity, broken, as it were, into an infinite number of fragments, fills all place and all being. The idea of unity in the creation may exist contemporaneously, but it existed only in the germ, or as a vague belief derived from the harmony of the universe. Yet faith in the Great Spirit, when once presented, was promptly seized and appropriated, and so infused itself into the heart of remotest tribes, that it came to be often considered as a portion of their original faith. Their shadowy aspirations and creeds assumed, through the reports of missionaries, a more complete development, and a religious system was elicited from the pregnant but rude materials."—*Ibid.* pp. 285, 286.

The following pictures of the fate of the Indian infant, and the shadowy pleasures of the land of spirits, have also much tenderness and beauty:

"The same motive prompted them to bury with the warrior his pipe and his manitou, his tomahawk, quiver, and bow ready bent for action, and his most splendid apparel; to place by his side his bowl, his maize, and his venison, for the long journey to the country of his ancestors. Festivals in honour of the dead were also frequent, when a part of the food was given to the flames, that so it might serve to nourish the departed. The traveller would find in the forests a dead body placed on a scaffold erected upon piles, carefully wrapped in bark for its shroud, and attired in warmest furs. If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it with bark, and envelop it anxiously in the softest beaver-skins; at the burial place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads, and its rattles; and, as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment on its solitary journey to the land of shades. Yet the new-born babe would be buried, not, as usual, on a scaffold, but by the wayside, that so its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron, and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow-shoes, and beads, and moccasins only, but (sad emblem of woman's lot in the wilderness!) the carrying-belt and the paddle. 'I know my daughter will be restored to me,' she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial; 'by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me;' alluding to the day when she too, with her carrying-belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child, should pass through the grave to the dwelling-place of her ancestors."

"The faith, as well as the sympathies of the savage, descended also to inferior things. Of each kind of animal they say there exists one, the source and origin of all, of a vast size, the type and original of the whole class. From the immense invisible beaver come all the beavers, by whatever run of

water they are found ; the same is true of the elk and buffalo, of the eagle and robin, of the meanest quadruped of the forest, of the smallest insect that buzzes in the air. There lives for each class of animal this invisible, vast type, or elder brother. Thus the savage established his right to be classed by philosophers in the rank of Realists, and his chief effort at generalization was a reverent exercise of the religious sentiment. Where these older brothers dwell they do not exactly know ; yet it may be that the giant manitous, which are brothers to beasts, are hid beneath the waters, and that those of the birds make their homes in the blue sky. But the Indian believes also, of each individual animal, that it possesses the mysterious, the indestructible principle of life ; there is not a breathing thing but has its shade, which never can perish. Regarding himself, in comparison with other animals, but as the first among co-ordinate existences, he respects the brute creation, and assigns to it, as to himself, a perpetuity of being. 'The ancients of these lands believed that the warrior, when released from life, renews the passions and activity of this world ; is seated once more among his friends ; shares again the joyous feast ; walks through shadowy forests, that are alive with the spirits of birds ; and there, in his paradise,—

“ ‘By midnight moons, o’er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues—
The hunter and the deer a shade.’ ”

Ibid. pp. 295, 298.

At the close of this chapter the historian grapples with the much-vexed question respecting the origin of the aborigines—that *pons asinorum* which has called forth so much sense and nonsense on both sides of the water, and will continue to do so as long as a new relic or unknown hieroglyphic shall turn up to irritate the nerves of the antiquary.

Mr. Bancroft passes briefly in review the several arguments adduced in favour of the connection with Eastern Asia. He lays no stress on the affinity of languages, or of customs and religious notions, considering these as spontaneous expressions of similar ideas and wants in similar conditions of society. He attaches as little value to the resemblance established by Humboldt between the signs of the Mexican calendar and those of the signs of the zodiac in Thibet and Tartary ; and, as for the far-famed Dighton Rock, and the learned lucubrations thereon, he sets them down as so much moonshine, pronouncing the characters Algonquin. The *tumuli*—the great tumuli of the West—he regards as the work of no mortal hand, except so far as they have been excavated for a sepulchral purpose. He admits, however, vestiges of a migratory movement on our continent, from the north-east to the south-west ; shows very satisfactorily, by estimating the distances of the intervening islands, the practicability of a passage in the most ordinary sea-boat from the Asiatic to the American shores in the high latitudes ; and, by a comparison of the Indian and Mongolian skulls, comes to the conclusion that the two races are probably identical in origin. But the epoch of their divergence he places at so remote a period, that the peculiar habits, institutions, and culture of the aborigines must be regarded as all their own—as indigenous. This is the outline of his theory.

By this hypothesis he extricates the question from the embarrassment caused by the ignorance which the aborigines have manifested in the use of iron and milk, known to the Mongol hordes, but which he, of courses, supposes were not known at the time of the migration. This is carrying the exodus back to a far period. But the real objection seems to be that, by thus rejecting all evidence of communication but that founded on anatomical resemblance, he has unnecessarily narrowed the basis on which it rests. The

resemblance between a few specimens of Mongolian and American skulls is a narrow basis, indeed, taken as the only one, for so momentous a theory.

In fact, this particular point of analogy does not strike us as by any means the most powerful of the arguments in favour of a communication with the East, when we consider the small number of the specimens on which it is founded, the great variety of formation in individuals of the same family—some of the specimens approaching even nearer to the Caucasian than the Mongolian—and the very uniform deviation from the latter in the prominence and the greater angularity of the features.

This connection with the East derives, in our judgment, some support, feeble though it be, from affinities of language; but this is a field which remains to be much more fully explored. The analogy is much more striking of certain usages and institutions, particularly of a religious character, and, above all, the mythological traditions which those who have had occasion to look into the Aztec antiquities cannot fail to be struck with. This resemblance is oftentimes in matters so purely arbitrary, that it can hardly be regarded as founded in the constitution of man; so very exact, that it can scarcely be considered as accidental. We give up the Dighton Rock, that rock of offence to so many antiquaries, who may read in it the handwriting of the Phœnicians, Egyptians or Scandinavians, quite as well as anything else. Indeed, the various *fac similes* of it, made for the benefit of the learned, are so different from one another, that, like Sir Hudibras, one may find in it—

“A leash of languages at once.”

We are agreed with our author that it is very good Algonquin. But the zodiac, the Tartar zodiac, which M. de Humboldt has so well shown to resemble in its terms those of the Aztec calendar, we cannot so easily surrender. The striking coincidence established by his investigations between the astronomical signs of the two nations—in a similar corresponding series, moreover, although applied to different uses—is, in our opinion, one of the most powerful arguments yet adduced for the affinity of the two races. Nor is Mr. Bancroft wholly right in supposing that the Asiatic hieroglyphics referred only to the zodiac. Like the Mexican, they also presided over the years, days, and even hours. The strength of evidence, founded on numerous analogies, cannot be shown without going into details, for which there is scarce room in the compass of a separate article, much less in the heel of one. Whichever way we turn, the subject is full of perplexity. It is the sphinx's riddle, and the *Œdipus* must be called from the grave who is to solve it.

In closing our remarks, we must express our satisfaction that the favourable notice we took of Mr. Bancroft's labours on his first appearance has been fully ratified by his countrymen, and that his *Colonial History* establishes his title to a place among the great historical writers of the age. The reader will find the pages of the present volume filled with matter not less interesting and important than the preceding. He will meet with the same brilliant and daring style, the same picturesque sketches of character and incident, the same acute reasoning and compass of erudition.

In the delineation of events Mr. Bancroft has been guided by the spirit of historic faith. Not that it would be difficult to discern the colour of his politics; nor, indeed, would it be possible for any one strongly pledged to any set of principles, whether in politics or religion, to disguise them in the discussion of abstract topics, without being false to himself, and giving a false tone to the picture; but, while he is true to himself, he has an equally imperative duty to perform—to be true to others, to those on whose characters and conduct he sits in judgment as a historian. No pet theory nor party predilections can justify him in swerving one hair's-breadth from truth

in his delineation of the mighty dead, whose portraits he is exhibiting to us on the canvas of history.

Whenever religion is introduced, Mr. Bancroft has shown a commendable spirit of liberality. Catholics and Calvinists, Jesuits, Quakers, and Church-of-England men, are all judged according to their deeds, and not their speculative tenets; and even in the latter particular he generally contrives to find something deserving of admiration, some commendable doctrine or aspiration in most of them. And what Christian sect—we might add what sect of any denomination—is there which has not some beauty of doctrine to admire? Religion is the homage of man to his Creator. The forms in which it is expressed are infinitely various; but they flow from the same source, are directed to the same end, and all claim from the historian the benefit of toleration.

What Mr. Bancroft has done for the colonial history is, after all, but preparation for a richer theme,—the history of the War of Independence; a subject which finds its origin in the remote past, its results in the infinite future; which finds a central point of unity in the ennobling principle of independence, that gives dignity and grandeur to the most petty details of the conflict, and which has its foreground occupied by a single character, to which all others converge as to a centre—the character of Washington, in war, in peace, and in private life, the most sublime on historical record. Happy the writer who shall exhibit this theme worthily to the eyes of his countrymen!

The subject, it is understood, is to engage the attention, also, of Mr. Sparks, whose honourable labours have already associated his name imperishably with our revolutionary period. Let it not be feared that there is not compass enough in the subject for two minds so gifted. The field is too rich to be exhausted by a single crop, and will yield fresh laurels to the skilful hand that shall toil for them. The labours of Hume did not supersede those of Lingard, or Turner, or Mackintosh, or Hallam. The history of the English Revolution has called forth, in our own time, the admirable essays of Mackintosh and Guizot; and the palm of excellence, after the libraries that have been written on the French Revolution, has just been assigned to the dissimilar histories of Mignet and Thiers. The points of view under which a thing may be contemplated are as diversified as mind itself. The most honest inquirers after truth rarely come to precisely the same results, such is the influence of education, prejudice, principle. Truth, indeed, is single, but opinions are infinitely various, and it is only by comparing these opinions together that we can hope to ascertain what is truth.

MADAME CALDERON'S LIFE IN MEXICO.*

JANUARY, 1843.

IN the present age of high literary activity, travellers make not the least importunate demands on public attention, and their lucubrations, under whatever name—Rambles, Notices, Incidents, Pencillings—are nearly as important a staple for the “trade” as novels and romances. A book of travels, formerly, was a very serious affair. The traveller set out on his distant journey with many a solemn preparation, made his will, and bade adieu to his friends like one who might not again return. If he did return, the results were embodied in a respectable folio, or at least quarto, well garnished with cuts, and done up in a solid form which argued that it was no fugitive publication, but destined for posterity.

All this is changed. The voyager nowadays leaves home with as little ceremony and leave-taking as if it were for a morning's drive. He steps into the bark that is to carry him across thousands of miles of ocean with the moral certainty of returning in a fixed week, almost at a particular day. Parties of gentlemen and ladies go whizzing along in their steamships over the track which cost so many weary days to the Argonauts of old, and run over the choicest scenes of classic antiquity, scattered through Europe, Asia, and Africa, in less time than it formerly took to go from one end of the British Isles to the other. The Cape of Good Hope, so long the great stumbling-block to the navigators of Europe, is doubled, or the Red Sea coasted, in the same way by the fashionable tourist—who glides along the shores of Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Bombay, and Hindostan, further than the farthest limits of Alexander's conquests—before the last leaves of the last new novel which he has taken by the way are fairly cut. The facilities of communication have, in fact, so abridged distances, that geography, as we have hitherto studied it, may be said to be entirely reformed. Instead of leagues, we now compute by hours, and we find ourselves next-door neighbours to those whom we had looked upon as at the antipodes.

The consequence of these improvements in the means of intercourse is, that all the world goes abroad, or, at least, one half is turned upon the other. Nations are so mixed up by this process, that they are in some danger of losing their idiosyncrasy; and the Egyptian and the Turk, though they still cling to their religion, are becoming European in their notions and habits more and more every day.

The taste for pilgrimage, however, it must be owned, does not stop with the countries where it can be carried on with such increased facility. It has begotten a nobler spirit of adventure, something akin to what existed in the fifteenth century, when the world was new, or newly discovering, and a navigator who did not take in sail, like the cautious seamen of Knickerbocker, might run down some strange continent in the dark; for, in these

* “Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country. By Madame C—— de la B——.” Boston: Little and Brown. Two vols., 12mo.

times of dandy tourists and travel-mongers, the boldest achievements, that have hitherto defied the most adventurous spirits, have been performed: the Himmaleh Mountains have been scaled, the Niger ascended, the burning heart of Africa penetrated, the icy Arctic and Antarctic explored, and the mysterious monuments of the semi-civilized races of Central America have been thrown open to the public gaze. It is certain that this is a high-pressure age, and every department of science and letters, physical and mental, feels its stimulating influence.

No nation, on the whole, has contributed so largely to these itinerant expeditions as the English. Uneasy, it would seem, at being cooped up in their little isle, they sally forth in all directions, swarming over the cultivated and luxurious countries of the neighbouring continent, or sending out stragglers on other more distant and formidable missions. Whether it be that their soaring spirits are impatient of the narrow quarters which nature has assigned them, or that there exists a supernumerary class of idlers, who, wearied with the monotony of home, and the same dull round of dissipation, seek excitement in strange scenes and adventures; or whether they go abroad for the sunshine, of which they have heard so much but seen so little—whatever be the cause, they furnish a far greater number of tourists than all the world besides. We Americans, indeed, may compete with them in mere locomotion, for our familiarity with magnificent distances at home makes us still more indifferent to them abroad; but this locomotion is generally in the way of business, and the result is rarely shown in a book, unless, indeed, it be the ledger.

Yet John Bull is, on many accounts, less fitted than most of his neighbours for the duties of a traveller. However warm and hospitable in his own home, he has a cold reserve in his exterior, a certain chilling atmosphere, which he carries along with him, that freezes up the sympathies of strangers, and which is only to be completely thawed by long and intimate acquaintance. But the traveller has no time for intimate acquaintances. He must go forward, and trust to his first impressions, for they will also be his last. Unluckily, it rarely falls out that the first impressions of honest John are very favourable. There is too much pride, not to say *hauteur*, in his composition, which, with the best intentions in the world, will show itself in a way not particularly flattering to those who come in contact with him. He goes through a strange nation, treading on all their little irritable prejudices, shocking their self-love and harmless vanities—in short, going against the grain, and roughing up everything by taking it the wrong way. Thus he draws out the bad humours of the people among whom he moves, sees them in their most unamiable and by no means natural aspect—in short, looks on the wrong side of the tapestry. What wonder if his notions are somewhat awry as to what he sees! There are, it is true, distinguished exceptions to all this: English travellers, who cover the warm heart—as warm as it is generally true and manly—under a kind and sometimes cordial manner; but they are the exceptions. The Englishman undoubtedly appears best on his own soil, where his national predilections and prejudices, or at least the intimation of them, are somewhat mitigated in deference to his guest.

Another source of the disqualification of John Bull as a calm and philosophic traveller is the manner in which he has been educated at home; the soft luxuries by which he has been surrounded from his cradle have made luxuries necessities, and, accustomed to perceive all the machinery of life glide along as noiselessly and as swiftly as the foot of Time itself, he becomes morbidly sensitive to every temporary jar or derangement in the working of it. In no country, since the world was made, have all the appliances for more physical and, we may add, intellectual indulgence, been carried to such perfection as in this little island nucleus of civilization. Nowhere can a man get such returns

for his outlay. The whole organization of society is arranged so as to minister to the comforts of the wealthy ; and an Englishman, with the golden talisman in his pocket, can bring about him genii to do his bidding, and transport himself over distances with a thought, almost as easy as if he were the possessor of Aladdin's magic lamp, and the fairy carpet of the Arabian Tales.

When he journeys over his little island, his comforts and luxuries cling as close to him as round his own fireside. He rolls over roads as smooth and well-beaten as those in his own park ; is swept onward by sleek and well-groomed horses, in a carriage as soft and elastic, and quite as showy as his own equipage ; puts up at inns that may vie with his own castle in their comforts and accommodations, and is received by crowds of obsequious servants, more solicitous, probably, even than his own to win his golden smiles. In short, wherever he goes, he may be said to carry with him his castle, park, equipage, establishment. The whole are in movement together. He changes place, indeed, but changes nothing else. For travelling, as it occurs in other lands—hard roads, harder beds, and hardest fare—he knows no more of it than if he had been passing from one wing of his castle to the other.

All this, it must be admitted, is rather an indifferent preparation for a tour on the Continent. Of what avail is it that Paris is the most elegant capital, France the most enlightened country on the European *terra firma*, if one cannot walk in the streets without the risk of being run over for want of a *trottoir*, nor move on the roads without being half smothered in a lumbering vehicle, dragged by ropes, at the rate of five miles an hour ! Of what account are the fine music and paintings, the architecture and art of Italy, when one must shiver by day for want of carpets and sea-coal fires, and be thrown into a fever at night by the active vexations of a still more tormenting kind ? The galled equestrian might as well be expected to feel nothing but raptures and ravishment at the fine scenery through which he is riding. It is probable he will think much more of his own petty hurts than of the beauties of nature. A travelling John Bull, if his skin is not off, is at least so thin-skinned that it is next door to being so.

If the European neighbourhood affords so many means of annoyance to the British traveller, they are incalculably multiplied on this side of the water, and that, too, under circumstances which dispose him still less to charity in his criticisms and constructions. On the Continent he feels he is among strange races, born and bred under different religious and political institutions, and, above all, speaking different languages. He does not necessarily, therefore, measure them by his peculiar standard, but allows them one of their own. The dissimilarity is so great in all the main features of national polity and society, that it is hard to institute a comparison. Whatever be his contempt for the want of progress and perfection in the science of living, he comes to regard them as a distinct race, amenable to different laws, and therefore licensed to indulge in different usages, to a certain extent, from his own. If a man travels in China, he makes up his mind to chop-sticks. If he should go to the moon, he would not be scandalized by seeing people walk with their heads under their arms. He has embarked on a different planet. It is only in things which run parallel to those in his own country that a comparison can be instituted, and charity too often fails where criticism begins.

Unhappily, in America, the Englishman finds these points of comparison forced on him at every step. He lands among a people speaking the same language, professing the same religion, drinking at the same fountains of literature, trained in the same occupations of active life. The towns are built on much the same model with those in his own land. The brick houses, the streets, the "sidewalks," the in-door arrangements, all, in short, are near enough on the same pattern to provoke a comparison. Alas ! for the com-

parison. The cities sink at once into mere provincial towns, the language degenerates into a provincial *patois*, the manners, the fashions, down to the cut of the clothes, and the equipages, all are provincial. The people, the whole nation—as independent as any, certainly, if not, as our orators fondly descant, the best and most enlightened upon earth—dwindle into a mere British colony. The traveller does not seem to understand that he is treading the soil of the New World, where everything is new, where antiquity dates but from yesterday, where the present and the future are all, and the past nothing, where hope is the watchword, and “Go ahead!” the principle of action. He does not comprehend that when he sets foot on such a land, he is no longer to look for old hereditary landmarks, old time-honoured monuments and institutions, old families that have vegetated on the same soil since the Conquest. He must be content to part with the order and something of the decorum incident to an old community, where the ranks are all precisely and punctiliously defined, where the power is deposited by prescriptive right in certain privileged hands, and where the great mass have the careful obsequiousness of dependents, looking for the crumbs that fall.

He is now among a new people, where everything is in movement, all struggling to get forward, and where, though many go adrift in their wild spirit of adventure, and a temporary check may be sometimes felt by all, the great mass still advances. He is landed on a hemisphere where fortunes are to be made, and men are employed in getting, not in spending—i. difference which explains so many of the discrepancies between the structure of our own society and habits and those of the Old World. To know how to spend is itself a science; and the science of spending and that of getting are rarely held by the same hand.

In such a state of things, the whole arrangement of society, notwithstanding the apparent resemblance to that in his own country, and its real resemblance in minor points, is reversed. The rich proprietor, who does nothing but fatten on his rents, is no longer at the head of the scale, as in the Old World. The man of enterprise takes the lead in a bustling community, where action and progress, or at least change, are the very conditions of existence. The upper classes—if the term can be used in a complete democracy—have not the luxurious finish and accommodations to be found in the other hemisphere. The humbler classes have not the poverty-stricken, cringing spirit of hopeless inferiority. The pillar of society, if it want the Corinthian capital, wants also the heavy and superfluous base. Every man not only professes to be, but is practically, on a footing of equality with his neighbour. The traveller must not expect to meet here the deference, or even the courtesies which grow out of distinction of castes. This is an awkward dilemma for one whose nerves have never been jarred by contact with the *profane*; who has never been tossed about in the rough and tumble of humanity. It is little to him that the poorest child in the community learns how to read and write; that the poorest man can have—what Henry the Fourth so good-naturedly wished for the humblest of his subjects—a fowl in his pot every day for his dinner; that no one is so low but that he may aspire to all the rights of his fellow-men, and find an open theatre on which to display his own peculiar talents.

As the tourist strikes into the interior, difficulties of all sorts multiply, incident to a raw and unformed country. The comparison with the high civilization at home becomes more and more unfavourable, as he is made to feel that in this land of promise it must be long before promise can become the performance of the Old World. And yet, if he would look beyond the surface, he would see that much here too has been performed, however much may be wanting. He would see lands over which the wild Indian roamed as a hunting-ground, teeming with harvests for the consumption of millions at

home and abroad ; forests, which have shot up, ripened, and decayed on the same spot ever since the creation, now swept away to make room for towns and villages, thronged with an industrious population ; rivers, which rolled on in their solitudes, undisturbed except by the wandering bark of the savage, now broken and dimpled by hundreds of steamboats, freighted with the rich tribute of a country rescued from the wilderness. He would not expect to meet the careful courtesies of polished society in the pioneers of civilization, whose mission has been to recover the great continent from the bear and the buffalo. He would have some charity for their ignorance of the latest fashions of Bond-street, and their departure, sometimes, even from what, in the Old Country, is considered as the decorum, and it may be, decencies of life. But not so ; his heart turns back to his own land, and closes against the rude scenes around him ; for he finds here none of the soft graces of cultivation, or the hallowed memorials of an early civilization ; no grey, weather-beaten cathedrals, telling of the Normans ; no Gothic churches in their groves of venerable oaks ; no moss-covered cemeteries, in which the dust of his fathers has been gathered since the time of the Plantagenets ; no rural cottages, half-smothered with roses and honeysuckles, intimating that even in the most humble abodes the taste for the beautiful has found its way ; no trim gardens, and fields blossoming with hawthorn hedges and miniature culture ; no ring-fences, enclosing well-shaven lawns, woods so disposed as to form a picture of themselves, bright threads of silvery water, and sparkling fountains. All these are wanting, and his eyes turn with disgust from the wild and rugged features of nature, and all her rough accompaniments—from man almost as wild ; and his heart sickens as he thinks of his own land, and all its scenes of beauty. He thinks not of the poor, who leave that land for want of bread, and find in this a kindly welcome, and the means of independence and advancement which their own denies them.

He goes on, if he be a splenetic Sinbad, discharging his sour bile on everybody that he comes in contact with, thus producing an amiable ripple in the current as he proceeds, that adds marvellously, no doubt, to his own quiet and personal comfort. If he have a true merry vein and hearty good nature, he gets on, laughing sometimes in his sleeve at others, and cracking his jokes on the unlucky pate of Brother Jonathan, who, if he is not very silly—which he very often is—laughs too, and joins in the jest, though it may be somewhat at his own expense. It matters little whether the tourist be Whig or Tory in his own land ; if the latter, he returns, probably, ten times the Conservative that he was when he left it. If Whig, or even Radical, it matters not ; his loyalty waxes warmer and warmer with every step of his progress among the Republicans ; and he finds that practical democracy, shouldering and elbowing its neighbours as it “goes ahead,” is no more like the democracy which he has been accustomed to admire in theory, than the real machinery, with its smell, smoke, and clatter, under full operation, is like the pretty toy which he sees as a model in the Patent Office at Washington.

There seems to be no people better constituted for travellers, at least for recording their travelling experiences, than the French. There is a mixture of frivolity and philosophy in their composition which is admirably suited to the exigencies of their situation. They mingle readily with all classes and races, discarding for the time their own nationality—at least their national antipathies. Their pleasant vanity fills them with the desire of pleasing others, which most kindly reacts by their being themselves pleased :

“Pleased with himself, whom all the world can please.”

The Frenchman can even so far accommodate himself to habits alien to his own, that he can tolerate those of the savages themselves, and enter into a

sort of fellowship with them, without either party altogether discarding his national tastes and propensities. It is Chateaubriand, if we are not mistaken, who relates that, wandering in the solitudes of the American wilderness, his ears were most unexpectedly saluted by the sounds of a violin. He had little doubt that one of his own countrymen must be at hand; and in a wretched enclosure he found one of them, sure enough, teaching *Messieurs les sauvages* to dance. It is certain that this spirit of accommodation to the wild habits of their copper-coloured friends gave the French traders and missionaries formerly an ascendancy over the aborigines which was never obtained by any other of the white men.

The most comprehensive and truly philosophic work on the genius and institutions of this country, the best exposition of its social phenomena, its present condition, and probable future, are to be found in the pages of a Frenchman. It is in the French language, too, that by far the greatest work has been produced on the great Southern portion of our continent, once comprehended under New Spain.

To write a book of travels seems to most people to require as little preliminary preparation as to write a letter. One has only to jump into a coach, embark on board a steamboat, minute down his flying experiences and hair-breadth escapes, the aspect of the country as seen from the interior of a crowded *diligence* or a vanishing rail-car, note the charges of the landlords, and the quality of the fare, a dinner or two at the minister's, the last new play or opera at the theatre, and the affair is done. It is very easy to do this, certainly; very easy to make a bad book of travels, but by no means easy to make a good one. This requires as many and various qualifications as to make any other good book; qualifications which must vary with the character of the country one is to visit. Thus, for instance, it requires a very different preparation and stock of accomplishments to make the tour of Italy, its studios and its galleries of art, or of Egypt, with its immortal pyramids and mighty relics of a primeval age, the great cemetery of antiquity, from what it does to travel understandingly in our own land, a new creation, as it were, without monuments, without arts, where the only study of the traveller—the noblest of all studies, it is true—is man. The inattention to this difference of preparation, demanded by different places, has led many a clever writer to make a very worthless book, which would have been remedied had he consulted his own qualifications instead of taking the casual direction of the first steamboat or mail-coach that lay in his way.

There is no country more difficult to discuss in all its multiform aspects than Mexico, or, rather, the wide region once comprehended under the name of New Spain. Its various climates, bringing to perfection the vegetable products of the most distant latitudes; its astonishing fruitfulness in its lower regions, and its curse of barrenness over many a broad acre of its plateau; its inexhaustible mines, that have flooded the Old World with an ocean of silver, such as Columbus in his wildest visions never dreamed of—and, unhappily, by a hard mischance, never lived to realize himself; its picturesque landscape, where the volcanic fire gleams amid wastes of eternal snow, and a few hours carry the traveller from the hot regions of the lemon and the cocoa to the wintry solitudes of the mountain fir; its motley population, made up of Indians, old Spaniards, modern Mexicans, *mestizos*, mulattoes, and *zambos*; its cities built in the clouds; its lakes of salt water, hundreds of miles from the ocean; its people, with their wild and variegated costume, in keeping, as we may say, with its extraordinary scenery; its stately palaces, half-furnished, where services of gold and silver plate load the tables in rooms without a carpet, while the red dust of the bricks soils the diamond-sprinkled robes of the dancer; the costly attire of its higher classes, blazing with pearls and jewels; the tawdry magnificence of its equipages, saddles inlaid with gold,

bits and stirrups of massy silver, all executed in the clumsiest style of workmanship; its lower classes—the men with their jackets glittering with silver buttons, and rolls of silver tinsel round their caps; the women with petticoats fringed with lace, and white satin shoes on feet unprotected by a stocking; its high-born fair ones crowding to the cock-pit, and solacing themselves with the fumes of a cigar; its churches and convents, in which all those sombre rules of monastic life are maintained in their primitive rigour, which have died away before the liberal spirit of the age on the other side of the water; its swarms of *léperos*, the *lazzaroni* of the land; its hordes of almost legalized banditti, who stalk openly in the streets, and render the presence of an armed escort necessary to secure a safe drive into the environs of the capital; its whole structure of society, in which a republican form is thrown over institutions as aristocratic, and castes as nicely defined, as in any monarchy of Europe; in short, its marvellous inconsistencies and contrasts in climate, character of the people, and face of the land—so marvellous as, we trust, to excuse the unprecedented length of this sentence—undoubtedly make modern Mexico one of the most prolific, original, and difficult themes for the study of the traveller.

Yet this great theme has found in Humboldt a writer of strength sufficient to grapple with it in nearly all its relations. While yet a young man, or, at least, while his physical as well as mental energies were in their meridian, he came over to this country with an enthusiasm for science which was only heightened by obstacles, and with stores of it already accumulated that enabled him to detect the nature of every new object that came under his eye, and arrange it in its proper class. With his scientific instruments in his hand, he might be seen scaling the snow-covered peaks of the Cordilleras, or diving into their unfathomable caverns of silver; now wandering through their dark forests in search of new specimens for his herbarium, now coasting the stormy shores of the Gulf, and penetrating its unhealthy streams, jotting down every landmark that might serve to guide the future navigator, or surveying the crested Isthmus in search of a practicable communication between the great seas on its borders, and then, again, patiently studying the monuments and manuscripts of the Aztecs in the capital, or mingling with the wealth and fashion in its saloons; frequenting every place, in short, and everywhere at home:

“Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, . . . omnia novit.”

The whole range of these various topics is brought under review in his pages, and on all he sheds a ray, sometimes a flood of light. His rational philosophy, content rather to doubt than to decide, points out the track which other adventurous spirits may follow up with advantage. No antiquary has done so much towards determining the original hives of the semi-civilized races of the Mexican plateau. No one, not even of the Spaniards, has brought together such an important mass of information in respect to the resources, natural products, and statistics generally, of New Spain. His explorations have identified more than one locality, and illustrated more than one curious monument of the people of Anahuac, which had baffled the inquiries of native antiquaries; and his work, while embodying the results of profound scholarship and art, is at the same time, in many respects, the very best *manual du voyageur*, and, as such, has been most freely used by subsequent tourists. It is true, his pages are sometimes disfigured by pedantry, ambitious display, learned obscurity, and other affectations of the man of letters. But what human work is without its blemishes? His various writings on the subject of New Spain, taken collectively, are one of those monuments which may be selected to show the progress of the species. Their author reminds us of one of the ancient

athletæ, who descended into the arena to hurl the discus with a giant arm, that distanced every cast of his contemporaries.

There is one branch of his fruitful subject which M. de Humboldt has not exhausted, and, indeed, has but briefly touched on. This is the social condition of the country, especially as found in its picturesque capital. This has been discussed by subsequent travellers more fully, and Ward, Bullock, Lyons, Poinsett, Tudor, Latrobe, have all produced works which have for their object, more or less, the social habits and manners of the people. With most of them this is not the prominent object: and others of them, probably, have found obstacles in effecting it, to any great extent, from an imperfect knowledge of the language—the golden key to the sympathies of a people—without which a traveller is as much at fault as a man without an eye for colour in a picture-gallery, or an ear for music at a concert. He may see and hear, indeed, in both, but *cui bono*? The traveller, ignorant of the language of the nation whom he visits, may descant on the scenery, the roads, the architecture, the outside of things, the rates and distances of posting, the dress of the people in the streets, and may possibly meet a native or two, half denaturalized, kept to dine with strangers at his banker's. But as to the interior mechanism of society, its secret sympathies, and familiar tone of thinking and feeling, he can know no more than he could of the contents of a library by running over the titles of strange and unknown authors packed together on the shelves.

It was to supply this deficiency that the work before us, no doubt, was given to the public, and it was composed under circumstances that afforded every possible advantage and facility to its author. Although the initials only of the name are given in the title-page, yet, from these and certain less equivocal passages in the body of the work, it requires no *Œllipus* to divine that the author is the wife of the Chevalier Calderon de la Barca, well known in this country during his long residence as Spanish minister at Washington, where his amiable manners and high personal qualities secured him general respect, and the regard of all who knew him. On the recognition of the independence of Mexico by the mother country, Señor Calderon was selected to fill the office of the first Spanish envoy to the republic. It was a delicate mission after so long an estrangement, and it was hailed by the Mexicans with every demonstration of pride and satisfaction. Though twenty years had elapsed since they had established their independence, yet they felt as a wayward son may feel, who, having absconded from the paternal roof and set up for himself, still looks back to it with a sort of reverence, and, in the plenitude of his prosperity, still feels the want of the parental benediction. We, who cast off our allegiance in a similar way, can comprehend the feeling. The new minister, from the moment of his setting foot on the Mexican shore, was greeted with an enthusiasm which attested the popular feeling, and his presence in the capital was celebrated by theatrical exhibitions, bull-fights, illuminations, *fêtes* public and private, and every possible demonstration of respect for the new envoy and the country who sent him. His position secured him access to every place of interest to an intelligent stranger, and introduced him into the most intimate recesses of society, from which the stranger is commonly excluded, and to which, indeed, none but a Spaniard could, under any circumstances, have been admitted. Fortunately, the minister possessed, in the person of his accomplished wife, one who had both the leisure and the talent to profit by these uncommon opportunities; and the result is given in the work before us, consisting of letters to her family, which, it seems, since her return to the United States, have been gathered together and prepared for publication.*

* The analysis of the work, with several pages of extracts from it, is here omitted, as containing nothing that is not already familiar to the English reader.

The present volumes make no pretensions to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge in respect to the mineral products of the country, its geography, its statistics, or, in short, to physical or political science. These topics have been treated with more or less depth by the various travellers who have written since the great publications of Humboldt. We have had occasion to become tolerably well acquainted with their productions; and we may safely assert, that for spirited portraiture of society—a society unlike anything existing in the Old World or the New—for picturesque delineation of scenery, for richness of illustration and anecdote, and for the fascinating graces of style, no one of them is to be compared with *Life in Mexico*.

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M O L I E R E.*

OCTOBER, 1828.

THE French surpass every other nation, indeed, all the other nations of Europe put together, in the amount and excellence of their memoirs. Whence comes this manifest superiority? The important collection relating to the history of France, commencing as early as the thirteenth century, forms a basis of civil history, more authentic, circumstantial, and satisfactory to an intelligent inquirer, than is to be found among any other people; and the multitude of biographies, personal anecdotes, and similar scattered notices, which have appeared in France during the two last centuries, throw a flood of light on the social habits and general civilization of the period in which they were written. The Italian histories (and every considerable city in Italy, says Tiraboschi, had its historian as early as the thirteenth century) are fruitful only in wars, massacres, treasonable conspiracies, or diplomatic intrigues, matters that affect the tranquillity of the state. The rich body of Spanish chronicles, which maintain an unbroken succession from the reign of Alphonso the Wise to that of Philip the Second, are scarcely more personal or interesting in their details, unless it be in reference to the sovereign and his immediate court. Even the English, in their memoirs and autobiographies of the last century, are too exclusively confined to topics of public notoriety, as the only subject worthy of record, or which can excite a general interest in their readers. Not so with the French. The most frivolous details assume in their eyes an importance, when they can be made illustrative of an eminent character; and even when they concern one of less note, they become sufficiently interesting, as just pictures of life and manners. Hence, instead of exhibiting their hero only as he appears on the great theatre, they carry us along with him into retirement, or into those social circles where, stripped of his masquerade dress, he can indulge in all the natural gaiety of his heart—in those frivolities and follies which display the real character much better than all his premeditated wisdom; those little nothings, which make up so much of the sum of French memoirs, but which, however amusing, are apt to be discarded by their more serious English neighbours, as something derogatory to their hero. Where shall we find a more lively portraiture of that interesting period, when feudal barbarism began to fade away before the civilized institutions of modern times, than in Philip de Comines' sketches of the courts of France and Burgundy in the latter half of the fifteenth century? Where a more nice development of the fashionable intrigues, the corrupt Machiavelian politics which animated the little coteries, male and female, of Paris, under the regency of Anne of Austria, than in the Memoirs of De Retz? To say nothing of the vast amount of similar contributions in France during the last century, which, in the shape of letters and anecdotes, as well as memoirs, have made us as intimately acquainted with the internal movements of society in Paris, under all its aspects, literary, fashionable, and political, as if they had passed in review before our own eyes.

* "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière. Par J. Taschereau." Paris, 1825.

The French have been remarked for their excellence in narrative ever since the times of the *fabliaux* and the old Norman romances. Somewhat of their success in this way may be imputed to the structure of their language, whose general currency, and whose peculiar fitness for prose composition, have been noticed from a very early period. Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his *Tesoro* in French, in preference to his own tongue, as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, on the ground "that its speech was the most universal and most delectable of all the dialects of Europe." And Dante asserts, in his treatise on *Vulgar Eloquence*, that "the superiority of the French consists in its adaptation, by means of its facility and agreeableness, to narratives in prose." Much of the wild, artless grace, the *naïveté*, which characterized it in its infancy, has been gradually polished away by fastidious critics, and can scarcely be said to have survived Marot and Montaigne. But the language has gained considerably in perspicuity, precision, and simplicity of construction, to which the jealous labours of the French Academy must be admitted to have contributed essentially. This simplicity of construction, refusing those complicated inversions so usual in the other languages of the Continent, and its total want of prosody, though fatal to poetical purposes, have greatly facilitated its acquisition to foreigners, and have made it a most suitable vehicle for conversation. Since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, accordingly, it has become the language of the courts, and the popular medium of communication in most of the countries of Europe. Since that period, too, it has acquired a number of elegant phrases and familiar turns of expression, which have admirably fitted it for light, popular narrative, like that which enters into memoirs, letter-writing, and similar kinds of composition.

The character and situation of the writers themselves may account still better for the success of the French in this department. Many of them, as Joinville, Sully, Comines, De Thou, Rochefoucault, Torey, have been men of rank and education, the counsellors or the friends of princes, acquiring from experience a shrewd perception of the character and of the forms of society. Most of them have been familiarized in those polite circles which, in Paris more than any other capital, seem to combine the love of dissipation and fashion with a high relish for intellectual pursuits. The state of society in France, or, what is the same thing, in Paris, is admirably suited to the purposes of the memoir-writer. The cheerful gregarious temper of the inhabitants, which mingles all ranks in the common pursuit of pleasure; the external polish, which scarcely deserts them in the commission of the grossest violence; the influence of the women, during the last two centuries far superior to that of the sex among any other people, and exercised alike on matters of taste, politics, and letters; the gallantry and licentious intrigues so usual in the higher classes of this gay metropolis, and which fill even the life of a man of letters, so stagnant in every other country, with stirring and romantic adventure; all these, we say, make up a rich and varied panorama, that can hardly fail of interest under the hand of the most common artist.

Lastly, the vanity of the French may be considered as another cause of their success in this kind of writing; a vanity which leads them to disclose a thousand amusing particulars which the reserve of an Englishman, and perhaps his pride, would discard as altogether unsuitable to the public ear. This vanity, it must be confessed, however, has occasionally seduced their writers, under the garb of confessions and secret memoirs, to make such a disgusting exposure of human infirmity as few men would be willing to admit, even to themselves.

The best memoirs of late produced in France seem to have assumed somewhat of a novel shape. While they are written with the usual freedom and vivacity, they are fortified by a body of references and illustrations that attest an unwonted degree of elaboration and research. Such are those of Rousseau,

La Fontaine, and Molière, lately published. The last of these, which forms the subject of our article, is a compilation of all that has ever been recorded of the life of Molière. It is executed, in an agreeable manner, and has the merit of examining, with more accuracy than has been hitherto done, certain doubtful points in his biography, and of assembling together in a convenient form what has before been diffused over a great variety of surface. But, however familiar most of these particulars may be to the countrymen of Molière (by far the greatest comic genius in his own nation, and, in very many respects, inferior to none in any other), they are not so current elsewhere as to lead us to imagine that some account of his life and literary labours would be altogether unacceptable to our readers.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin (Molière) was born in Paris, January 15, 1622. His father was an upholsterer, as his grandfather had been before him : and the young Poquelin was destined to exercise the same hereditary craft, to which, indeed, he served an apprenticeship until the age of fourteen. In this determination his father was confirmed by the office which he had obtained for himself, in connection with his original vocation of *valet de chambre* to the king, with the promise of a reversion of it to his son on his own decease. The youth accordingly received only such a meagre elementary education as was usual with the artisans of that day. But a secret consciousness of his own powers convinced him that he was destined by nature for higher purposes than that of quilting sofas and hanging tapestry. His occasional presence at the theatrical representations of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* is said also to have awakened in his mind, at this period, a passion for the drama. He therefore solicited his father to assist him in obtaining more liberal instruction ; and when the latter at length yielded to the repeated entreaties of his son, it was with the reluctance of one who imagines that he is spoiling a good mechanic in order to make a poor scholar. He was accordingly introduced into the Jesuits' College of Clermont, where he followed the usual course of study for five years with diligence and credit. He was fortunate enough to pursue the study of philosophy under the direction of the celebrated Gassendi, with his fellow-pupils, Chapelle the poet, afterward his intimate friend, and Bernier, so famous subsequently for his travels in the East, but who, on his return, had the misfortune to lose the favour of Louis the Fourteenth by replying to him, that "of all the countries he had ever seen, he preferred Switzerland."

On the completion of his studies in 1641, he was required to accompany the king, then Louis the Thirteenth, in his capacity of *valet de chambre* (his father being detained in Paris by his infirmities), on an excursion to the south of France. This journey afforded him the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the habits of the court, as well as those of the provinces, of which he afterwards so repeatedly availed himself in his comedies. On his return he commenced the study of the law, and had completed it, it would appear, when his old passion for the theatre revived with increased ardour, and, after some hesitation, he determined no longer to withstand the decided impulse of his genius. He associated himself with one of those city companies of players with which Paris had swarmed since the days of Richelieu—a minister who aspired after the same empire in the republic of letters which he had so long maintained over the state, and whose ostentatious patronage eminently contributed to develop that taste for dramatic exhibition which has distinguished his countrymen ever since.

The consternation of the elder Poquelin, on receiving the intelligence of his son's unexpected determination, may be readily conceived. It blasted at once all the fair promise which the rapid progress the latter had made in his studies justified him in forming, and it degraded him to an unfortunate profession, esteemed at that time even more lightly in France than it has been in other

countries. The humiliating dependence of the comedian on the popular favour, the daily exposure of his person to the caprice and insults of an unfeeling audience, the numerous temptations incident to his precarious and unsettled life, may furnish abundant objections to this profession in the mind of every parent. But in France, to all these objections were superadded others of a graver cast, founded on religion. The clergy there, alarmed at the rapidly increasing taste for dramatic exhibitions, openly denounced these elegant recreations as an insult to the Deity; and the pious father anticipated, in this preference of his son, his spiritual no less than his temporal perdition. He actually made an earnest remonstrance to him to this effect, through the intervention of one of his friends, who, however, instead of converting the youth, was himself persuaded to join the company then organizing under his direction. But his family were never reconciled to his proceeding; and even at a later period of his life, when his splendid successes in his new career had shown how rightly he had understood the character of his own genius, they never condescended to avail themselves of the freedom of admission to his theatre, which he repeatedly proffered. M. Bret, his editor, also informs us, that he had himself seen a genealogical tree in the possession of the descendants of this same family, in which the name of Molière was not even admitted! Unless it were to trace their connection with so illustrious a name, what could such a family want of a genealogical tree? It was from a deference to these scruples that our hero annexed to his patronymic the name of Molière, by which alone he has been recognized by posterity.

During the three following years he continued playing in Paris, until the turbulent regency of Anne of Austria withdrew the attention of the people from the quiet pleasures of the drama to those of civil broil and tumult. Molière then quitted the capital for the south of France. From this period, 1646 to 1658, his history presents few particulars worthy of record. He wandered with his company through the different provinces, writing a few farces, which have long since perished, performing at the principal cities, and wherever he went, by his superior talent withdrawing the crowd from every other spectacle to the exhibition of his own. During this period, too, he was busily storing his mind with those nice observations of men and manners so essential to the success of the dramatist, and which were to ripen there until a proper time for their development should arrive. At the town of Pezénas they still show an elbow-chair of Molière's (as at Montpellier they show the gown of Rabelais), in which the poet, it is said, ensconced in a corner of a barber's shop, would sit for the hour together, silently watching the air, gestures, and grimaces of the village politicians, who, in those days, before coffee-houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original draughts of character from the middling and lower classes with which his pieces everywhere abound.

In the south of France he met with the Prince of Conti, with whom he had contracted a friendship at the college of Clermont, and who received him with great hospitality. The prince pressed upon him the office of his private secretary; but, fortunately for letters, Molière was constant in his devotion to the drama, assigning as his reason that "the occupation was of too serious a complexion to suit his taste; and that, though he might make a passable author, he should make a very poor secretary." Perhaps he was influenced in this refusal, also, by the fate of the preceding incumbent, who had lately died of a fever, in consequence of a blow from the fire-tongs, which his highness, in a fit of ill humour, had given him on the temple. However this may be, it was owing to the good offices of the prince that he obtained access to Monsieur, the only brother of Louis the Fourteenth, and father of the celebrated regent, Philip of Orleans, who, on his return to Paris in 1658, introduced him

to the king, before whom, in the month of October following, he was allowed, with his company, to perform a tragedy of Corneille's and one of his own farces.

His little corps was now permitted to establish itself under the title of the "Company of Monsieur," and the theatre of the Petit-Bourbon was assigned as the place for its performances. Here, in the course of a few weeks, he brought out his *Etourdi* and *Le Dépit Amoureux*, comedies in verse, and in five acts, which he had composed during his provincial pilgrimage, and which, although deficient in an artful *liaison* of scenes, and in probability of incident, exhibit, particularly the last, those fine touches of the ridiculous which revealed the future author of the *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope*. They indeed found greater favour with the audience than some his later pieces; for in the former they could only compare him with the wretched models that had preceded him, while in the latter they were to compare him with himself.

In the ensuing year Molière exhibited his celebrated farce of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*; a piece in only one act, but which, by its inimitable satire, effected such a revolution in the literary taste of his countrymen as has been accomplished by few works of a more imposing form, and which may be considered as the basis of the dramatic glory of Molière, and the dawn of good comedy in France. This epoch was the commencement of that brilliant period in French literature which is so well known as the age of Louis the Fourteenth; and yet it was distinguished by such a puerile, meretricious taste as is rarely to be met with except in the incipient stages of civilization, or in its last decline. The cause of this melancholy perversion of intellect is mainly imputable to the influence of a certain coterie of wits, whose rank, talents, and successful authorship had authorized them, in measure, to set up as the arbiters of taste and fashion. This choice assembly, consisting of splenetic Rochefoucault; the *bel-esprit* Voiture; Balzac, whose letters afford the earliest example of numbers in French prose; the lively and licentious Bussy; Rabutin; Chapelain, who, as a wit has observed, might still have had a reputation had it not been for his *Pucelle*; the poet Bensérade; Ménage, and others of less note; together with such eminent women as Madame Lafayette, Mademoiselle Scudéri (whose eternal romances, the delight of her own age, have been the despair of every other), and even the elegant Sévigné was accustomed to hold its *réunions*, principally at the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, the residence of the marchioness of that name, and which, from this circumstance, has acquired such ill-omened notoriety in the history of letters.

Here they were wont to hold the most solemn discussions on the most frivolous topics, but especially on matters relating to gallantry and love, which they debated with all the subtlety and metaphysical refinement that centuries before had characterized the romantic Courts of Love in the south of France. All this was conducted in an affected jargon, in which the most common things, instead of being called by their usual names, were signified by ridiculous periphrases; which, while it required neither wit nor ingenuity to invent them, could have had no other merit, even in their own eyes, than that of being unintelligible to the vulgar. To this was superadded a tone of exaggerated sentiment, and a ridiculous code of etiquette, by which the intercourse of these *exclusives* was to be regulated with each other, all borrowed from the absurd romances of Calprenède and Scudéri. Even the names of the parties underwent a metamorphosis, and Madame de Rambouillet's Christian name of *Catherine* being found too trite and unpoetical, was converted into *Arthénice*, by which she was so generally recognized as to be designated by it in Fléchier's eloquent funeral oration on her daughter.* These insipid affecta-

* How comes La Harpe to fall into the error of supposing that Fléchier referred to Madame Montausier by this epithet of *Arthénice*? The Bishop's style in this passage is as unequivocal as usual.—See *Cours de Littérature*, &c. tome vi. p. 167.

tions, which French critics are fond of imputing to an Italian influence, savour quite as much of the Spanish *cultismo* as of the *conceits* of the former nation, and may be yet more fairly referred to the same false principles of taste which distinguished the French Pleiades of the sixteenth century, and the more ancient compositions of their Provençal ancestors. Dictionaries were compiled, and treatises written, illustrative of this precious vocabulary; all were desirous of being initiated into the mysteries of so elegant a science: even such men as Corneille and Bosquet did not disdain to frequent the saloons where it was studied; the spirit of imitation, more active in France than in any other countries, took possession of the provinces; every village had its coterie of *précieuses*, after the fashion of the capital, and a false taste and criticism threatened to infect the very sources of pure and healthful literature.

It was against this fashionable corruption that Molière aimed his wit in the little satire of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, in which the valets of two noblemen are represented as aping their masters' tone of conversation, for the purpose of imposing on two young ladies fresh from the provinces, and great admirers of the new style. The absurdity of these affectations is still more strongly relieved by the contemptuous incredulity of the father and servant, who do not comprehend a word of them. By this process Molière succeeded both in exposing and degrading these absurd pretensions, as he showed how opposite they were to common sense, and how easily they were to be acquired by the most vulgar minds. The success was such as might have been anticipated on an appeal to popular feeling, where nature must always triumph over the arts of affectation. The piece was welcomed with enthusiastic applause, and the disciples of the *Hôtel Rambouillet*, most of whom were present at the first exhibition, beheld the fine fabric which they had been so painfully constructing brought to the ground by a single blow. "And these follies," said Ménage to Chapelain, "which you and I see so finely criticised here, are what we have been so long admiring. We must go home and burn our idols." "Courage, Molière," cried an old man from the pit; "this is genuine comedy." The price of the seats was doubled from the time of the second representation. Nor were the effects of the satire merely transitory. It converted an epithet of praise into one of reproach; and a *femme précieuse*, a *style précieux*, a *ton précieux*, once so much admired, have ever since been used only to signify the most ridiculous affectation.

There was, in truth, however, quite as much luck as merit in this success of Molière, whose production exhibits no finer raillery, or better sustained dialogue, than are to be found in many of his subsequent pieces. It assured him, however, of his own strength, and disclosed to him the mode in which he should best hit the popular taste. "I have no occasion to study Plautus or Terence any longer," said he; "I must henceforth study the world." The world, accordingly, was his study; and the exquisite models of character which it furnished him will last as long as it shall endure.

In 1660 he brought out the excellent comedy of the *École des Maris*, and in the course of the same month, that of the *Fâcheux*, in three acts—composed, learned, and performed within the brief space of a fortnight; an expedition evincing the dexterity of the manager no less than that of the author. This piece was written at the request of Fouquet, superintendent of finances to Louis the Fourteenth, for the magnificent *fête* at Vaux, given by him to that monarch, and lavishly celebrated in the memoirs of the period, and with yet more elegance in a poetical epistle of La Fontaine to his friend De Maucroix. This minister had been entrusted with the principal care of the finances under Cardinal Mazarine, and had been continued in the same office by Louis the Fourteenth, on his own assumption of the government. The monarch, however, alarmed at the growing dilapidations of the revenue, requested from the

superintendent an *exposé* of its actual condition, which, on receiving, he privately communicated to Colbert, the rival and successor of Fouquet. The latter, whose ordinary expenditure far exceeded that of any other subject in the kingdom, and who, in addition to immense sums occasionally lost at play and daily squandered on his debaucheries, is said to have distributed in pensions more than four millions of livres annually, thought it would be an easy matter to impose on a young and inexperienced prince, who had hitherto shown himself more devoted to pleasure than business, and accordingly gave in false returns, exaggerating the expenses, and diminishing the actual receipts of the treasury. The detection of this speculation determined Louis to take the first occasion of dismissing his powerful minister; but his ruin was precipitated and completed by the discovery of an indiscreet passion for Madame de la Vallière, whose fascinating graces were then beginning to acquire for her that ascendancy over the youthful monarch which has since condemned her name to such unfortunate celebrity. The portrait of this lady, seen in the apartments of the favourite on the occasion to which we have adverted, so incensed Louis, that he would have had him arrested on the spot but for the seasonable intervention of the queen-mother, who reminded him that Fouquet was his host. It was for this *fête* at Vaux, whose palace and ample domains, covering the extent of three villages, had cost their proprietor the sum, almost incredible for that period, of eighteen million livres, that Fouquet put in requisition all the various talents of the capital, the dexterity of its artists, and the invention of its finest poets. He was particularly lavish in his preparations for the dramatic portion of the entertainment. Le Brun passed for a while from his victories of Alexander to paint the theatrical decorations; Torelli was employed to contrive the machinery; Pellisson furnished the prologue, much admired in its day, and Molière his comedy of the *Fâcheux*.

This piece, the hint for which may have been suggested by Horace's ninth satire, *Idem forte vid' Sacra*, is an amusing caricature of the various *bores* that infest society, rendered the more vexatious by their intervention at the very moment when a young lover is hastening to the place of assignation with his mistress. Louis the Fourteenth, after the performance, seeing his master of the hunts near him, M. Soyecour, a personage remarkably absent, and inordinately devoted to the pleasures of the chase, pointed him out to Molière as an original whom he had omitted to bring upon his canvas. The poet took the hint, and the following day produced an excellent scene, where this Nimrod is made to go through the *technics* of his art, in which he had himself, with great complaisance, instructed the mischievous satirist, who had drawn him into a conversation for that very purpose on the preceding evening.

This play was the origin of the *comédie-ballet*, afterwards so popular in France. The residence at Vaux brought Molière more intimately in contact with the king and the court than he had before been; and from this time may be dated the particular encouragement which he ever after received from this prince, and which eventually enabled him to triumph over the malice of his enemies. A few days after this magnificent entertainment, Fouquet was thrown into prison, where he was suffered to languish the remainder of his days, "which," says the historian from whom we have gathered these details, "he terminated in sentiments of the most sincere piety;"* a termination by no means uncommon in France with that class of persons, of either sex, respectively, who have had the misfortune to survive their fortune or their beauty.

In February, 1662, Molière formed a matrimonial connection with Made-moiselle Béjart, a young comedian of his company, who had been educated under his own eye, and whose wit and captivating graces had effectually

* "Histoire de la Vie, &c., de la Fontaine, par M. Valckenaer." Paris, 1824.

ensnared the poet's heart, but for which he was destined to perform doleful penance the remainder of his life. The disparity of their ages, for the lady was hardly seventeen, might have afforded in itself a sufficient objection ; and he had no reason to flatter himself that she would remain uninfected by the pernicious example of the society in which she had been educated, and of which he himself was not altogether an immaculate member. In his excellent comedy of the *Ecole des Femmes*, brought forward the same year, the story turns upon the absurdity of an old man's educating a young woman for the purpose, at some future time, of marrying her, which wise plan is defeated by the unseasonable apparition of a young lover, who in five minutes undoes what it had cost the veteran so many years to contrive. The pertinency of this moral to the poet's own situation shows how much easier it is to talk wisely than to act so.

This comedy, popular as it was on its representation, brought upon the head of its author a tempest of parody, satire, and even slander, from those of his own craft who were jealous of his unprecedented success, and from those literary *petits-maitres* who still smarted with the stripes inflicted on them in some of his previous performances. One of this latter class, incensed at the applauses bestowed upon the piece on the night of its first representation, indignantly exclaimed, *Ris donc, par terre ! ris donc !*—"Laugh then, pit, if you will !" and immediately quitted the theatre.

Molière was not slow in avenging himself of these interested criticisms, by means of a little piece entitled *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, in which he brings forward the various objections made to his comedy, and ridicules them with unsparing severity. These objections appear to have been chiefly of a verbal nature. A few such familiar phrases as *Tarte à la crème*, *Enfants par l'oreille*, &c., gave particular offence to the purists of that day, and, in the prudish spirit of French criticism, have since been condemned by Voltaire and La Harpe as unworthy of comedy. One of the personages introduced into the *Critique* is a marquis, who, when repeatedly interrogated as to the nature of his objections to the comedy, has no other answer to make than by his eternal *Tarte à la crème*. The Duc de Fœuillade, a coxcomb of little brains but great pretension, was the person generally supposed to be here intended. The peer, unequal to an encounter of wits with his antagonist, resorted to a coarser remedy. Meeting Molière one day in the gallery at Versailles, he advanced as if to embrace him ; a civility which the great lords of that day occasionally condescended to bestow upon their inferiors. As the unsuspecting poet inclined himself to receive the salute, the duke, seizing his head between his hands, rubbed it briskly against the buttons of his coat, repeating, at the same time, *Tarte à la crème, Monsieur ; tarte à la crème*. The king, on receiving intelligence of this affront, was highly indignant, and reprimanded the duke with great asperity. He at the same time encouraged Molière to defend himself with his own weapons ; a privilege of which he speedily availed himself, in a caustic little satire in one act, entitled *Impromptu de Versailles*. "The marquis," he says in this piece, "is nowadays the droll (*le plaisant*) of the comedy ; and as our ancestors always introduced a jester to furnish mirth for the audience, so we must have recourse to some ridiculous marquis to divert them."

It is obvious that Molière could never have maintained this independent attitude if he had not been protected by the royal favour. Indeed, Louis was constant in giving him this protection ; and when, soon after this period, the character of Molière was blackened by the vilest imputations, the monarch testified his conviction of his innocence by publicly standing godfather to his child—a tribute of respect equally honourable to the prince and the poet. The king, moreover, granted him a pension of a thousand livres annually ; and to his company, which henceforth took the title of "comedians of the king," a

pension of seven thousand. Our author received his pension, as one of a long list of men of letters who experienced a similar bounty from the royal hand. The curious estimate exhibited in this document of the relative merits of these literary stipendiaries affords a striking evidence that the decrees of contemporaries are not unfrequently to be reversed by posterity. The obsolete Chapelain is there recorded as "the greatest French poet who has ever existed;" in consideration of which, his stipend amounted to three thousand livres, while Boileau's name, for which his satires had already secured an imperishable existence, is not even noticed! It should be added, however, on the authority of Boileau, that Chapelain himself had the principal hand in furnishing this apocryphal scale of merit to the minister.

In the month of September, 1665, Molière produced his *L'Amour Médecin*, a *comédie-ballet*, in three acts, which from the time of its conception to that of its performance consumed only five days. This piece, although displaying no more than his usual talent for caustic raillery, is remarkable as affording the earliest demonstration of those direct hostilities upon the medical faculty, which he maintained at intervals during the rest of his life, and which he may be truly said to have died in maintaining. In this he followed the example of Montaigne, who, in particular, devotes one of the longest chapters in his work to a tirade against the profession, which he enforces by all the ingenuity of his wit, and his usual wealth of illustration. In this, also, Molière was subsequently imitated by Le Sage, as every reader of *Gil Blas* will readily call to mind. Both Montaigne and Le Sage, however, like most other libellers of the healing art, were glad to have recourse to it in the hour of need. Not so with Molière. His satire seems to have been without affectation. Though an habitual valetudinarian, he relied almost wholly on the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health. "What use do you make of your physician?" said the king to him one day. "We chat together, sire," said the poet; "he gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them, and so I get well."

An ample apology for this infidelity may be found in the state of the profession at that day, whose members affected to disguise a profound ignorance of the true principles of science under a pompous exterior, which, however it might impose upon the vulgar, could only bring them into deserved discredit with the better portion of the community. The physicians of that time are described as parading the streets of Paris on mules, dressed in a long robe and bands, holding their conversation in bad Latin, or, if they condescended to employ the vernacular, mixing it up with such a jargon of scholastic phrase and scientific *technics* as to render it perfectly unintelligible to vulgar ears. The following lines, cited by M. Taschereau, and written in good earnest at the time, seem to hit off most of these peculiarities.

"Affecter un air pédantesque,
Cracher du Grec et du Latin,
Longue perruque, habit grotesque,
De la fourrure et du satin,
Tout cela réuni fait presque
Ce qu'on appelle un médecin."*

In addition to these absurdities, the physicians of that period exposed themselves to still farther derision by the contrariety of their opinions, and

* "A gait and air somewhat pedantic,
And scarce to spit but Greek or Latin,
A long peruke and habit antic,
Sometimes of fur, sometimes of satin,
Form the receipt by which 'tis showed
How to make doctors à la mode.

the animosity with which they maintained them. The famous consultation in the case of Cardinal Mazarine was well known in its day; one of his four medical attendants affirming the seat of his disorder to be the liver, another the lungs, a third the spleen, and a fourth the mesentery. Molière's raillery, therefore, against empirics, in a profession where mistakes are so easily made, so difficult to be detected, and the only one in which they are irremediable, stands abundantly excused from the censures which have been heaped upon it. Its effects were visible in the reform which, in his own time, it effected in their manners, if in nothing farther. They assumed the dress of men of the world, and gradually adopted the popular forms of communication; an essential step to improvement, since nothing cloaks ignorance and empiricism more effectually with the vulgar than an affected use of learned phrase and a technical vocabulary.

We are now arrived at that period of Molière's career when he composed his *Misanthrope*, a play which some critics have esteemed his masterpiece, and which all concur in admiring as one of the noblest productions of the modern drama. Its literary execution, too, of paramount importance in the eye of a French critic, is more nicely elaborated than in any other of the pieces of Molière, if we except the *Tartuffe*, and its didactic dialogue displays a maturity of thought equal to what is found in the best satires of Boileau. It is the very didactic tone of this comedy, indeed, which, combined with its want or eager animating interest, made it less popular on its representation than some of his inferior pieces. A circumstance which occurred on the first night of its performance may be worth noticing. In the second scene of the first act, a man of fashion, it is well known, is represented as soliciting the candid opinion of *Alceste* on a sonnet of his own inditing, though he flies into a passion with him, five minutes after, for pronouncing an unfavourable judgment. This sonnet was so artfully constructed by Molière, with those dazzling epigrammatic points most captivating to common ears, that the gratified audience were loud in their approbation of what they supposed intended in good faith by the author. How great was their mortification, then, when they heard *Alceste* condemn the whole as puerile, and fairly expose the false principles on which it had been constructed. Such a rebuke must have carried more weight with it than a volume of set dissertation on the principles of taste.

Rousseau has bitterly inveighed against Molière for exposing to ridicule the hero of his *Misanthrope*, a high-minded and estimable character. It was told to the Duc de Montausier, well known for his austere virtue, that he was intended as the original of the character. Much offended, he attended a representation of the piece, but, on returning, declared that "he dared hardly flatter himself the poet had intended him so great an honour." This fact, as has been well intimated by La Harpe, furnishes the best reply to Rousseau's invective.

The relations in which Molière stood with his wife at the time of the appearance of this comedy gave to the exhibition a painful interest. The levity and extravagance of this lady had for some time transcended even those liberal limits which were conceded at that day by the complaisance of a French husband, and they deeply affected the happiness of the poet. As he one day communicated the subject to his friend Chapelle, the latter strongly urged him to confine her person; a remedy much in vogue then for refractory wives, and one, certainly, if not more efficacious, at least more gallant, than the "moderate flagellation" authorized by the English law. He remonstrated on the folly of being longer the dupe of her artifices. "Alas!" said the unfortunate poet to him, "you have never loved!" A separation, however, was at length agreed upon, and it was arranged that, while both parties occupied the same house, they should never meet except at the theatre. The respective parts

which they performed in this piece corresponded precisely with their respective situations : that of *Célimène*, a fascinating, capricious coquette, insensible to every remonstrance of her lover, and selfishly bent on the gratification of her own appetites ; and that of *Alceste*, perfectly sensible of the duplicity of his mistress, whom he vainly hopes to reform, and no less so of the unworthiness of his own passion, from which he as vainly hopes to extricate himself. The coincidences are too exact to be considered wholly accidental.

If Molière in his preceding pieces had hit the follies and fashionable absurdities of the age, in the *Tartuffe* he flew at still higher game, the most odious of all vices, religious hypocrisy. The result showed that his shafts were not shot in the dark. The first three acts of the *Tartuffe*, the only ones then written, made their appearance at the memorable *fêtes* known under the name of "The Pleasures of the Enchanted Isle," given by Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles, in 1664, and of which the inquisitive reader may find a circumstantial narrative in the twenty-fifth chapter of Voltaire's history of that monarch. The only circumstance which can give them a permanent value with posterity is their having been the occasion of the earliest exhibition of this inimitable comedy. Louis the Fourteenth, who, notwithstanding the defects of his education, seems to have had a discriminating perception of literary beauty, was fully sensible of the merits of this production. The *Tartuffes*, however, who were present at the exhibition, deeply stung by the sarcasms of the poet, like the foul birds of night whose recesses have been suddenly invaded by a glare of light, raised a fearful cry against him, until Louis even, whose solicitude for the interests of the Church was nowise impaired by his own personal derelictions, complied with their importunities for imposing a prohibition on the public performance of the play.

It was, however, privately acted in the presence of Monsieur, and afterward of the great Condé. Copies of it were greedily circulated in the societies of Paris ; and although their unanimous suffrage was an inadequate compensation to the author for the privations he incurred, it was sufficient to quicken the activity of the false zealots who, under the mask of piety, assailed him with the grossest libels. One of them even ventured so far as to call upon the king to make a public example of him with fire and faggot ; another declared that it would be an offence to the Deity to allow Molière, after such an enormity, "to participate in the sacraments, to be admitted to confession, or even to enter the precincts of a church, considering the anathemas which it had fulminated against the authors of indecent and sacrilegious spectacles !" Soon after his sentence of prohibition, the king attended the performance of a piece entitled *Scaramouche Hermite*, a piece abounding in passages the most indelicate and profane. "What is the reason," said he, on retiring, to the prince of Condé, "that the persons so sensibly scandalized at Molière's comedy take no umbrage at this ?" "Because," said the prince, "the latter only attacks religion, while the former attacks themselves : " an answer which may remind one of a remark of Bayle in reference to the *Decameron*, which, having been placed on the Index on account of its immorality, was, however, allowed to be published in an edition which converted the names of the ecclesiastics into those of laymen : "a concession," says the philosopher, "which shows the priests to have been much more solicitous for the interests of their own order than for those of heaven."

Louis, at length convinced of the interested motives of the enemies of the *Tartuffe*, yielded to the importunities of the public and removed his prohibition of its performance. It accordingly was represented for the first time in public in August 1667, before an overflowing house, extended to its full complement of five acts, but with alterations of the names of the piece, the principal personages in it, and some of its most obnoxious passages. It was entitled *The Impostor*, and its hero was styled *Parufefe*. On the second evening of the per-

formance, however, an interdict arrived from the president of the parliament against the repetition of the performance, and, as the king had left Paris in order to join his army in Flanders, no immediate redress was to be obtained. It was not until two years later, 1669, that the *Tartuffe*, in its present shape, was finally allowed to proceed unmolested in its representations. It is scarcely necessary to add, that these were attended with the most brilliant success, which its author could have anticipated, and to which the intrinsic merits of the piece, and the unmerited persecutions he had undergone, so well entitled him. Forty-four successive representations were scarcely sufficient to satisfy the eager curiosity of the public : and his grateful company forced upon Molière a double share of the profits during every repetition of its performance for the remainder of his life. Posterity has confirmed the decision of his contemporaries, and it still remains the most admired comedy of the French theatre, and will always remain so, says a native critic, "as long as taste and hypocrites shall endure in France."

We have been thus particular in our history of these transactions, as it affords one of the most interesting examples on record of undeserved persecution with which envy and party spirit have assailed a man of letters. No one of Molière's compositions is determined by a more direct moral aim ; nowhere has he stripped the mask from vice with a more intrepid hand ; nowhere has he animated his discourses with a more sound and practical piety. It should be added, in justice to the French clergy of that period, that the most eminent prelates at the court acknowledged the merits of this comedy, and were strongly in favour of its representation.

It is generally known that the amusing scene in the first act, where *Dorine* enlarges so eloquently on the good cheer which *Tartuffe* had made in the absence of his host, was suggested to Molière some years previous in Lorraine, by a circumstance which took place at the table of Louis the Fourteenth, whom Molière had accompanied in his capacity of *valet de chambre*. Perefex, bishop of Rhodéz, entering while the king was at his evening meal, during Lent, was invited by him to follow his example ; but the bishop declined on the ground that he was accustomed to eat only once during the days of vigil and fast. The king, observing one of his attendants to smile, inquired of him the reason as soon as the prelate had withdrawn. The latter informed his master that he need be under no apprehensions for the health of the good bishop, as he himself had assisted at his dinner on that day, and then recounted to him the various dishes which had been served up. The king, who listened with becoming gravity to the narration, uttered an exclamation of "Poor man !" at the specification of each new item, varying the tone of his exclamation in such a manner as to give it a highly comic effect. The humour was not lost upon our poet, who has transported the same ejaculations, with much greater effect, into the above-mentioned scene of his play. The king, who did not at first recognize the source whence he had derived it, on being informed of it, was much pleased, if we may believe M. Taschereau, in finding himself even thus accidentally associated with the work of a man of genius.

In 1668 Molière brought forward his *Avare*, and in the following year his amusing comedy of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in which the folly of unequal alliances is successfully ridiculed and exposed. This play was first represented in the presence of the court at Chambord. The king maintained during its performance an inscrutable physiognomy, which made it doubtful what might be his real sentiments respecting it. The same deportment was maintained by him during the evening towards the author, who was in attendance in his capacity of *valet de chambre*. The quick-eyed courtiers, the counts and marquises, who had so often smarted under the lash of the poet, construing this into an expression of royal disapprobation, were loud in their condemnation of him, and a certain duke boldly affirmed "that he was fast sinking into

his second childhood, and that, unless some better writer soon appeared, French comedy would degenerate into mere Italian farce." The unfortunate poet, unable to catch a single ray of consolation, was greatly depressed during the interval of five days which preceded the second representation of his piece; on returning from which, the monarch assured him that "none of his productions had afforded him greater entertainment, and that, if he had delayed expressing his opinion on the preceding night, it was from the apprehension that his judgment might have been influenced by the excellence of the acting." Whatever we may think of this exhibition of royal caprice, we must admire the suppleness of the courtiers, one and all of whom straightway expressed their full conviction of the merits of the comedy, and the duke above-mentioned added, in particular, that "there was a *vis comica* in all that Molière ever wrote, to which the ancients could furnish no parallel!" What exquisite studies for his pencil must Molière not have found in this precious assembly!

We have already remarked that the profession of a comedian was but lightly esteemed in France at this period. Molière experienced the inconveniences resulting from this circumstance even after his splendid literary career had given him undoubted claims to consideration. Most of our readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the anecdote of Belloc, an agreeable poet of the court, who, on hearing one of the servants of the royal household refuse to aid the author of the *Tartuffe* in making the king's bed, courteously requested "the poet to accept his services for that purpose." Madame Campan's anecdote of a similar courtesy on the part of Louis the Fourteenth is also well known, who, when several of these functionaries refused to sit at table with the comedian, kindly invited him to sit down with him, and, calling in some of his principal courtiers, remarked that "he had requested the pleasure of Molière's company at his own table, as it was not thought quite good enough for his officers." This rebuke had the desired effect. However humiliating the reflection may be, that genius should have, at any time, stood in need of such patronage, it is highly honourable to the monarch who could raise himself so far above the prejudices of his age as to confer it.

It was the same unworthy prejudice that had so long excluded Molière from that great object and recompense of a French scholar's ambition, a seat in the Academy; a body affecting to maintain a jealous watch over the national language and literature, which the author of the *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe*, perhaps more than any other individual of his age, had contributed to purify and advance. Sensible of this merit, they at length offered him a place in their assembly, provided he would renounce his profession of a player, and confine himself in future to his literary labours. But the poet replied to his friend Boileau, the bearer of this communication, that "too many individuals of his company depended on his theatrical labours for support, to allow him for a moment to think of it;" a reply of infinitely more service to his memory than all the academic honours that could have been heaped upon him. This illustrious body, however, a century after his decease, paid him the barren compliment (the only one then in their power) of decreeing to him an *éloge*, and of admitting his bust within their walls, with this inscription upon it:—

"Nothing is wanting to his glory: he was wanting to ours."

The catalogue of academicians contemporary with Molière, most of whom now rest in sweet oblivion, or, with Cotin and Chapelain, live only in the satires of Boileau, shows that it is as little in the power of academies to confer immortality on a writer as to deprive him of it.

We have not time to notice the excellent comedy of the *Femmes Savantes*, and some inferior pieces, written by our author at a later period of his life, and must hasten to the closing scene. He had been long affected by a pulmonary

complaint, and it was only by severe temperance, as we have before stated, that he was enabled to preserve even a moderate degree of health. At the commencement of the year 1673, his malady sensibly increased. At this very season he composed his *Malade Imaginaire*—the most whimsical, and perhaps the most amusing of the compositions in which he has indulged his railery against the faculty. On the 17th of February, being the day appointed for its fourth representation, his friends would have dissuaded him from appearing, in consequence of his increasing indisposition; but he persisted in his design, alleging "that more than fifty poor individuals depended for their daily bread on its performance." His life fell a sacrifice to his benevolence. The exertions which he was compelled to make in playing the principal part of *Argan* aggravated his distemper, and as he was repeating the word *juro* in the concluding ceremony, he fell into a convulsion, which he vainly endeavoured to disguise from the spectators under a forced smile. He was immediately carried to his house in the Rue de Richelieu, now No. 34. A violent fit of coughing, on his arrival, occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel; and seeing his end approaching, he sent for two ecclesiastics of the parish of St. Eustace, to which he belonged, to administer to him the last offices of religion. But these worthy persons refused their assistance; and before a third, who had been sent for, could arrive, Molière, suffocated with the effusion of blood, had expired in the arms of his family.

Harlay de Champvalon, at that time archbishop of Paris, refused the rites of sepulture to the deceased poet because he was a comedian, and had had the misfortune to die without receiving the sacraments. This prelate is conspicuous, even in the chronicles of that period, for his bold and infamous debaucheries. It is of him that Madame de Sévigné observes, in one of her letters: "There are two little inconveniences which make it difficult for any one to undertake his funeral oration—his life and his death." Father Gaillard, who at length consented to undertake it, did so on the condition that he should not be required to say anything of the character of the deceased. The remonstrance of Louis the Fourteenth having induced this person to remove his interdict, he privately instructed the curate of St. Eustace not to allow the usual service for the dead to be recited at the interment. On the day appointed for this ceremony, a number of the rabble assembled before the deceased poet's door, determined to oppose it. "They knew only," says Voltaire, "that Molière was a comedian, but did not know that he was a philosopher and a great man." They had more probably been collected together by the Tartuffes, his unforgiving enemies. The widow of the poet appeased these wretches by throwing money to them from the windows. In the evening, the body, escorted by a procession of about a hundred individuals, the friends and intimate acquaintances of the deceased poet, each of them bearing a flambeau in his hand, was quietly deposited in the cemetery of St. Joseph, without the ordinary chant, or service of any kind. It was not thus that Paris followed to the tomb the remains of her late distinguished comedian, Talma. Yet Talma was only a comedian, while Molière, in addition to this, had the merit of being the most eminent comic writer whom France had ever produced. The different degree of popular civilization which this difference of conduct indicates, may afford a subject of contemplation by no means unpleasing to the philanthropist.

In the year 1792, during that memorable period in France when an affectation of reverence for their illustrious dead was strangely mingled with the persecution of the living, the Parisians resolved to exhume the remains of La Fontaine and Molière, in order to transport them to a more honourable place of interment. Of the relics thus obtained, it is certain that no portion belonged to La Fontaine, and it is extremely probable that none did to Molière. Whosoever they may have been, they did not receive the honours for which

their repose had been disturbed. With the usual fickleness of the period, they were shamefully transferred from one place to another, or abandoned to neglect for seven years, when the patriotic conservator of the *Monumens Français* succeeded in obtaining them for his collection at the Petits-Augustins. On the suppression of this institution in 1817, the supposed ashes of the two poets were, for the last time, transported to the spacious cemetery of Père de la Chaise, where the tomb of the author of the *Tartuffe* is designated by an inscription in Latin, which, as if to complete the scandal of the proceedings, is grossly mistaken in the only fact which it pretends to record, namely, the age of the poet at the time of his decease.

Molière died soon after entering upon his fifty-second year. He is represented to have been somewhat above the middle stature, and well proportioned; his features large, his complexion dark, and his black bushy eyebrows so flexible as to admit of his giving an infinitely comic expression to his physiognomy. He was the best actor of his own generation, and, by his counsels, formed the celebrated Baron, the best of the succeeding. He played all the range of his own characters, from *Alceste* to *Sganarelle*, though he seems to have been peculiarly fitted for broad comedy. He composed with rapidity, for which Boileau has happily complimented him:—

“Rare et sublime esprit, dont la fertile veine
Ignore en écrivant le travail et la peine.”

Unlike in this to Boileau himself, and to Racine, the former of whom taught the latter, if we may credit his son, “the art of rhyming with difficulty.” Of course the verses of Molière have neither the correctness nor the high finish of those of his two illustrious rivals.

He produced all his pieces, amounting to thirty, in the short space of fifteen years. He was in the habit of reading these to an old female domestic by the name of La Forêt, on whose unsophisticated judgment he greatly relied. On one occasion, when he attempted to impose upon her the production of a brother author, she plainly told him that he had never written it. Sir Walter Scott may have had this habit of Molière’s in his mind when he introduced a similar expedient into his *Chronicles of the Canongate*. For the same reason, our poet used to request the comedians to bring their children with them when he recited a new play. The peculiar advantage of this humble criticism in dramatic compositions is obvious. Alfieri himself, as he informs us, did not disdain to resort to it.

Molière’s income was very ample, probably not less than twenty-five or thirty thousand francs—an immense sum for that day—yet he left but little property. The expensive habits of his wife and his own liberality may account for it. One example of this is worth recording, as having been singularly opportune and well directed. When Racine came up to Paris as a young adventurer, he presented to Molière a copy of his first crude tragedy, long since buried in oblivion. The latter discerned in it, amid all its imperfections, the latent spark of dramatic genius, and he encouraged its author by the present of a hundred louis. This was doing better for him than Corneille did, who advised the future author of *Phédre* to abandon the tragic walk, and to devote himself altogether to comedy. Racine recompensed this benefaction of his friend, at a later period of his life, by quarrelling with him.

Molière was naturally of a reserved and taciturn temper, inasmuch that his friend Boileau used to call him the *Contemplateur*. Strangers who had expected to recognize in his conversation the sallies of wit which distinguished his dramas, went away disappointed. The same thing is related of La Fontaine. The truth is, that Molière went into society as a spectator, not as an actor; he found there the studies for the characters which he was to trans-

port upon the stage, and he occupied himself with observing them. The dreamer La Fontaine lived, too, in a world of his own creation. His friend, Madame de la Sablière, paid to him this untranslatable compliment: "En vérité, mon cher La Fontaine, vous seriez bien bête, si vous n'aviez pas tant d'esprit." These unseasonable reveries brought him, it may be imagined, into many whimsical adventures. The great Corneille, too, was distinguished by the same apathy. A gentleman dined at the same table with him for six months without suspecting the author of the *Cid*.

The literary reputation of Molière, and his amiable personal endowments, naturally led him into an intimacy with the most eminent wits of the golden age in which he lived, but especially with Boileau, La Fontaine, and Racine; and the confidential intercourse of these great minds, and their frequent *réunions* for the purposes of social pleasure, bring to mind the similar associations at the *Mermaids*, *Will's Coffee-house*, and *Batton's*, which form so pleasing a picture in the annals of English literature. It was common on these occasions to have a volume of the unfortunate Chaplain's epic, then in popular repute, lie open upon the table, and if one of the party fell into a grammatical blunder, to impose upon him the reading of some fifteen or twenty verses of it: "a whole page," says Louis Racine, "was sentence of death." La Fontaine, in his *Psyché*, has painted his reminiscences of these happy meetings in the colouring of fond regret; where, "freely discussing such topics of general literature or personal gossip as might arise, they touched lightly upon all, like bees passing on from flower to flower, criticising the works of others without envy, and of one another, when any one chanced to fall into the malady of the age, with frankness." Alas! that so rare a union of minds destined to live together through all ages, should have been dissolved by the petty jealousies incident to common men.

In these assemblies frequent mention is made of Chapelle, the most intimate friend of Molière, whose agreeable verses are read with pleasure in our day, and whose cordial manners and sprightly conversation made him the delight of his own. His mercurial spirits, however, led him into too free an indulgence of convivial pleasures, and brought upon him the repeated, though unavailing remonstrances of his friends. On one of these occasions, as Boileau was urging upon him the impropriety of this indulgence, and its inevitable consequences, Chapelle, who received the admonition with great contrition, invited his Mentor to withdraw from the public street in which they were then walking into a neighbouring house, where they could talk over the matter with less interruption. Here wine was called for, and, in the warmth of discussion, a second bottle being soon followed by a third, both parties at length found themselves in a condition which made it advisable to adjourn the lecture to a more fitting occasion.

Molière enjoyed also the closest intimacy with the great Condé, the most distinguished ornament of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; to such an extent, indeed, that the latter directed that the poet should never be refused admission to him, at whatever hour he might choose to pay his visit. His regard for his friend was testified by his remark, rather more candid than courteous, to an abbé of his acquaintance, who had brought him an epitaph of his own writing upon the deceased poet. "Would to Heaven," said the prince, "that he were in a condition to bring me yours!"

We have already wandered beyond the limits which we had assigned to ourselves for an abstract of Molière's literary labours, and of the most interesting anecdotes in his biography. Without entering, therefore, into a criticism on his writings, of which the public stand in no need, we shall dismiss the subject with a few brief reflections on their probable influence, and on the design of the author in producing them.

The most distinguished French critics, with the overweening partiality in

favour of their own nation, so natural and so universal, placing Molière by common consent at the head of their own comic writers, have also claimed for him a pre-eminence over those of every other age and country. A. W. Schlegel, a very competent judge in these matters, has degraded him, on the other hand, from the walks of high comedy to the writer of "buffoon farces, for which his genius and inclination seem to have essentially fitted him;" adding, moreover, that "his characters are not drawn from nature, but from the fleeting and superficial forms of fashionable life." This is a hard sentence, accommodated to the more forcible illustration of the peculiar theory which the German writer has avowed throughout his work, and which, however reasonable in its first principles, has led him into as exaggerated an admiration of the romantic models which he prefers, as disparagement of the classical school which he detests. It is a sentence, moreover, upon which some eminent critics in his own country, who support his theory in the main, have taken the liberty to demur.

That a large proportion of Molière's pieces are conceived in a vein of broad, homely merriment, rather than in that of elevated comedy, abounding in forced situations, high caricature, and practical jokes; in the knavish, intriguing valets of Plautus and Terence; in a compound of that good-nature and irritability, shrewdness and credulity, which make up the dupes of Aristophanes, is very true; but that a writer, distinguished by his deep reflection, his pure taste, and nice observation of character, should have preferred this to the higher walks of his art, is absolutely incredible. He has furnished the best justification of himself in an apology, which a contemporary biographer reports him to have made to some one who censured him on this very ground: "If I wrote simply for fame," said he, "I should manage very differently; but I write for the support of my company. I must not address myself, therefore, to a few people of education, but to the mob. And this latter class of gentry take very little interest in a continued elevation of style and sentiment." With all these imperfections and lively absurdities, however, there is scarcely one of Molière's minor pieces which does not present us with traits of character that come home to every heart, and felicities of expression that, from their truth, have come to be proverbial.

With regard to the objection that his characters are not so much drawn from nature as from the local manners of the age, if it be meant that they are not acted upon by those deep passions which engross the whole soul; and which, from this intensity, have more of a tragic than a comic import in them, but are rather drawn from the foibles and follies of ordinary life, it is true; but then these last are likely to be quite as permanent, and, among civilized nations, quite as universal as the former. And who has exposed them with greater freedom, or with a more potent ridicule than Molière? Love, under all its thousand circumstances, its quarrels, and reconciliations; vanity, humbly suing for admiration under the guise of modesty; whimsical contradictions of profession and habitual practice; the industry with which the lower classes ape, not the virtues, but the follies of their superiors; the affectation of fashion, taste, science, or anything but what the party actually possesses; the *esprit de corps*, which leads us to feel an exalted respect for our own profession, and a sovereign contempt for every other; the friendly adviser, who has an eye to his own interest; the author, who seeks your candid opinion, and quarrels with you when you have given it; the fair friend, who kindly sacrifices your reputation for a jest; the hypocrite, under every aspect, who deceives the world or himself—these form the various and motley panorama of character which Molière has transferred to his canvas, and which, though mostly drawn from cultivated life, must endure as long as society shall hold together.

Indeed, Molière seems to have possessed all the essential requisites for ex-

celling in genteel comedy : a pure taste, an acute perception of the ridiculous, the tone of elegant dialogue, and a wit brilliant and untiring as Congreve's, but which, instead of wasting itself like his, in idle flashes of merriment, is uniformly directed with a moral or philosophical aim. This obvious didactic purpose, in truth, has been censured as inconsistent with the spirit of the drama, and as belonging rather to satire ; but it secured to him an influence over the literature and the opinions of his own generation which has been possessed by no other comic writer of the moderns. *

He was the first to recall his countrymen from the vapid hyperbole and puerile conceits of the ancient farces, and to instruct them in the maxim which Boileau has since condensed into a memorable verse, that "nothing is beautiful but what is natural." We have already spoken of the reformation which one of his early pieces effected in the admirers of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet* and its absurdities ; and when this confederacy afterwards rallied under an affectation of science, as it had before done of letters, he again broke it with his admirable satire of the *Femmes Savantes*. We do not recollect any similar revolution effected by a single effort of genius, unless it be that brought about by the *Boviad* and *Mœviad*. But Mr. Gifford, in the Della-Cruscan school, but "broke a butterfly upon the wheel," in comparison with those enemies, formidable by rank and talent, whom Molière assailed. We have noticed, in its proper place, the influence which his writings had in compelling the medical faculty of his day to lay aside the affected deportment, technical jargon, and other mummeries then in vogue, by means of the public derision to which he had deservedly exposed them. In the same manner, he so successfully ridiculed the miserable dialectics, pedantry, and intolerance of the schoolmen, in his diverting dialogues between *Dr. Marphurius* and *Dr. Pancrace*, that he is said to have completely defeated the serious efforts of the University for obtaining a confirmation of the decree of 1624, which had actually prohibited, *under pain of death*, the promulgation of any opinion contrary to the doctrines of Aristotle. The *arrêt burlesque* of his friend Boileau, at a later period, if we may trust the *Menagiana*, had a principal share in preventing a decree of the Parliament against the philosophy of Descartes. It is difficult to estimate the influence of our poet's satire on the state of society in general, and on those higher ranks in particular, whose affectations and pretensions he assailed with such pertinacious hostility. If he did not reform them, he at least deprived them of their fascination and much of their mischievous influence, by holding them up to the contempt and laughter of the public. Sometimes, it must be admitted, though very rarely, in effecting this object, he so far transgressed the bounds of decorum as to descend even to personalities.

From this view of the didactic purpose proposed by Molière in his comedies, it is obviously difficult to institute a comparison between them and those of our English dramatists, or rather, of Shakspeare, who may be taken as their representative. The latter seems to have had no higher end in view than mere amusement ; he took a leaf out of the great volume of human nature as he might find it ; nor did he accommodate it to the illustration of any moral or literary theorem. The former, on the other hand, manifests such a direct perceptive purpose as to give some of his pieces the appearance of satires rather than of comedies ; argument takes place of action, and the *pro* and *con* of the matter are discussed with all the formality of a school exercise. This essentially diminishes the interest of some of his best plays, the *Misanthrope* and the *Femmes Savantes*, for example, which for this reason seem better fitted for the closet than the stage, and have long since ceased to be favourites with the public. This want of interest is, moreover, aggravated by the barrenness of action visible in many of Molière's comedies, where he seems only to have sought an apology for bringing together his *coteries* of gentlemen and ladies for the purpose of exhibiting their gladiatorial dexterity in conversation. Not so

with the English dramatist, whose boundless invention crowds his scene with incidents that hurry us along with breathless interest, but which sadly scandalize the lover of the unities.

In conformity with his general plan, too, Shakspeare brings before us every variety of situation—the court, the camp, and the cloister; the busy hum of populous cities, or the wild solitude of the forest—presenting us with pictures of rich and romantic beauty, which could not fall within the scope of his rival, and allowing himself to indulge in the unbounded revelry of an imagination which Molière did not possess. The latter, on the other hand, an attentive observer of man as he is found in an over-refined state of society, in courts and crowded capitals, copied his minutest lineaments with a precision that gives to his most general sketches the air almost of personal portraits; seasoning, moreover, his discourses with shrewd hints and maxims of worldly policy. Shakspeare's genius led him rather to deal in bold touches than in this nice delineation. He describes classes rather than individuals; he touches the springs of the most intense passions. The daring of ambition, the craving of revenge, the deep tenderness of love, are all materials in his hands for comedy; and this gives to some of his admired pieces—his *Merchant of Venice* and his *Measure for Measure*, for example—a solemnity of colouring that leaves them only to be distinguished from tragedy by their more fortunate termination. Molière, on the contrary, sedulously excludes from his plays whatever can impair their comic interest. And when, as he has done very rarely, he aims directly at vice instead of folly (in the *Tartuffe*, for instance), he studies to exhibit it under such ludicrous points of view as shall excite the derision rather than the indignation of his audience.

But whatever be the comparative merits of these great masters, each must be allowed to have attained complete success in his way. Comedy, in the hands of Shakspeare, exhibits to us man, not only as he is moved by the petty vanities of life, but by deep and tumultuous passion; in situations which it requires all the invention of the poet to devise and the richest colouring of eloquence to depict. But if the object of comedy, as has been said, be “to correct the follies of the age, by exposing them to ridicule,” who then has equalled Molière?

ITALIAN NARRATIVE POETRY.*

OCTOBER, 1824.

THE characteristics of an Italian school are nowhere so discernible in English literary history as under the reign of Elizabeth. At the period when England was most strenuous in breaking off her spiritual relations with Italy, she cultivated more closely her intellectual. It is hardly necessary to name either the contemporary dramatists, or Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser, the former of whom derived the plots of many of their most popular plays, as the latter did the forms, and frequently the spirit of their poetical compositions, from Italian models. The translations of the same period were, in several instances, superior to any which have since been produced. Harrington's version of the *Orlando Furioso*, with all its inaccuracy, is far superior to the cumbrous monotony of Hoole. Of Fairfax, the elegant translator of Tasso, it is enough to say that he is styled by Dryden "the poetical father of Waller," and quoted by him in conjunction with Spenser, as "one of the great masters in our language." The popularity of the Italian was so great even in Ascham's day, who did not survive the first half of Elizabeth's reign, as to draw from the learned schoolmaster much peevish animadversion upon what he terms "the enchantments of Circe, fond books of late translated out of Italian into English, and sold in every shop in London." It gradually lost this wide authority during the succeeding century. This was but natural. Before the time of Elizabeth, all the light of learning which fell upon the world had come from Italy, and our own literature, like a young and tender plant, insensibly put forth its branches most luxuriantly in the direction whence it felt this invigorating influence. As it grew in years and hardihood, it sent its fibres deeper into its own soil, and drew thence the nourishment which enabled it to assume its fair and full proportions. Milton, it is true, the brightest name on the poetical records of that period, cultivated it with eminent success. Any one acquainted with the writings of Dante, Pulci, and Tasso, will understand the value and the extent of Milton's obligations to the Italian. He was far from desiring to conceal them, and he has paid many a tribute "of melodious verse" to the sources from which he drew so much of the nourishment of his exalted genius. "To imitate as he has done," in the language of Boileau, "is not to act the part of a plagiarist, but of a rival." Milton is, moreover, one of the few writers who have succeeded so far in comprehending the niceties of a foreign tongue as to be able to add something to its poetical wealth, and his Italian sonnets are written with such purity as to have obtained commendations from the Tuscan critics.†

* 1. "The Orlando Innamerato; translated into prose and verse, from the Italian of Francesco Berni. By W. S. Rose." 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1823.

2. "The Orlando Furioso; translated into verse from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto. By W. S. Rose." Vol. i. 8vo. London, 1823.

† Milton, in his treatise on "The Reason of Church Government," alludes modestly enough to his Italian pieces, and the commendations bestowed upon them. "Other things, which

Boileau, who set the current of French taste at this period, had a considerable contempt for that of his neighbours. He pointed one of his antithetical couplets at the "tinsel of Tasso" ("*cliquant du Tasse*"*), and in another he ridiculed the idea of epic, in which "the devil was always blustering against the heavens."† The English admitted the sarcasm of Boileau with the cold commentary of Addison;‡ and the "*cliquant du Tasse*" became a cant term of reproach upon the whole body of Italian letters. The French went still farther, and afterward, applying the sarcasm of their critic to Milton as well as to Tasso, rejected both the poets upon the same principles. The French did the English as much justice as they did the Italians. No great change of opinion in this matter took place in England during the last century. The Wartons and Gray had a just estimation of this beautiful tongue, but Dr. Johnson, the dominant critic of that day, seems to have understood the language but imperfectly, and not to have much relished in it what he understood.

In the present age of intellectual activity, attention is so generally bestowed on all modern languages which are ennobled by a literature, that it is not singular an acquaintance with the Italian in particular should be widely diffused. Great praise, however, is due to the labours of Mr. Moscoe. There can be little doubt that his elaborate biographies of the Medici, which contain as much literary criticism as historical narrative, have mainly contributed to the promotion of these studies among his countrymen. These works have of late met with much flippant criticism in some of their leading journals. In Italy they have been translated, are now cited as authorities, and have received the most encomiastic notices from several eminent scholars. These facts afford conclusive testimony of their merits. The name of Mathias is well known to every lover of the Italian tongue; his poetical productions rank with those of Milton in merit, and far exceed them in quantity. To conclude, it is not many years since Cary gave to his countrymen his very extraordinary version of the father of Tuscan poetry, and Rose is now swelling the catalogue with translations of the two most distinguished chivalrous epics of Italy.

Epic romance has continued to be a great favourite in that country ever since its first introduction into the polished circles of Florence and Ferrara, towards the close of the fifteenth century. It has held much the same rank in its ornamental literature which the drama once enjoyed in the English, and which historical novel-writing maintains now. It hardly seems credible that an enlightened people should long continue to take great satisfaction in poems founded on the same extravagant fictions, and spun out to the appalling length of twenty, thirty, nay, forty cantos of a thousand verses each. But the Italians, like most Southern nations, delight exceedingly in the uncontrolled play of the imagination, and they abandon themselves to all its brilliant illusions, with no other object in view than mere recreation. An Englishman looks for a moral, or, at least, for some sort of instruction, from the wildest work of fiction. But an Italian goes to it as he would go to the opera—to get impressions rather than ideas. He is extremely sensible to the fine tones of his native language, and, under the combined influence produced by the colouring of a lavish fancy and the music of a voluptuous versification, he seldom stoops to a cold analysis of its purpose or its probability.

Romantic fiction, however, which flourished so exuberantly under a warm southern sky, was transplanted from the colder regions of Normandy and England. It is remarkable that both these countries, in which it had its origin, should have ceased to cultivate it at the very period when the perfect I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to hatch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow off men of this side the Alps."

* Satire IX.

† L'Art Poétique, c. iii.

‡ Spectator, No. VI.

tion of their respective languages would have enabled them to do so with entire success. We believe this remark requires no qualification in regard to France. Spenser affords one illustrious exception among the English.*

It was not until long after the extinction of this species of writing in the North that it reappeared in Italy. The commercial habits, and the Republican institutions of the Italians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were most unfavourable to the spirit of chivalry, and, consequently, to the fables which grew out of it. The three patriarchs of their literature, moreover, by the light which, in this dark period, they threw over other walks of imagination, turned the attention of their countrymen from those of romance. Dante, indeed, who resembled Milton in so many other particulars, showed a similar predilection for the ancient tales of chivalry. His *Commedia* contains several encomiastic allusions to them, but, like the English bard, he contented himself with these, and chose a subject better suited to his ambitious genius, and inflexible temper.† His poem, it is true, was of too eccentric a character to be widely imitated,‡ and both Boccaccio and Petrarca, with less talent, had a more extensive influence over the taste of their nation. The garrulous graces of the former, and the lyrical finish of the latter, are still solicited in the lighter compositions of Italy. Lastly the discoveries of ancient manuscripts at home, and the introduction of others from Constantinople, when that rich depository of Grecian science fell into the hands of the barbarian, gave a new direction to the intellectual enterprise of Italian scholars, and withdrew them almost wholly from the farther cultivation of their infant literature.

Owing to these circumstances, the introduction of the chivalrous epoque was protracted to the close of the fifteenth century, when its first successful specimens were produced at the accomplished court of the Medici. The encouragement extended by this illustrious family to every branch of intellectual culture has been too often the subject of encomium to require from us any particular animadversion. Lorenzo, especially, by uniting in his own person the scholarship and talent which he so liberally rewarded in others, contributed more than all to the effectual promotion of an enlightened taste among his countrymen. Even his amusements were subservient to it, and the national literature

* The influence, however, of the old Norman romances may be discovered in the productions of a much later period. Their incredible length required them to be broken up into *fiattes*, or cantos, by the minstrel, who recited them with the accompaniment of a harp, in the same manner as the epics of Homer, broken into *rhapsodies*, were chanted by the bards of Ionia. The minstrel who could thus beguile the tedium of a winter's evening was a welcome guest at the baronial castle and in the hall of the monastery. As Greek and Roman letters were revived, the legends of chivalry fell into disrepute, and the minstrel gradually retreated to the cottage of the peasant, who was still rude enough to relish his simple melody. But the long romance was beyond the comprehension or the taste of the rustic. It therefore gave way to less complicated narratives, and from its wreck may be fairly said to have arisen those Border songs and ballads which form the most beautiful collection of rural minstrelsy that belongs to any age or country.

† Milton's poetry abounds in references to the subjects of romantic fable; and in his "Epitaphium Damonis" he plainly intimates his intention of writing an epic on the story of Arthur. It may be doubted whether he would have succeeded on such a topic. His austere character would seem to have been better fitted to feel the impulses of religious enthusiasm than those of chivalry; and England has no reason to regret that her most sublime poet was reserved for the age of Cromwell instead of the romantic reign of Elizabeth.

‡ The best imitation of the "*Divina Commedia*" is probably the "*Cantaba in morte di Ugo Basville*," by the most eminent of the living Italian poets, Monti. His talent for vigorous delineation by a single *coup de pinceau* is eminently *Dantesque*, and the plan of his poem is the exact counterpart of that of the "*Inferno*." Instead of a mortal descending into the regions of the damned, one of their number (the spirit of Basville, a Frenchman) is summoned back to the earth, to behold the crimes and miseries of his native country during the period of the Revolution.

may be fairly said, at this day, to retain somewhat of the character communicated to it by his elegant recreations. His delicious villas at Fiesole and Cajano are celebrated by the scholars, who, in the silence of their shades, pursued with him the studies of his favourite philosophy and of poetry. Even the sensual pleasures of the banquet were relieved by the inventions of wit and fancy. Lyrical composition, which, notwithstanding its peculiar adaptation to the flexible movements of the Italian tongue, had fallen into neglect, was revived, and, together with the first eloquent productions of the romantic muse, was recited at the table of Lorenzo.

Of the guests who frequented it, Pulci and Politian are the names most distinguished, and the only ones connected with our present subject. The latter of these was received into the family of Lorenzo as the preceptor of his children, an office for which he seems to have been better qualified by his extraordinary attainments than by his disposition. Whatever may have been the asperity of his temper, however, his poetical compositions breathe the perfect spirit of harmony. The most remarkable of these, distinguished as the *Verses of Politian* (*Stanze di Poliziano*), is a brief fragment of an epic, whose purpose was to celebrate the achievements of Julian de Medici, a younger brother of Lorenzo, at a tournament exhibited at Florence in 1468. This would appear but a meagre basis for the structure of a great poem. Politian, however, probably in consequence of the untimely death of Julian, his hero, abandoned it in the middle of the second canto, even before he had reached the event which was to constitute the subject of his story.

The incidents of the poem thus abruptly terminated are of no great account. We have a portrait of Julian, a hunting expedition, a love adventure, a digression into the island of Venus, which takes up about half the canto, and a vision of the hero, which ends just as the tournament, the subject of the piece, is about to begin, and with it, like the "fabric of a vision," ends the poem also. In this short space, however, the poet has concentrated all the beauties of his art, the melody of a musical ear, and the inventions of a plastic fancy. His island of love, in particular, is emblazoned with those gorgeous splendours which have since been borrowed for the enchanted gardens of Alcina, Armida, and Acrasia.

But this little fragment is not recommended, at least to an English reader, so much by its Oriental pomp of imagery as by its more quiet and delicate pictures of external nature. Brilliancy of imagination is the birthright of the Italian poet, as much as a sober, contemplative vein is of the English. This is the characteristic of almost all their best and most popular poetry during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The two great poets of the fourteenth approach much nearer to the English character. Dante shows not only deeper reflection than is common with his countrymen, but in parts of his work, in the *Purgatorio* more especially, manifests a sincere relish for natural beauty, by his most accurate pictures of rural objects and scenery. Petrarch cherished the recollections of an unfortunate passion, until, we may say, without any mystical perversion of language, it became a part of his intellectual existence.* This gave a tender and melancholy expression to his poems, more

* Whatever may be thought of the speculations of the Abbé de Sade, no doubt can be entertained of the substantial existence of Laura, or of Petrarch's passion for her. Indeed, independently of the internal evidence afforded by his poetry, such direct notices of his mistress are scattered through his "Letters" and serious prose compositions, that it is singular there should ever have existed a scepticism on those points. Ugo Foscolo, the well-known author of "Jacopo Ortis," has lately published an octavo volume, entitled "Essays on Petrarch." Among other particulars, showing the unbounded influence that Laura de Sade obtained over the mind of her poetical lover, he quotes the following memorandum, made by Petrarch two months after her decease, in his private manuscript copy of "Virgil," now preserved in the Ambrosian library of Milan:—

particularly to those written after the death of Laura, quite as much English as Italian. Love furnishes the great theme and impulse to the Italian poet. It is not too much to say that all their principal versifiers have written under the inspiration of a real or pretended passion. It is to them what a less showy and less exclusive sensibility is to an Englishman. The latter acknowledges the influence of many other affections and relations in life. The death of a friend is far more likely to excite his muse than the smiles or frowns of his mistress. The Italian seldom dwells on melancholy reminiscences, but writes under the impulse of a living and ardent passion. Petrarch did both; but in the poetry which he composed after the death of his mistress, exalted as it is by devotional sentiment, he deviated from the customs of his nation, and adopted an English tone of feeling. A graver spirit of reflection and a deeper sympathy for the unobtrusive beauties of nature are observable in some of their later writers; but these are not primitive elements in the Italian character. Gay, brilliant, imaginative, are the epithets which best indicate the character of their literature during its most flourishing periods; and the poetry of Italy seems to reflect as clearly her unclouded skies and glowing landscape, as that of England does the tranquil and somewhat melancholy complexion of her climate.

The verses of Politian (to return from our digression) contain many descriptions distinguished by the calm, moral beauty of which we have been speaking. Resemblances may be traced between these passages and the writings of some of our best English poets. The descriptive poetry of Gray and of Goldsmith, particularly, exhibits a remarkable coincidence with that of Politian in the enumeration of rural images. The stanza cxxi., setting forth the descent of Cupid into the island of Venus, may be cited as having suggested a much-admired simile in Gay's popular ballad, *Black-eyed Susan*, since the English verse is almost a metaphrase of the Italian :

“ Or poi che ad all teso ivi pervenne,
Forte lo scosse, e già calossi a piombo,
Tutto serrato nelle sacre penne,
Come a suo nido fa lieto colombo.”

“ So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.”

These *Stanze* were the first example of a happy cultivation of Italian verse in the fifteenth century. The scholars of that day composed altogether in Latin. Politian, as he grew older, disclaimed this abortive production of his youthful muse, and relied for his character with posterity on his Latin poems and his elaborate commentaries upon the ancient classics. Petrarch looked

“ It was in the early days of my youth, on the sixth of April, in the morning, and in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her own virtues, and celebrated in my verses, first blessed my eyes in the Church of Santa Clara, at Avignon; and it was in the same city, on the sixth of the very same month of April, at the very same hour in the morning, in the year 1348, that this bright luminary was withdrawn from our sight, when I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my calamity. The remains of her chaste and beautiful body were deposited in the Church of the Cordeliers on the evening of the same day. To preserve the afflicting remembrance, I have taken a bitter pleasure in recording it, particularly in this book, which is most frequently before my eyes, in order that nothing in this world may have any farther attraction for me; that this great attachment to life being dissolved, I may, by frequent reflection, and a proper estimation of our transitory existence, be admonished that it is high time for me to think of quitting this earthly Babylon, which I trust it will not be difficult for me, with a strong and manly courage, to accomplish.”—P. 35.

for immortality to his *Africa*, as did Boccaccio to his learned Latin disquisition upon ancient mythology.* Could they now, after the lapse of more than four centuries, revisit the world, how would they be astonished, perhaps mortified, the former to find that he was remembered only as the sonneteer, and the latter as the novelist! The Latin prose of Politian may be consulted by an antiquary; his Latin poetry must be admired by scholars of taste; but his few Italian verses constitute the basis of his high reputation at this day with the great body of his countrymen. He wrote several lyrical pieces and a short pastoral drama (*Orfeo*), the first of a species which afterward grew into such repute under the hands of Tasso and Guarini. All of these bear the same print of his genius. One cannot but regret that so rare a mind should, in conformity with the perverse taste of his age, have abandoned the freshness of a living tongue for the ungrateful culture of a dead one. His *Stanze*, the mere prologue of an epic, still survive amid the complete and elaborate productions of succeeding poets; they may be compared to the graceful portico of some unfinished temple, which time and taste have respected, and which remains as in the days of its architect, a beautiful ruin.

Luigi Pulci, the other eminent poet whom we mentioned as a frequent guest at the table of Lorenzo de' Medici, was of a noble family, and the youngest of three brothers, all of them even more distinguished by their accomplishments than by birth. There seems to be nothing worthy of particular record in his private history. He is said to have possessed a frank and merry disposition, and, to judge from his great poem, as well as from some lighter pieces of burlesque satire, which he bandied with one of his friends, whom he was in the habit of meeting at the house of Lorenzo, he was not particularly fastidious in his humour. His *Morgante Maggiore* is reported to have been written at the request of Lorenzo's mother, and recited at his table. It is a genuine epic of chivalry, containing twenty-eight cantos, founded on the traditional defeat, the "dolorosa rotta" of Charlemagne and his peers in the Valley of Roncesvalles. It adheres much more closely than any of the other Italian romances to the lying chronicle of Turpin.

It may appear singular that the intention of the author should not become apparent in the course of eight-and-twenty cantos; but it is a fact, that scholars both at home and abroad have long disputed whether the poem is serious or satirical. Crescimbeni styles the author "*modesto e moderato*," while Tiraboschi expressly charges him with the deliberate design of ridiculing Scripture, and Voltaire, in his preface, cites the *Morgante* as an apology for his profligate *Pucelle*. It cannot be denied that the story abounds in such ridiculous eccentricities as give it the air of a parody upon the marvels of romance. The hero, Morgante, is a converted infidel, "un gigante smisurato," whose formidable weapon is a bell-clapper, and who, after running through some twenty cantos of gigantic valour and mountebank extravagance, is brought to an untimely end by a wound in the heel, not from a Trojan arrow, but from the bite of a crab! We doubt, however, whether Pulci intended his satirical shafts for the Christian faith. Liberal allowance is to be conceded for the fashion of his age. Nothing is more frequent in the productions of that period than such irreverent freedoms with the most sacred topics as would be quite shocking in ours. Such freedoms, however, cannot reasonably be imputed to profanity, or even levity, since numerous instances of them occur in works of professed moral tendency, as in the mysteries and moralities, for example,

* "De Genealogia Deorum."—The Latin writings of Boccaccio and Petrarch may be considered the foundation of their fame with their contemporaries. The coronation of the latter in the Roman capitol was a homage paid rather to his achievements in an ancient tongue than to any in his own. He does not even notice his Italian lyrics in his "Letters to Posterity."

those solemn deformities of the ancient French and English drama. The chronicle of Turpin, the basis of Pulci's epic, which, though a fraud, was a pious one, invented by some priest to celebrate the triumphs of the Christian arms, is tainted with the same indecent familiarities.*

Tempora mutantur. In a scandalous pasquinade published by Lord Byron in the first number of his *Liberal*, there is a verse describing St. Peter officiating as the doorkeeper of heaven. Pulci has a similar one in the *Morgante* (canto xxvi. st. 91), which, no doubt, furnished the hint to his lordship, who has often improved upon the Italian poets. Both authors describe St. Peter's dress and vocation with the most whimsical minuteness. In the Italian, the passage, introduced into the midst of a solemn, elaborate description, has all the appearance of being told in very good faith. No one will venture to put so charitable a construction upon his lordship's motives.

Whatever may have been the intention of Pulci in the preceding portion of the work, its concluding cantos are animated by the genuine spirit of Christian heroism. The rear of Charlemagne's army is drawn into an ambushade by the treachery of his confidant Ganelon. Roncesvalles, a valley in the heart of the Pyrenees, is the theatre of action, and Orlando, with the flower of French chivalry, perishes there, overpowered by the Saracens. The battle is told in a sublime epic tone worthy of the occasion. The cantos xxvi. and xxvii., containing it, are filled with a continued strain of high religious enthusiasm, with the varying, animating bustle of a mortal conflict, with the most solemn and natural sentiment suggested by the horror of the situation. Orlando's character rises into that of the divine warrior. His speech at the opening of the action, his lament over his unfortunate army, his melancholy reflections on the battle-field the night after the engagement, are conceived with such sublimity and pathos as attest both the poetical talent of Pulci and the grandeur and capacity of his subject. Yet the *Morgante*, the greater part of which is so ludicrous, is the only eminent Italian epic which has seriously described the celebrated rout at Roncesvalles.

Pulci's poem is not much read by the Italians. Its style, in general, is too unpolished for the fastidious delicacy of a modern ear, but as it abounds in the old-fashioned proverbialisms (*riboboli*) of Florence, it is greatly prized by the Tuscan purists. These familiar sayings, the elegant slang of the Florentine mob, have a value among the Italian scholars, at least among a large faction of them, much like that of old coins with a virtuoso: the more rare and rusty the better. They give a high relish to many of their ancient writers, who, without other merit than their antiquity, are cited as authorities in their vocabulary.† These *riboboli* are to be met with most abundantly in their old *novelle*, those, especially, which are made up of familiar dialogue between the lower classes of citizens. Boccaccio has very many such; Sacchetti has more than all his prolific tribe, and it is impossible for a foreigner to discern or to appreciate the merits of such a writer. The lower classes in Florence retain to this day much of their antique picturesque phraseology;‡ and Alfieri tells

* This spurious document of the twelfth century contains, in a copy which we have now before us, less than sixty pages. It has neither the truth of history nor the beauty of fiction. It abounds in commonplace prodigies, and sets forth Charlemagne's wars and his defeat in the valley of Roncesvalles, an event which probably never happened. Insignificant as it is in every other respect, however, it is the seed from which has sprung up those romantic fictions which adorned the rude age of the Normans, and which flourished in such wide luxuriance under Italian culture.

† This has been loudly censured by many of their scholars opposed to the literary supremacy of the Della Cruscan Academy. See, in particular, the acute treatise of Cesarotti, "Saggio sulla Filosofia delle Lingue," parte iv.

‡ "The pure language of Boccaccio, and of other ancient writers, is preserved at this day much more among the lower classes of Florentine mechanics and of the neighbouring

us that "it was his great delight to stand in some unnoticed corner, and listen to the conversation of the mob in the market-place."

With the exception of Orlando, Pulci has shown no great skill in delineation of character. Charlemagne and Ganelon are the prominent personages. The latter is a parody on traitors; he is a traitor to common sense. Charlemagne is a superannuated dupe, with just credulity sufficient to dovetail into all the cunning contrivances of Gan. The women have neither refinement nor virtue. The knights have none of the softer graces of chivalry; they bully and swagger like the rude heroes of Homer, and are exclusively occupied with the merciless extermination of infidels. We meet with none of the imagery, the rich sylvan scenery, so lavishly diffused through the epics of Ariosto and Boiardo. The *machinery* bears none of the airy touches of an Arabian pencil, but is made out of the cold excrescences of Northern superstition, dwarfs, giants, and necromancers. Before quitting Pulci, we must point out a passage (canto xxv. st. 229, 230), in which a devil announces to Rinaldo the existence of another continent beyond the ocean, inhabited by mortals like himself. The theory of gravitation is also plainly intimated. As the poem was written before the voyages of Columbus, and before the physical discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus, the predictions are extremely curious.* The fiend, alluding to the vulgar superstitions entertained of the Pillars of Hercules, thus addresses his companion:—

Know that this theory is false; his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The Western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashion'd like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
The dullest scabot soon shall wing her way.
Men shall descry another hemisphere;
Since to one common centre all things tend,
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light."

The dialogues of Pulci's devils respecting free-will and necessity, their former glorious, and their present fallen condition, have suggested many hints for our greater Milton to improve upon. The juggling ironies of these fiends at the royal banquet in Saragossa may have been the original of the comical marvels played off through the intervention of similar agents by Dr. Faust.

Notwithstanding the good faith and poetical elevation of its concluding cantos, the *Morgante*, according to our apprehension, is anything but a serious romance. Not that it shows a disposition to satire, above all, to the religious satire often imputed to it; but there is a light banter, a vein of fun running

peasants than among the more polished Tuscan society whose original dialect has suffered great mutations in their intercourse with foreigners."—Pignotti, "Storia della Toscana," tom. ii. p. 167.

* Dante, two centuries before, had also expressed the same belief in an undiscovered quarter of the globe:—

"De' vostri sensi, ch'è del rimanente,
Non vogliate negar l'esperienza,
Diretro al sol, del mondo senza gente."

Inferno, can. xxvi. v. 115.

through the greater portion of it, which is quite the opposite of the lofty spirit of chivalry. Romantic fiction, among our Norman ancestors, grew so directly out of the feudal relations and adventurous spirit of the age, that it was treated with all the gravity of historical record. When reproduced in the polite and artificial societies of Italy, the same fictions were an air of ludicrous extravagance which would no longer admit of their being repeated seriously. Recommended, however, by a proper seasoning of irony, they might still amuse as ingenious tales of wonder. This may be kept in view in following out the ramifications of Italian narrative poetry; for they will all be found, in a greater or less degree, tinged with the same spirit of ridicule.* The circle for whom Pulci composed his epic was peculiarly distinguished by that fondness for good-humoured raillery, which may be considered a national trait with his countrymen.

It seems to have been the delight of Lorenzo de' Medici, as it was afterward,† in a more remarkable degree, of his son Leo the Tenth, to abandon himself to the most unreserved social freedoms with the friends whom he collected around his table. The satirical epigrams which passed there in perfect good-humour between his guests, show, at least, full as much merriment as manners. Machiavelli concludes his history of Florence with an elaborate portrait of Lorenzo, in which he says that "he took greater delight in frivolous pleasures, and in the society of jesters and satirists, than became so great a man." The historian might have been less austere in his commentary upon Lorenzo's taste, since he was not particularly fastidious in the selection of his own amusements.†

At the close of the fifteenth century Italy was divided into a number of small but independent states, whose petty sovereigns vied with each other, not merely in the poor parade of royal pageantry, but in the liberal endowment of scientific institutions, and the patronage of learned men. Almost every Italian scholar was attached to some one or other of these courtly circles, and a generous, enlightened emulation sprung up among the states of Italy,

* A distinction may be pointed out between the Norman and the Italian epics of chivalry. The former, composed in the rude ages of feudal heroism, are entitled to much credit, as pictures of the manners of that period; while the latter, written in an age of refinement, have been carried by their poets into such beautiful extravagances of fiction as are perfectly incompatible with a state of society at any period. Let any one compare the feats of romantic valour recorded by Froissart, the turbulent, prodatory habits of the barons and ecclesiastics under the early Norman dynasty, as reported by Turner in his late "History of England," with these old romances, and he will find enough to justify our remark. St. Pelaye, after a diligent study of the ancient epics, speaks of them as exhibiting a picture of society closely resembling that set forth in the chronicles of the period. Turner, after as diligent an examination of early historical documents, pronounces that the facts contained in them perfectly accord with the general portraiture of manners depicted in the romances. —*Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions*, tom. xx., *Art. sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*. Turner's *History of England from the Norman Conquest*, &c., vol. i. ch. vi.

† A letter written by Machiavelli, long unknown, and printed for the first time at Milan, 1810, gives a curious picture of his daily occupations when living in retirement, on his little patrimony, at a distance from Florence. Among other particulars, he mentions that it was his custom after dinner to repair to the tavern, where he passed his afternoon at cards with the company whom he ordinarily found there, consisting of the host, a miller, a butcher, and a lime-maker. Another part of the epistle exhibits a more pleasing view of the pursuits of the ex-secretary. "In the evening I return to my house and retire to my study. I then take off the rustic garments which I had worn during the day, and, having dressed myself in the apparel which I used to wear at court and in town, I mingle in the society of the great men of antiquity. I draw from them the nourishment which alone is suited to me, and during the four hours passed in this intercourse, I forget all my misfortunes, and fear neither poverty nor death. In this manner I have composed a little work upon government." This little work was "The Prince."

such as had never before existed in any other age or country. Among the Republics of ancient Greece the rivalry was *political*. Their *literature*, from the time of Solon, was almost exclusively Athenian. An interesting picture of the cultivated manners and intellectual pleasures of these little courts may be gathered from the *Cortigiano* of Castiglione, which contains in the introduction a particular account of the pursuits and pastimes at the court of his sovereign, the duke of Urbino.

None of these Italian states make so shining a figure in literary history as the insignificant duchy of Ferrara. The foul crimes which defile the domestic annals of the family of Este had been forgotten in the munificent patronage extended by them to letters. The librarians of the Biblioteca Estense, Muratori and Tiraboschi, have celebrated the virtues of their native princes with the encomiastic pen of loyalty; while Ariosto and Tasso, whose misfortunes furnish but an indifferent commentary upon these eulogiums, offering to them the grateful incense of poetic adulation, have extended their names still wider by inscribing them upon their immortal epics. Their patronage had the good fortune, not always attending patronage, of developing genius. Those models of the pastoral drama, the *Aminta* of Tasso, and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, whose luxury of expression, notwithstanding the *dictum* of Dr. Johnson,* it has been found as difficult to imitate in their own tongue as it is impossible to translate into any other; the comedies and Horatian satires of Ariosto; the *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni, the acknowledged model of the mock-heroic poems of Pope and Boileau; and, finally, the three great epics of Italy, the *Orlando Innamorato*, the *Furioso*, and the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, were all produced in the brief compass of a century, within the limited dominions of the House of Este. Dante had reproached Ferrara, in the thirteenth century, with never having been illustrated by the name of a poet.

Boiardo, count of Scandiano, the author of the *Orlando Innamorato*, the first-born of these epics, was a subject of Hercules the First, duke of Ferrara, and by him appointed governor of Reggio. His military conduct in that office, and his learned translations from the ancient classics, show him to have been equally accomplished as a soldier and as a scholar. In the intervals of war, to which his active life was devoted, he amused himself with the composition of his long poem. He had spun this out into the sixty-seventh canto without showing any disposition to bring it to a conclusion, when his literary labours were suddenly interrupted, as he informs us in his parting stanza, by the invasion of the French into Italy in 1794, and in the same year the author died. The *Orlando Innamorato*, as it advanced, had been read by its author to his friends; but no portion of it was printed till after his death, and its extraordinary merits were not then widely estimated, in consequence of its antiquated phraseology and Lombard provincialisms. A *Rifacimento* some time after appeared, by one Domenichi, who spoiled many of the beauties, without improving the style of his original. Finally, Berni, in little more than thirty years after the death of Boiardo, new-moulded the whole poem,† with so much dexterity as to retain the substance of every verse in the original, and yet to clothe them in the seductive graces of his own classical idiom. Berni's version is the only one now read in Italy, and the original poem of Boiardo is so rare in that country, that it was found impossible to

* "Dione is a counterpart to *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated and unworthy of imitation."—*Life of Gay*.

† Sismondi is mistaken in saying that Berni remodelled the "*Innamorato*" sixty years after the original. He survived Boiardo only forty two years, and he had half completed his "*Rifacimento*" at least ten years before his own death, as is evident from his beautiful invocation to Verona and the Po (canto xxx.), on whose banks he was then writing it, and where he was living, 1526, in the capacity of secretary to the Bishop of Verona.

procure, for the library of Harvard University, any copy of the *Innamorato* more ancient than the reformed one by Domenichi.

The history of letters affords no stronger example of the power of style than the different fate of these two productions of Berni and Boiardo. We doubt whether the experiment would have been attended with the same result among a people by whom the nicer beauties of expression are less cultivated, as with the English, for example. If we may judge from the few specimens which we have seen extracted from the Italian original, Chaucer exhibits a more obsolete and exotic phraseology than Boiardo. Yet the partial attempt of Dryden to invest the father of English poetry with a modernized costume has had little success, and the little epic of *Palamon and Arcite* (*The Knight's Tale*) is much more highly relished in the rude but muscular diction of Chaucer than in the polished version of his imitator.

Whatever may be the estimation of the style, the glory of the original delineation of character and incident is to be given exclusively to Boiardo. He was the first of the epic poets who founded a romance upon the love of Orlando; and a large portion of the poem is taken up with the adventures of this hero and his doughty Paladins, assembled in a remote province of China for the defence of his mistress, the beautiful Angelica:—

"When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowess knights
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemagne."

Paradise Regained.

With the exception of the midnight combat between Agrican and Orlando, in which the conversion of the dying Tartar reminds one of the similar, but more affecting death of Clorinda in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, there is very little moral interest attached to these combats of Boiardo, which are mere gladiatorial exhibitions of hard fighting, and sharp, jealous wrangling. The fairy gardens of Palerina and Morgana, upon which the poet enters in the second book, are much better adapted to the display of his wild and exuberant imagination. No Italian writer, not even Ariosto, is comparable to Boiardo for exhibitions of fancy. Enchantment follows enchantment, and the reader, bewildered with the number and rapidity of the transitions, looks in vain for some clue, even the slender thread of allegory which is held out by the poet, to guide him through the unmeaning marvellous of Arabian fiction. Ariosto has tempered his imagination with more discretion. Both of these great romantic poets have wrought upon the same characters, and afford, in this respect, a means of accurate comparison. Without going into details, we may observe, in general, that Boiardo has more strength than grace; Ariosto, the reverse. Boiardo's portraits are painted, or may be rather said to be sculptured, with a clear coarse hand, out of some rude material. Ariosto's are sketched with the volatile graces, nice shades, and variable drapery of the most delicate Italian pencil. In female portraiture, of course, Ariosto is far superior to his predecessor. The glaring coquetry of Boiardo's Angelica is refined by the hand of his rival into something like the coquetry of high life, and the ferocious tigress beauties of the original Marfisa are softened into those of a more polished and courtly amazon. The *Innamorato* contains no examples of the pure, deep feeling, which gives a soul to the females of the *Furioso*, and we look in vain for the frolic and airy scenes which enchant us so frequently in the latter poem.* We may remark, in conclusion, that the

* The chase of the Fairy Morgana, and the malicious dance of the Loves round Rinaldo (l. b. c. viii. xv.), may, however, be considered good exceptions to this remark.

rapid and unintermitting succession of incidents in the *Innamorato* prevents the poet from indulging in those collateral beauties of sentiment and imagery which are prodigally diffused over the romance of Ariosto, and which give to it an exquisite finish.

Berni's *Ritacimento* of the *Orlando Innamorato*, as we have already observed, first made it popular with the Italians, by a magical varnish of versification, which gave greater lustre to the beauties of his original, and glossed over its defects. It has, however, the higher merit of exhibiting a great variety of *original* reflections, sometimes in the form of digressions, but more frequently as introductions to the cantos. These are enlivened by the shrewd wit and *elaborate artlessness* of expression that form the peculiar attraction of Berni's poetry. In one of the prefatory stanzas to the fifty-first canto, the reader may recognize a curious coincidence with a well-known passage in Shakspeare; the more so, as Berni, we believe, was never turned into English before the present partial attempt of Mr. Rose:—

"Who steals a bugle-horn, a ring, a steed,
Or such like worthless thing, has some discretion;
'Tis petty larceny; not such his deed
Who robs us of our fame, our best possession.
And he who takes our labour's worthiest meed
May well be deem'd a felon by profession;
Who so much more our hate and scourge deserves,
As from the rule of right he wider swerves."

In another of these episodes the poet has introduced a portrait of himself. The whole passage is too long for insertion here; but, as Mr. Rose has also translated it, we will borrow a few stanzas from his skilful version:—

"His mood was choleric, and his tongue was vicious,
But he was praised for singleness of heart;
Not taxed as avaricious or ambitious,
Affectionate and frank, and void of art;
A lover of his friends, and unsuspecting;
But where he hated knew no middle part;
And men his malice by his love might rate;
But then he was more prone to love than hate.

"To paint his person, this was thin and dry:
Well sorting it, his legs were spare and lean;
Broad was his visage, and his nose was high,
While narrow was the space that was between
His eyebrows sharp; and blue his hollow eye,
Which for his bushy beard had not been seen
But that the master kept this thicket clear'd,
At mortal war with mustache and with beard.

"No one did ever servitude detest
Like him, though servitude was still his dole;
Since fortune or the devil did their best,
To keep him evermore beneath control.
While, whatsoever was his patron's least,
To execute it went against his soul;
His service would he freely yield, unask'd,
But lost all heart and hope if he were task'd.

"Nor music, hunting match, nor mirthful measure,
Nor play, nor other pastime, moved him aught;
And if 'twas true that horses gave him pleasure,
The simple sight of them was all he sought,

Too poor to purchase; and his only treasure
 His naked bed; his pastime to do nought
 But tumble there, and stretch his weary length,
 'And so recruit his spirits and his strength."

Rose's *Innamorato*, p. 48.

The passage goes on to represent the dreamy and luxurious pleasures of this indolent pastime, with such an Epicurean minuteness of detail as puts the sincerity of the poet beyond a doubt. His smaller pieces, *Capitoli*, as they are termed, contain many incidental allusions, which betray the same lazy propensity.

The early part of Berni's life was passed in Rome, where he obtained a situation under the ecclesiastical government. He was afterward established in a canonry at Florence, where he led an easy, effeminate life, much caressed for his social talents by the Duke Alessandro de' Medici. His end was more tragical than was to have been anticipated from so quiet and unambitious a temper. He is said to have been secretly assassinated, 1536, by the order of Alexander, for refusing to administer poison to the duke's enemy, the Cardinal Hyppolito de' Medici. The story is told in many contradictory ways by different Italian writers, some of whom disbelieve it altogether. The imputation, however, is an evidence of the profligate character of that court, and, if true, is only one out of many examples of perfidious assassination, which, in that age, dishonoured some of the most polished societies in Italy.

Berni has had the distinction of conferring his name on a peculiar species of Italian composition.* The epithet "*Bernesco*" is not derived, however, as has been incorrectly stated by some foreign scholars,† from his reformed version of the *Orlando*, but from his smaller pieces, his *Capitoli* more especially. It is difficult to convey a correct and adequate notion of this kind of satirical trifling, since its chief excellence results from idiomatic felicities of expression, that refuse to be transplanted into a foreign tongue, and there is no imitation of it, that we recollect, in our own language. It is a misapplication of the term *Bernesque* to apply it, as has been sometimes done, to the ironical style supposed to have been introduced by Lord Byron in his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The clear, unequivocal vein of irony which plays through the sportive sallies of the Italian has no resemblance to the subdued but caustic sneer of the Englishman; nor does it, in our opinion, resemble in the least Peter Pindar's burlesque satire, to which an excellent critic in Italian poetry has compared it.‡ Pindar is much too unrefined in versification and in diction to justify the parallel. Italian poetry always preserves the purity of its expression, however coarse or indecent may be the topic on which it is employed. The subjects of many of these poems are of the most whimsical and trivial nature. We find some in *Lode della Peste, del Debito*, &c. Several in commendation of the delicacies of the table, of "jellies," "eels," or any other dainty which pleased his epicurean palate. These *Capitoli*, like most of the compositions of this polished versifier, furnish a perfect example of the triumph of style. The sentiments, sometimes indelicate, and often puerile, may be considered, like the worthless insects occasionally found in amber, indebted for their preservation to the beautiful substance in which they are imbedded.

It is a curious fact, that, notwithstanding the apparent facility and fluent graces of Berni's style, it was wrought with infinite care. Some of his verses

* He cannot be properly considered its *inventor*, however. He lived in time to give the last polish to a species of familiar poetry, which had been long undergoing the process of refinement from the hands of his countrymen.

† Vide "Annotazioni alla Vita di Berni," dal conte Mazzuchelli. *Clas. Ital.*, p. xxxiv.

‡ Roscoe's "Life of Loren. de' Medici," vol. i. p. 392, *Nota*.

have been corrected twenty and thirty times. Many of his countrymen have imitated it, mistaking its familiarity of manner for facility of execution.

This fastidious revision has been common with the most eminent Italian poets. Petrarca devoted months to the perfecting of one of his exquisite sonnets.* Ariosto, as his son Virginius records of him, "was never satisfied with his verses, but was continually correcting and recorrecting them;" almost every stanza in the last edition of his poem published in his lifetime is altered from the original, and one verse is pointed out (canto xviii. st. 142) whose variations filled many pages. Tasso's manuscripts, preserved in the library at Modena, have been so often retouched by him that they are hardly intelligible; and Alfieri was in the habit, not only of correcting verses, but of remoulding whole tragedies, several of which, he tells us in his Memoirs, were thus transcribed by him no less than three times. It is remarkable that, in a country where the imagination has been most active, the labour of the file should have been most diligently exerted on poetical compositions. Such examples of the pains taken by men of real genius might furnish a wholesome hint to some of the rapid, dashing writers of our own day. "Avec quelque talent qu'on puisse être né," says Rousseau, in his Confessions, "l'art d'écrire ne se prend pas tout d'un coup."

We have violated the chronological series of the Italian epopee, in our notice of Berni, in order to connect his poem with the model on which it was cast. We will quit him with the remark, that for his fame he seems to have been as much indebted to good fortune as to desert. His countrymen have affixed his name to an illustrious poem of which he was not the author, and to a popular species of composition of which he was not the inventor.

In little more than twenty years after the death of Boiardo, Ariosto gave to the world his first edition of the *Orlando Furioso*. The celebrity of the *Innamorato* made Ariosto prefer building upon this sure foundation to casting a new one of his own; and as his predecessor had fortunately left all the *dramatis personæ* of his unfinished epic alive upon the stage, he had only to continue their histories to the end of the drama. "As the former of these two poems has no termination, and the latter no regular beginning, they may both be considered as forming one complete epic."† The latter half was, however, destined not only to supply the deficiencies, but to eclipse the glories of the former.

Louis Ariosto was born of a respectable family at Reggio, 1474. After serving a reluctant apprenticeship of five years in the profession of the law, his father allowed him to pursue other studies better adapted to his taste and poetical genius. The elegance of his lyrical compositions in Latin and Italian recommended him to the patronage of the Cardinal Hyppolito d'Este, and of his brother Alphonso, who, in 1505, succeeded to the ducal throne of Ferrara. Ariosto's abilities were found, however, not to be confined to poetry, and, among other offices of trust, he was employed by the duke in two important diplomatic negotiations with the court of Rome. But the Muses still obtained his principal homage, and all his secret leisure was applied to the perfecting of

* The following is a literal translation of a succession of memorandums in Latin at the head of one of his sonnets:—"I began this by the impulse of the Lord (*Dominus jubente*), tenth September, at the dawn of day, after my morning prayers."

"I must make these two verses over again, singing them, and I must transpose them. Three o'clock A.M., 19th October."

"I like this (*Hoc placet*). 30th October."

"No, this does not please me. 20th December, in the evening."

"February 18th, towards noon. This is now well; however, look at it again."

It was generally on Friday that he occupied himself with the painful labour of correction, and this was also set apart by him as a day of fast and penitence.—*Essays, cit. sup.*

† "Tasso, *Discorsi Poetici*."

the great poem, which was to commemorate at once his own gratitude and the glories of the house of Este. After fourteen years' assiduous labour, he presented to the Cardinal Hyppolito the first copy of his *Orlando Furioso*. The well-known reply of the prelate, "Messer Lodovico, dove mai avete trovate tante *fanfaluche*!" "Master Louis, where have you picked up so many trifles!" will be remembered in Italy as long as the poem itself.*

Ariosto, speaking of his early study of jurisprudence in one of his Satires,† says that he passed five years in *quelle ciancie*; a word which signifies much the same with the epithet *fanfaluche* or *coglionerie*, whichever it might have been, imputed to the cardinal. Ariosto was a poet; the cardinal was a mathematician; and each had the very common failing of undervaluing a profession different from his own. The courtly librarian of the *Biblioteca Estense* endeavours to explain away this and the subsequent conduct of Ariosto's patron;‡ but the poet's Satires, in which he alludes to the behaviour of the cardinal with the fine railery, and to his own situation with the philosophic independence, of Horace, furnish abundant evidence of the cold, ungenerous deportment of Hyppolito.§

Notwithstanding the alienation of the cardinal, the poet still continued in favour with Alphonso. The patronage bestowed upon him, however, seems to have been of a very selfish and sordid complexion. He was employed by the duke in offices most vexatious to one of his studious disposition, and he passed three years in reducing to tranquillity a barbarous, rebellious province of the duchy. His adventure there with a troop of bauditti, who abandoned a meditated attack upon him when they learned that he was the author of the *Orlando Furioso*, is a curious instance of homage to literary talent, which may serve as a *pendant* to the similar anecdote recorded of Tasso.||

* An interrogation, which might remind an Englishman of that put by the great Duke of Cumberland to Gibbon:—"What, Mr. Gibbon, scribble, scribble, scribble still?"

† A. M. Pietro Bembo Cardinale.

‡ "Storia della Lett. Ital.," tom. vii. p. i. pp. 42, 43.

§ In a satire addressed to Alessandro Ariosto, he speaks openly of the unprofitableness of his poetic labours:—

"Thanks to the Muses who reward
So well the service of then bard,
He almost may be said to lack
A decent coat to clothe his back."

And soon after, in the same epistle, he adverts with undisguised indignation to the oppressive patronage of Hyppolito:—

"If the poor stipend I receive
Has led his highness to believe
He has a right to task my toil
Like any serf's upon his soil,
T' enthrall me with a servile chain
That grinds my soul, his hopes are vain.
Sooner than be such household slave,
The sternest poverty I'll brave,
And from his pride and presents free,
Resume my long-lost liberty."

|| Ginguené, whose facts are never to be suspected, whatever credit may be attached to his opinions, has related both these adventures without any qualification (*Histoire Littéraire d'Italie*, tom. iv. p. 359, et V. 291). This learned Frenchman professes to have compiled his history under the desire of vindicating Italian literature from the disparaging opinions entertained of it among his countrymen. This has led him to swell the trumpet of panegyric somewhat too stoutly—indeed, much above the modest tone of the Italian *savant* who, upon his premature death, was appointed to continue the work. Ginguené died before he had completed the materials for his ninth volume, and the hiatus supplied by

The latter portion of his life was passed on his own estate in comparative retirement. He refused all public employment, and, with the exception of his satires, and a few comedies which he prepared for the theatre committed to his superintendence by Alphonso, he produced no new work. His hours were diligently occupied with the emendation and extension of his great poem; and in 1532, soon after the republication of it in forty-six cantos, as it now stands, he died of a disease induced by severe and sedentary application.

Ariosto is represented to have possessed a cheerful disposition, temperate habits, and their usual concomitant, a good constitution. Barotti has quoted, in his memoirs of the poet, some particulars respecting him, found among the papers of Virginio, his natural son. He is there said not to have been a great reader; Horace and Catullus were the authors in whom he took most delight. His intense meditation upon the subject of his compositions frequently betrayed him into fits of abstraction, one of which is recorded. Intending, on a fine morning, to take his usual walk, he set out from Carpi, where he resided, and reached Ferrara late in the afternoon, in his slippers and robe de chambre, uninterrupted by any one. His patrimony, though small, was equal to his necessities. An inscription which he placed over his door, is indicative of that moderation and love of independence which distinguished his character:

"Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva inco sed tamen ære domus."

It does not appear probable that he was ever married. He frequently alludes in his poems to some object of his affections, but without naming her. His bronze inkstand, still preserved in the library at Ferrara, is surmounted by a *relievo* of a Cupid with his finger upon his lip, emblematic of a discreet silence not very common in these matters with his countrymen. He is said to have intended his mistress by the beautiful portrait of Ginevra (c. iv. v.), as Tasso afterward shadowed out Leonora in the affecting episode of Sophronia. This was giving them, according to Ariosto's own allusion, a glorious niche in the temple of immortality.*

There still existed a general affectation among the Italian scholars of writing in the Latin language when Ariosto determined to compose an epic poem. The most accomplished proficient in that ancient tongue flourished about this period, and Politian, Pontano, Vida, Sannazarius, Sadolet, Bembo, had revived, both in prose and poetry, the purity, precision, and classic elegance of the Augustan age. Politian and Lorenzo de Medici were the only writers of the preceding century who had displayed the fecundity and poetical graces of their vernacular tongue, and their productions had been too few and of too trifling a nature to establish a permanent precedent. Bembo, who wrote his elaborate history first in Latin, and who carried the complicated inversions, in fact, the idiom of that language, into his Italian compositions, would have persuaded Ariosto to write his poem in the same tongue; but he wisely replied that "he would rather be first among Tuscan writers than second among the Latin," and, following the impulse of his own more discriminating taste, he gave, in the *Orlando Furioso*, such an exhibition of the fine tones and flexible movements of his native language as settled the question of its precedence for ever with his countrymen.

Ariosto at first intended to adopt the *terza rima* of Dante; indeed, the introductory verses of his poem in this measure are still preserved. He soon abandoned it, however, for the *ottava rima*, which is much better adapted to the light, rambling, picturesque narrative of the romantic epic.† Every stanza

Professor Salfi carries down the literary narrative only to the conclusion of the sixteenth century.

* O. F., can. xxxv. st. 15, 16.

† The Italians, since the failure of Trissino, have very generally adopted this measure for

furnishes a little picture in itself, and the perpetual recurrence of the same rhyme produces not only a most agreeable melody to the ear, but is very favourable to a full and more powerful development of the poet's sentiments. Instances of the truth of this remark must be familiar to every reader of Ariosto. It has been applied by Warton, with equal justice, to Spenser, whom the similar repetition of identical cadences often leads to a copious and beautiful expansion of imagery.* Spenser's stanza differs materially from the Italian *ottava rima*, in having one more rhyme, and in the elongated Alexandrine with which it is concluded. This gave to his verses "the long, majestic march," well suited to the sober sublimity of his genius; but the additional rhyme much increased its metrical difficulties, already, from the comparative infrequency of assonances in our language, far superior to those of the Italian. This has few compound sounds, but, rolling wholly upon the five open vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, affords a prodigious number of corresponding terminations. Hence their facility of improvisation. Voltaire observes that, in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, not more than seven words terminate in *u*, and expresses his astonishment that we do not find a greater monotony in the constant recurrence of only four rhymes.† The reason may be, that in Italian poetry the rhyme falls both upon the penultima and the final syllable of each verse; and as these two syllables in the same word turn upon different vowels, a greater variety is given to the melody. This double rhyming termination, moreover, gives an inexpressible lightness and delicacy to Italian poetry, very different from the broad comic which similar compound rhymes, no doubt from the infrequency of their application to serious subjects, communicate to the English.

Ariosto is commonly most admired for the inexhaustible fertility of his fancy; yet a large proportion of his fictions are borrowed, copied, or continued from those of preceding poets. The elegant, allegories of ancient superstition, as they were collected or invented by Homer and Ovid, the wild adventures of the Norman romances, the licentious merriment of the gossiping fabliaux, and the enchantments of Eastern fable, have all been employed in the fabric of Ariosto's epic. But, although this diminishes his claims to an inventive fancy, yet, on the whole, it exalts his character as a poet; for these same fictions under the hands of preceding romancers, even of Boiardo, were cold and uninteresting, or, at best, raised in the mind of the reader only a stupid admiration, like that occasioned by the grotesque and unmeaning wonders of a fairy tale. But Ariosto inspired them with a deep and living interest; he adorned them

their epic poetry, while the *terza rima* is used for didactic and satirical composition. The graver subjects which have engaged the attention of some of their poets during the last century have made blank verse (*verso sciolto*) more fashionable among them. Cesarotti's *Ossian*, one of the earliest, may be cited as one of the most successful examples of it. No nation is so skilful in a nice adaptation of style to the subject, and *imitative harmony* has been carried by them to a perfection which it can never hope to attain in any other living language; for what other language is made so directly out of the elements of music?

* The following stanza from the "Faerie Queene," describing the habitation of Morpheus, "drowned deep in drowsie fit," may serve as an exemplification of our meaning:—

"And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne;
No other noyes nor people's troublous cryes
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne
Might there be heard; but careless quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes."

† *Lettre a Deodati di Tossast.*

with the graces of sentiment and poetic imagery, and enlivened them by a vein of wit and shrewd reflection.

Ariosto's style is most highly esteemed by his countrymen. The clearness with which it expresses the most subtle and delicate beauties of sentiment may be compared to Alcina's

"Vel sottile e rado,
Che non copria dinanzi nè di dietro,
Piu che le rose o i gigli un chiaro vetro."

C. vii. s. 28.*

We recollect no English poet whose manner in any degree resembles him. La Fontaine, the most exquisite versifier of his nation, when in his least familiar mood, comes the nearest to him among the French. Spence remarks, that Spenser must have imagined Ariosto intended to write a serious romantic poem. The same opinion has been maintained by some of the Italian critics. Such, however, is not the impression we receive from it. Not to mention the broad farce with which the narrative is occasionally chequered, as the adventures of *Giocondo*, the *Enchanted Cup*, &c., a sly, suppressed smile seems to lurk at the bottom even of his most serious reflections; sometimes, indeed, it plays openly upon the surface of his narrative, but more frequently, after a beautiful and sober description, it breaks out, as it were, from behind a cloud, and lights up the whole with a gay and comic colouring. It would seem as if the natural acuteness of his poetic taste led him to discern in the *magnanime mensogne* of romantic fable abundant sources of the grand and beautiful, while the anti-chivalric character of his age, and, still more, the lively humour of his nation, led him to laugh at its extravagances. Hence the delicate intermixture of serious and comic, which gives a most agreeable variety, though somewhat of a curious perplexity, to his style.

The *Orlando Furioso* went through six editions in the author's lifetime, two of which he supervised, and it passed through sixty in the course of the same century. Its poetic pretensions were of too exalted a character to allow it to be regarded as a mere fairy tale; but it sorely puzzled the pedantic critics, both of that and of the succeeding age, to find out a justification for admitting it, with all its fantastic eccentricities, into the ranks of epic poetry. Multitudes have attacked and defended it upon this ground, and justice was not rendered to it until the more enlightened criticism of a later day set all things right by pointing out the distinction between the romantic and the classical.†

The cold and precise Boileau, who, like most of his countrymen, seems to have thought that beauty could wear only one form, and to have mistaken the beginnings of ancient art for its principles, quoted Horace to prove that no poet had the right to produce such grotesque combinations of the tragical and comic as are found in Ariosto.‡ In the last century, Voltaire, a critic of a much wider range of observation, objects to a narrow, exclusive definition of an epic poem, on the just ground "that works of imagination depend so much on the different languages and tastes of the different nations among whom they

* "A thin transparent veil,
That all the beauties of her form discloses,
As the clear crystal doth th' imprison'd roses."

† Hurd and T. Warton seem to have been among the earliest English writers who insisted upon the distinction between the Gothic and the classical. In their application of it to Spenser they display a philosophical criticism, guided not so much by ancient rules as by the peculiar genius of modern institutions. How superior this to the pedantic dogmas of the French school, or of such a caviller as Rymer, whom Dryden used to quote, and Pope extolled as "the best of English critics!"

‡ *Dissertation Critique sur l'Aventure de Joconde. — Œuvres de Boileau*, tom. ii. p. 161.

are produced, that precise definitions must have a tendency to exclude all beauties that are unknown or unfamiliar to us."—(*Essai sur la Poésie Epique*.) In less than forty pages farther we find, however, that "the *Orlando Furioso*, although popular with the mass of readers, is very inferior to the *genuine epic poem*." Voltaire's general reflections were those of a philosopher; their particular application was that of a Frenchman.

At a later period of his life he made a recantation of this precipitate opinion; and he even went so far, in a parallel between the *Furioso* and the *Odyssey*, which he considered the *model* of the Italian poem, as to give a decided preference to the former. Ariosto's imitations of the *Odyssey*, however, are not sufficient to authorize its being considered the model of his epic. Where these imitations do exist, they are not always the happiest efforts of his muse. The tedious and disgusting adventure of the Ogre, borrowed from that of the *Cyclops Polypheme*, is one of the greatest blemishes in the *Furioso*. Such "Jack-the-giant-killing" horrors do not blend happily with the airy and elegant fictions of the East. The *familiarity* of Ariosto's manner has an apparent resemblance to the *simplicity* of Homer's, which vanishes upon nearer inspection. The unaffected ease common to both resembles, in the Italian, the fashionable breeding that grows out of a perfect intimacy with the forms of good society. In the Greek it is rather an artlessness which results from never having been embarrassed by the conventional forms of society at all. Ariosto is perpetually addressing his reader in the most familiar tone of conversation; Homer pursues his course with the undeviating dignity of an epic poet. He tells all his stories, even the incredible, with an air of confiding truth. The Italian poet frequently qualifies his with some sly reference or apology, as "I will not vouch for it; I repeat only what Turpin has told before me."

"Mettendo lo Turpin, lo metto anch' io." *

Ariosto's narratives are complicated and interrupted in a most provoking manner. This has given offence to some of his warmest admirers, and to the severe taste of Alfieri in particular. Yet this fault, if, indeed, it be one, seems imputable to the art, not to the artist. He but followed preceding romancers, and conformed to the laws of his peculiar species of poetry. This involution of the narrative may be even thought to afford a relief and an agreeable contrast, by its intermixture of grave and comic incidents; at least, this is the apology set up for the same peculiarities of our own romantic drama. But, whatever exceptions may be taken by the acuteness or ignorance of critics at the conduct of the *Orlando Furioso*, the sagacity of its general plan is best vindicated by its wide and permanent popularity in its own country. None of their poets is so universally read by the Italians; and the epithet *divine*, which the homage of an enlightened few had before appropriated to Dante, had been conferred by the voice of the whole nation upon the *Homer of Ferrara*.† While those who copied the classical models of antiquity are forgotten, Ariosto, according to the beautiful eulogium of Tasso, "Partendo dalle vestigie degli Antichi Scrittori e dalle regole d'Aristotile, è letto e riletto da tutte l'età, da tutti i sessi, noto a tutte le lingue, ringiovanisce sempre nella sua fama, e vola glorioso per le lingue de' mortali."‡

* Voltaire, with all his aversion to local prejudices, was too national to relish the naked simplicity of Homer. One of his witty reflections may show how he esteemed him. Speaking of Virgil's obligations to the Greek poet, "Some say," he observes, "that Homer made Virgil; if so, this is, without doubt, the best work he ever made!"—"et cela est, c'est sans doute son plus bel ouvrage."

† The name originally given to him by his rival Tasso.

‡ *Discurso Poetico*, p. 33.

The name of Ariosto most naturally suggests this of Tasso, his illustrious but unfortunate rival in the same brilliant career of epic poetry; for these two seem to hold the same relative rank, and to shed a lustre, over the Italian poetry of the sixteenth century, like that reflected by Dante and Petrarch upon the fourteenth. The interest always attached to the misfortunes of genius has been heightened, in the case of Tasso, by the veil of mystery thrown over them; and while his sorrows have been consecrated by the "melodious tear" of the poet, the causes of them have furnished a most fruitful subject of speculation to the historian.

He had been early devoted by his father to the study of jurisprudence, but, as with Ariosto, a love for the Muses seduced him from his severer duties. His father remonstrated; but Tasso, at the age of seventeen, produced his *Rinaldo*, an epic in twelve cantos, and the admiration which it excited throughout Italy silenced all future opposition on the part of his parent. In 1565, Tasso, then twenty-one years of age, was received into the family of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, to whom he had dedicated his precocious epic. The brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty at the little court of Ferrara excited the visions of the youthful poet, while its richly endowed libraries and learned societies furnished a more solid nourishment to his understanding. Under these influences, he was perpetually giving some new display of his poetic talent. His vein flowed freely in lyrical composition, and he is still regarded as one of the most perfect models in that saturated species of national poetry. In 1573 he produced his *Aminta*, which, in spite of its conceits and pastoral extravagances, exhibited such a union of literary finish and voluptuous sentiment as was to be found in no other Italian poem. It was translated into all the cultivated tongues in Europe, and was followed, during the lifetime of its author, by more than twenty imitations in Italy. No valuable work ever gave birth to a more worthless progeny. The *Pastor Fido* of Guarini is by far the best of these imitations; but its elaborate luxury of wit is certainly not comparable to the simple, unsolicited beauties of the original. Tasso was, however, chiefly occupied with the composition of his great epic. He had written six cantos in a few months, but he was nearly ten years in completing it. He wrote with the rapidity of genius, but corrected with scrupulous deliberation. His *Letters* show the unwearied pains which he took to obtain the counsel of his friends, and his critical *Discourses* prove that no one could stand less in need of such counsel than himself. In 1575 he completed his *Jerusalem Delivered*. Thus, before he had reached his thirty-second year, Tasso, as a lyric epic, and dramatic writer, may be fairly said to have earned a threefold immortality in the highest walks of his art. His subsequent fate shows that literary glory rests upon no surer basis than the accidental successes of worldly ambition.

The long and rigorous imprisonment of Tasso, by the sovereign over whose reign his writings had thrown such a lustre, has been as fruitful a source of speculation as the inexplicable exile of Ovid, and in like manner was, for a long time, imputed to an indiscreet and too aspiring passion in the poet. At length Tiraboschi announced, in an early edition of his history, that certain letters and original manuscripts of Tasso, lately discovered in the library of Modena, had been put into the hands of the Abbé Scrasini for the farther investigation of the mysterious transaction. The abbé's work appeared in 1785, and the facts disclosed by it clearly prove that the poet's passion for Leonora was not, as formerly imagined, the origin of his misfortunes.* These may be

* We are only acquainted with Scrasini's "Life of Tasso" through the epitomes of Fabroni and Ginguené. The latter writer seems to us to lay greater stress upon the poet's passion for Leonora than is warranted by his facts. Tasso dedicated, it is true, many an elegant sonnet to her charms, and distorted her name into as many ingenious puns as did Petrarch

imputed to a variety of circumstances, none of which, however, would have deeply affected a person of a less irritable or better disciplined fancy. The calumnies and petty insults which he experienced from his rivals at the court of Ferrara, a clandestine attempt to publish his poem, but, more than all, certain conscientious scruples which he entertained as to the orthodoxy of his own creed, gradually wrought upon his feverish imagination to such a degree as in a manner to unsettle his reason. He fancied that his enemies were laying snares for his life, and that they had concerted a plan for accusing him of heresy before the Inquisition.* He privately absconded from Ferrara, returned to it again, but soon after, disquieted by the same unhappy suspicions, left it precipitately a second time, without his manuscripts, without money, or any means of subsistence, and, after wandering from court to court, and experiencing, in the sorrowful language of Dante,—

“Come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle,
Lo scendere e l' salir per l'altrui scale,” †

he threw himself once more upon the clemency of Alphonso; but the duke, already alienated from him by his past extravagances, was incensed to such a degree by certain intemperate expressions of anger in which the poet indulged on his arrival at the court, that he caused him to be confined in a madhouse (Hospital of St. Anne).

Here, in the darkness and solitude of its meanest cell, disturbed only by the cries of the wretched inmates of the mansion, he languished two years under the severest discipline of a refractory lunatic. Montaigne, in his visit to Italy, saw him in this humiliating situation, and his reflections upon it are even colder than those which usually fall from the phlegmatic philosopher.‡ The genius of Tasso, however, broke through the gloom of his dungeon, and several of the lyrical compositions of his imprisoned muse were as brilliant and beautiful as in the day of her prosperity. The distempered state of his imagination seems never to have clouded the vividness of his perceptions on the subjects of his composition, and during the remaining five years of his confinement at St. Anne, he wrote, in the form of dialogues, several highly-esteemed disquisitions on philosophical and moral theorems. During this latter period Tasso had enjoyed a more commodious apartment, but the duke, probably dreading some literary reprisal from his injured prisoner, resisted all entreaties for his release. This was at length effected, through the intercession of the Prince of Mantua, in 1586.

Tasso quitted Ferrara without an interview with his oppressor, and spent the residue of his days in the south of Italy. His countrymen, affected by his unmerited persecutions, received him wherever he passed with enthusiastic

that of his mistress; but when we consider that this sort of poetical tribute is very common with the Italians, that the lady was at least ten years older than the poet, and that, in the progress of this passion, he had four or five other well-attested subordinate flames, we shall have little reason to believe it produced a deep impression on his character.

* His “Letters” betray the same timid jealousy. He is perpetually complaining that his correspondence is watched and intercepted.

† “How salt the savour is of other’s bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By other’s stairs.”—CAREY.

‡ “I felt even more spite than compassion to see him in so miserable a state, surviving, as it were himself, unmindful either of himself or his works, which, without his concurrence, and before his eyes, were published to the world incorrect and deformed.”—*Essais de Montaigne*, tom. v. p. 114. Montaigne doubtless exaggerated the mental degradation of Tasso, since it favoured a position which, in the vain love of paradox that has often distinguished his countrymen, he was then endeavouring to establish, viz. the superiority of stupidity and ignorance over genius.

triumph. The nobility and the citizens of Florence waited upon him in a body, as if to make amends for the unjust strictures of their academy upon his poem, and a day was appointed by the court of Rome for his solemn coronation in the Capitol with the poetic wreath which had formerly encircled the brow of Petrarch. He died a few days before the intended ceremony. His body, attired in a Roman toga, was accompanied to the grave by nobles and ecclesiastics of the highest dignity, and his temples were decorated with the laurel of which his perverse fortune had defrauded him when living.

The unhappy fate of Tasso has affixed a deep stain on the character of Alphonso the Second. The eccentricities of his deluded fancy could not have justified seven years of solitary confinement, either as a medicine or as a punishment, least of all from the man whose name he had so loudly celebrated in one of the most glorious productions of modern genius. What a caustic commentary upon his unrelenting rigour must Alphonso have found in one of the opening stanzas of the *Jerusalem* :

"Tu, magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli
Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto
Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli
E fra l'onde agitato, e quasi asorto ;
Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli," &c.

The illiberal conduct of the princes of Este, both towards Ariosto and Tasso, essentially diminishes their pretensions to the munificent patronage so exclusively imputed to them by their own historians, and by the eloquent pen of Gibbon.* A more accurate picture, perhaps, of the second Alphonso may be found in the concluding canto of *Childe Harold*, where the poet, in the language of indignant sensibility, not always so judiciously directed, has rendered more than poetical justice to the "antique brood of Este."

The *Jerusalem* was surreptitiously published, for the first time, during Tasso's imprisonment, and, notwithstanding the extreme inaccuracy of its early editions, it went through no less than six in as many months. Others grew rich on the productions of an author who was himself languishing in the most abject poverty ; one example out of many of the insecurity of literary property in a country where the number of distinct independent governments almost defeats the protection of a copyright.†

Notwithstanding the general admiration which the *Jerusalem* excited throughout Italy, it was assailed, on its first appearance, with the coarsest criticism it ever experienced. A comparison was naturally suggested between it and the *Orlando Furioso*, and the Italians became divided into the factions of Tassisti and Ariostisti. The Della Cruscan Academy, just then instituted, in retaliation of some extravagant encomiums bestowed on the *Jerusalem*, entered into an accurate, but exceedingly intemperate analysis of it, in which they degraded it, not only below the rival epic, but, denying it the name of a *poem*, spoke of it as "a cold and barren compilation." It is a curious fact, that both the

* Muratori's "Antichità Estensi" are expressly intended to record the virtues of the family of Este. Tiraboschi's "Storia della Letteratura Italiana" is a splendid panegyric upon the intellectual achievements of the whole nation. More than a due share of this praise, however, is claimed for his native princes of Ferrara. It is amusing to see by what evasions the historian attempts to justify their conduct both towards Tasso and Ariosto. Gibbon, who had less apology for partiality, in his laborious researches into the "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick" has not tempered his encomiums of the Alphonsons with a single animadversion upon their illiberal conduct towards their two illustrious subjects.

† "Foreigners," says Denina, "who ask if there are great writers in Italy now, as in times past, would be surprised at the number, were they to learn how much even the best of them are brought in debt by the publication of their own works."—*Vicende della Letteratura*, tom. ii. p. 326.

Della Cruscan and French Academies commenced their career of criticism with an unlucky attack upon two of the most extraordinary poems in their respective languages.*

Although Tasso was only one-and-twenty years of age when he set about writing his *Jerusalem*, yet it is sufficiently apparent, from the sagacious criticism exhibited in his letters, that he brought to it a mind ripened by extensive studies and careful meditation. He had, moreover, the advantage of an experience derived both from his own previous labours and those of several distinguished predecessors in the same kind of composition. The learned Trissino had fashioned, some years before, a regular heroic poem, with pedantic precision, upon the models of antiquity. From this circumstance, it was so formal and tedious that nobody could read it. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, who might apply to himself, with equal justice, the reverse of the younger Racine's lament,

"Et moi père inconnu d'un si glorieux fils,"

had commenced his celebrated *Amadis* with the same deference to the rules of Aristotle. Finding that the audiences of his friends, to whom he was accustomed to read the epic as it advanced, gradually thinned off, he had the discretion to take the hint, and new cast it in a more popular and romantic form. Notwithstanding these inauspicious examples, Tasso was determined to give to his national literature what it so much wanted, a great heroic poem; his fine eye perceived at once, however, all the advantages to be derived from the peculiar advantages to be derived from the peculiar institutions of the moderns, and, while he conformed, in the general plan of his epic, to the precepts of antiquity, he animated it with the popular and more exalted notions of love, of chivalry, and of religion. His *Jerusalem* exhibits a perfect combination of the romantic and the classical.

The subject which he selected was most happily adapted to his complicated design. However gloomy a picture the Crusades may exhibit to the rational historian, they are one of the most brilliant and imposing ever offered to the eye of the poet. It is surprising that a subject so fruitful in marvellous and warlike adventure, and which displays the full triumph of Christian chivalry, should have been so long neglected by the writers of epical romance. The plan of the *Jerusalem* is not without defects, which have been pointed out by the Italians, and bitterly ridiculed by Voltaire, whose volatile sarcasms have led him into one or two blunders, that have excited much wrath among some of Tasso's countrymen.† The conceits which occasionally glitter on the surface of Tasso's clear and polished style have afforded another and a fair ground for censure. Boileau's metaphorical distich, however, has given to them an undeserved importance. The epithet *insel* (*clinguant*) used by him without any limitation, was quoted by his countrymen as fixing the value at once of all Tasso's compositions, and afterward, by an easy transition, of that of the whole body of Italian literature. Boileau subsequently diluted this censure of the Italian poet with some partial commendations,‡ but its ill

* It is hardly necessary to refer to Cornelle's "Cid," so clumsily anatomized by the Académie Française at the jealous instigation of Cardinal Richelieu.

† Among other heinous slanders, he had termed the musical bird "di color vari," "e purpureo rostro," in Armida's gardens, a "parrot," and the "fatal Donzella" (canto xv.), whose countenance was beautiful like that of the angels, an "old woman," which his Italian censor assures his countrymen "is much worse than a *vecchia donna*." For the burst of indignation which these and similar sins brought upon Voltaire's head, vide "Annotazioni al Canti," xv. xvi.—*Class. Ital.*

‡ Both Ginguéné and some Italian critics affect to consider these commendations as an *omende honorifique* on the part of Boileau. They, however, amount to very little, and, like

effects were visible in the unfavourable prejudices which it left on the minds of his own countrymen, and on those of the English for nearly a century.

The affectations imputed to Tasso are to be traced to a much more remote origin. Petrarch's best productions are stained with them, as are those of preceding poets, Cino da Pistoja, Guido Cavalcanti, and others,* and they seem to have flowed directly from the Provençal, the copious fountain of Italian lyrical poetry. Tiraboschi referred their introduction to the influence of Spanish literature under the viceroys of Naples during the latter part of the sixteenth century, which provoked a patriotic replication, in seven volumes, from the Spanish Abbé Lampillas. The Italian had the better of his adversary in temper, if not in argument. This false refinement was brought to its height during the first half of the seventeenth century, under Marini and his imitators, and it is somewhat maliciously intimated by Denina that the foundation of the Academy Della Crusca corresponds with the commencement of the decay of good taste.† Some of their early publications prove that they have at least as good a claim to be considered its promoters as Tasso.‡

Tasso is the most lyrical of all epic poets. This often weakens the significance and picturesque delineation of his narrative, by giving to it an ideal and too general character. His eight-line stanza is frequently wrought up, as it were, into a miniature sonnet. He himself censures Ariosto for occasionally indulging this lyrical vein in his romance, and cites as an example the celebrated comparison of the virgin and the rose (can. i. s. 42). How many similar examples may be found in his own epic! The gardens of Armida are full of them. To this cause we may perhaps ascribe the glittering affectations, the *cliquant* so often noticed in his poetry. Dazzling and epigrammatic points are often solicited in sonnets. To the same cause may be referred, in part, the nicely-adjusted harmony of his verses. It would almost seem as if each stanza was meant to be set to music, as Petrarch is known to have composed many of his odes with this view.§ The melodious rhythm of Tasso's verse has none of the monotonous sweetness so cloying in Metastasio. It is diversified by all the modulations of an exquisitely sensible ear. For this reason no Italian poet is so frequently in the mouths of the common people. Ariosto's familiar style and lively narrative are better suited to the popular apprehension; but the lyrical melody of Tasso's triumphs over these advan-

the Frenchman's compliment to Yorick, have full as much of bitter as of sweet in them. The remarks quoted by D'Olivet (*Histoire de l'Académie Française*), as having been made by the critic a short time previous to his death, are a convincing proof, on the other hand, that he was tenacious to the last of his original heresy. "So little," said he, "have I changed, that on reviewing Tasso of late, I regretted exceedingly that I had not been more explicit in my strictures upon him." He then goes on to supply the hiatus by taking up all the blemishes in detail which he had before only alluded to *en gros*.

* These veteran versifiers have been condensed into two volumes 8vo., in an edition published at Florence, 1816, under the title of "*Poeti del Primo Secolo*"

† *Vicende della Letteratura*, tom. ii. p. 52.

‡ A distinction seems to be authorized between the ancients and the moderns in regard to what is considered *purity of taste*. The earliest writings of the former are distinguished by it, and it fell into decay only with the decline of the nation; while a vicious taste is visible in the earliest stages of modern literature, and it has been corrected only by the corresponding refinement of the nation. The Greek language was written in classic purity from Homer until long after Greece herself had become tributary to the Romans, and the Latin tongue from the time of Terence till the nation had sacrificed its liberties to its emperors; while the early Italian authors, as we have already seen, the Spaniards in the age of Ferdinand, the English in that of Elizabeth, and the French under Francis the First (the epochs which may fix the dawn of their respective literatures), seem to have been deeply infected with a passion for conceits and quibbles, which has been purified only by the diligent cultivation of ages.

§ Foscolo, "*Essay*," &c., p. 98.

tages in his rival, and enables him literally *viridm volitare per ora*. It was once common for the Venetian gondoliers to challenge each other, and to respond in the verses of the *Jerusalem*, and this sort of musical contest might be heard for hours in the silence of a soft summer evening. The same beautiful ballads, if we may so call these fragments of an epic, are still occasionally chanted by the Italian peasant, who is less affected by the sublimity of their sentiments than the musical flow of the expression.*

Tasso's sentiments are distinguished, in our opinion, by a moral grandeur surpassing that of any other Italian poet. His devout mind seems to have been fully inspired with the spirit of his subject. We say in our opinion, for an eminent German critic, F. Schlegel, is disposed to deny him this merit. We think in this instance he must have proposed to himself what is too frequent with the Germans, an ideal and exaggerated standard of elevation. A few stanzas (st. 1 to 19) in the fourth canto of the *Jerusalem* may be said to contain almost the whole argument of the *Paradise Lost*. The convocation of the devils in the dark abyss,† the picture of Satan, whom he injudiciously names Pluto, his sublime address to his confederates, in which he alludes to their rebellion and the subsequent creation of man, were the germs of Milton's most glorious conceptions. Dante had before shadowed forth Satan, but it was only in the physical terrors of a hideous aspect and gigantic stature. The ancients had clothed the Furies in the same external deformities. Tasso, in obedience to the superstitions of his age, gave to the devil similar attributes, but he invested his character with a moral sublimity which raised it to the rank of divine intelligences :

" Ebbero i più felici allor vittoria
Rimase a noi d' invitto ardir la gloria."
" Sia destin ciò ch'io voglio."

In the literal version of Milton,

" What I will be fate."

Sentiments like these also give to Satan, in *Paradise Lost*, his superb and terrific majesty. Milton, however, gave a finer finish to the portrait, by dispensing altogether with the bugbear deformities of his person, and by depicting it as a form that

" Had yet not lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd."

It seems to us a capital mistake in Tasso to have made so little use of the *diablerie* which he has so powerfully portrayed. Almost all the machinations of the infidels in the subsequent cantos turn upon the agency of petty necromancers.

Tasso frequently deepens the expression of his pictures by some skilful moral allusion. How finely has he augmented the misery of the soldier, perishing under a consuming drought before the walls of Jerusalem, by recalling to his imagination the cool and crystal waters with which he had once been familiar :—

* "The influence of metrical harmony is visible in the lower classes, who commit to memory the stanzas of Tasso, and sing them without comprehending them. They even disfigure the language so as to make nonsense of it, their senses deceived all the while by the unmeaning melody."—*I ignotti, Storia*, &c., tom. iv. p. 192.

† The semi-stanza, which describes the hoarse reverberations of the infernal trumpet in this Pandemonium, is cited by the Italians as a happy example of imitative harmony :—

" Chiana gli abitator dell' ombre eterne
Il rauco suon della tartarea tromba.
Tremar le spaziose atri caverne,
E l' aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba."

"Se alcun giammai tra frondeggianti rive
 Puro vide stagnar liquido argento,
 O già precipitose ir acque vive
 Per Alpe, a'n spiaggia erbosa a passo lento ;
 Quelle al vago desio forma a l'ascrive,
 E ministra materia al suo tormento ;
 Che l'immagine lor gelida e molle
 L'asciuga e scalda, e nel pensier ribolle." *—Can. xiii. st. 60.

In all the manifold punishments of Dante's *Hell* we remember one only in which the *mind* is made use of as a means of torture. A counterfeiter (*barattiere*) contrasts his situation in these dismal regions with his former pleasant residence in the green vale of the Arno ; an allusion which adds a new sting to his anguish, and gives a fine moral colouring to the picture. Dante was the first great Christian poet that had written ; and when, in conformity with the charitable spirit of his age, he assigned all the ancient heathens a place either in his hell or purgatory, he inflicted upon them corporeal punishments which alone had been threatened by their poets.

Both Ariosto and Tasso elaborated the style of their compositions with infinite pains. This labour, however, led them to the most opposite results. It gave to the *Furioso* the airy graces of elegant conversation ; to the *Gerusalemme* a stately and imposing eloquence. In this last you may often find a consummate art carried into affectation, as in the former natural beauty is sometimes degraded into vulgarity, and even obscenity. Ariosto has none of the national vices of style imputed to his rival, but he is tainted with the less excusable impurities of sentiment. It is stated by a late writer that the exceptionable passages in the *Furioso* were found crossed out with a pen in a manuscript copy of the author, showing his intention to have suppressed them at some future period. The fact does not appear probable, since the edition, as it now stands, with all its original blemishes, was revised and published by himself the year of his death.

Tasso possessed a deeper, a more abstracted, and lyrical turn of thought. Ariosto infuses an active, worldly spirit into his poetry ; his beauties are social, while those of his rival are rather of a solitary complexion. Ariosto's muse seems to have caught the gossiping spirit of the *fabliaux*, and Tasso's the lyrical refinements of the *Provençale*. Ariosto is seldom sublime like the other. This may be imputed to his subject, as well as to the character of his genius. Owing to his subject, he is more generally entertaining. The easy freedom of his narrative often leads him into natural details much more affecting than the ideal generalization of Tasso. How pathetic is the dying scene of Brandimarte, with the half-finished name of his mistress, Fiordiligi, upon his lip :—

"Orlando, fa che ti raccordi
 Di me nell'orazion tue grata a Dio ;
 Nè me a ti raccomando la mia Fiordi . . .
 Ma dir non poté *ligi* ; e qui finì."†

* "He that the gliding rivers erst had seen
 Adown their verdant channels gently roll'd,
 Or falling streams, which to the valleys green
 Distill'd from tops of Alpine mountains cold,
 Those he desired in vain, new torments been
 Augmented thus with wish of comforts old ;
 Those waters cool he drank in vain conceit,
 Which more increased his thirst, increased his heat."—*Fairfax*.

† "Orlando, I implore thee
 That in thy prayers my name may be commended,
 And to thy care I leave my loved *Fiordi*—
Ligi he could not add ; but here he ended."

Tasso could never have descended to this beautiful negligence of expression.*

Tasso challenged a comparison with his predecessor in his gardens of Armida. The indolent and languishing repose of the one, the brisk, amorous excitement of the other, are in some measure characteristic of their different pencils. The parallel has been too often pursued for us to weary our readers with it.

The Italians have a copious variety of narrative poetry, and are very nice in their subdivisions of it. Without attending to these, we have been guided by its chronological succession. We have hardly room to touch upon the *Secchia Rapita* (*Rape of the Bucket*) of Tassoni, the model of the mock-heroic poems afterwards frequent in Italy,† of Boileau's *Lutrin*, and of the *Rape of the Lock*. Tassoni, its author, was a learned and noble Modenese, who, after a life passed in the heats of literary controversies, to which he had himself given rise, died 1635, aged seventy-one. The subject of the poem is a war between Modena and Bologna, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, in consequence of a wooden bucket having been carried off from the market-place in the latter city by an invading party of the former. This memorable trophy has been preserved down to the present day in the cathedral of Modena. Tassoni's epic will confer upon it a more lasting existence.

"The Bucket, which so sorely had offended,
In the Great Tower where yet it may be found,
Was from on high by ponderous chain suspended,
And with a marble cope environ'd round.
By portals five the entrance is defended;
Nor cavalier of note is that way bound,
Nor pious pilgrim, but doth pause to see
The spoil so glorious of the victory."—Canto i. st. 63.

Gironi, in his life of the poet, triumphantly adduces, in evidence of the superiority of the Italian epic over the French mock-heroic poem of Boileau, that the subject of the former is far more insignificant than that of the latter, and yet the poem has twelve cantos, being twice the number of the *Lutrin*. He might have added that each canto contains about six hundred lines instead of two hundred, the average complement of the French, so that Tassoni's epic has the glory of being twelve times as long as Boileau's, and all about a bucket! This is somewhat characteristic of the Italians. What

* The *ideal*, which we have imputed to Tasso, may be cited, however, as a characteristic of the national literature, and as the point in which their literature is most decidedly opposed to our own. With the exception of Dante and Parini, whose copies from life have all the precision of proof impressions, it would be difficult to find a picture in the compass of Italian poetry executed with the fidelity to nature so observable in our good authors—so apparent in every page of Cowper or Thomson, for example. It might be well, perhaps, for the English artist, if he could embellish the minute and literal details of his own school with some of the ideal graces of the Italian. Byron may be considered as having done this more effectually than any contemporary poet. Byron's love of the ideal, it must be allowed, however, has too often bewildered him in mysticism and hyperbole.

† The Italians long disputed with great acrimony whether this or the comic heroic poem of Bracciolini (*Lo Scherno degli Dei*) was precedent in point of age. It appears probable that Tassoni's was written first, although printed last. No country has been half so fruitful as Italy in literary quarrels, and in none have they been pursued with such bitterness and pertinacity. In some instances, as in that of Marini, they have even been maintained by assassination. The sarcastic commentaries of Galileo upon the "Jerusalem," quoted in the vulgar edition of the "Classics," were found sadly mutilated by one of the offended *Tassonisti*, into whose hands they had fallen more than two centuries after they were written; so long does a literary faction last in Italy! The Italians, inhibited from a free discussion on political or religious topics, enter with incredible zeal into those of a purely abstract and often unimportant character.

other people would good-humouredly endure such an interminable epic upon so trivial an affair, which had taken place more than four centuries before ! To make amends, however, for the want of pungency in a satire on transactions of such an antiquated date, Tassoni has besprinkled his poem very liberally with allusions to living characters.

We may make one general objection to the poem, that it is often too much in earnest for the perfect keeping of the mock-heroic. The cutting of throats and fighting regular pitched battles are too bloody a business for a joke. How much more in the genuine spirit of this species of poetry is the bloodless battle with the books in the *Lutrin* !

The machinery employed by Tassoni is composed of the ancient heathen deities. These are frequently brought upon the stage, and are travestied with the coarsest comic humour. But the burlesque which reduces great things to little is of a grosser and much less agreeable sort than that which magnifies little things into great. The *Rape of the Lock* owes its charms to the latter process. The importance which it gives to the elegant nothings of high life, its perpetual sparkling of wit, the fairy fretwork which constitutes its machinery, have made it superior, as a fine piece of irony, to either of its foreign rivals. A Frenchman would doubtless prefer the epic regularity, progressive action, and smooth see-saw versification of the *Lutrin* ; * while an Italian would find sufficient in the grand heroic sentiment and the voluptuous portraiture with which Tassoni's unequal poem is occasionally inlaid, to justify his preference of it. There is no accounting for national taste. La Harpe, the Aristarchus of French critics, censures the gossamer machinery of the *Rape of the Lock* as the greatest defect in the poem. "*La Fable des Sylphes*, que Pope a très inutilement empruntée du Conte de Gahalis, pour en faire le merveilleux de son poëme, n'y produit rien d'agréable, rien d'intéressant !"

Italy, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was inundated with crude and insipid romances, distributed into all the varieties of epic poetry. The last one, however, of sufficient importance to require our notice, namely, the *Ricciardetto* of Nicholas Fortiguerra, appeared as late as 1738. After two centuries of marvellous romance, Charlemagne and his paladins became rather insipid *dramatis personæ*. What could not be handled seriously, however, might be ridiculed ; and the smile, half suppressed by Ariosto and Berni, broke out into broad buffoonery in the poem of Fortiguerra.

The *Ricciardetto* may be considered the *Don Quixote* of Italy ; for although it did not bring about that revolution in the national taste ascribed to the Spanish romance, yet it is, like that, an unequivocal parody upon the achievements of knight errantry. It may be doubted whether *Don Quixote* itself was not the consequence rather than the cause of the revolution in the national taste. Fortiguerra pursued an opposite method to Cervantes, and, instead of introducing his crack-brained heroes into the realities of vulgar life, he made them equally ridiculous by involving them in the most absurd caricatures of romantic fiction. Many of these adventures are of a licentious, and sometimes of a disgusting nature ; but the graceful though negligent beauties of his style throw an illusive veil over the grossness of the narrative. Imitations of Pulci may be more frequently traced than of any other romantic poet. But, although more celebrated writers are occasionally, and the extravagances of chivalry are perpetually parodied by Fortiguerra, yet his object does not seem to have been deliberate satire so much as good-humoured jesting. What he wrote was for

* The versification of the "*Lutrin*" is esteemed as faultless as any in the language. The tame and monotonous flow of the best of French rhyme, however, produces an effect, at least upon a foreign ear, which has been well likened by one of their own nation to "the drinking of cold water."

the simple purpose of raising a laugh, not for the derision or the correction of the taste of his countrymen. The tendency of his poem is certainly satirical, yet there is not a line indicating such an intention on his part. The most pointed humour is aimed at the clergy.* Fortiguerra was himself a canon. He commenced his epic at the suggestion of some friends with whom he was passing a few weeks of the autumn at a hunting-seat. The conversation turned upon the labour bestowed by Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto on their great poems; and Fortiguerra undertook to furnish, the next day, a canto of good poetry, exhibiting some of the peculiarities of their respective styles. He fulfilled his promise, and his friends, delighted with its sprightly graces, persuaded him to pursue the epic to its present complement of thirty cantos. Any one acquainted with the facilities for *improvisation* afforded by the flexible organization of the Italian tongue will be the less surprised at the rapidity of this composition. The *Ricciardetto* may be looked upon as a sort of improvisation.

In the following literal version of the two opening stanzas of the poem we have attempted to convey some notion of the sportive temper of the original:—

- "It will not let my busy brain alone;
The whim has taken me to write a tale
In poetry, of things till now unknown,
Or if not wholly new, yet nothing stale.
My muse is not a daughter of the Sun,
With harp of gold and ebony; a hale
And buxom country lass, she sports at ease,
And, free as air, sings to the passing breeze.
- "Yet, though accustom'd to the wood—its spring
Her only beverage, and her food its mast,
She will of heroes and of battles sing,
The loves and high emprises of the past.
Then if she falter on so bold a wing,
Light be the blame upon her errors cast;
She never studied; and she well may err,
Whose home hath been beneath the oak and fir."

Fortiguerra's introductions to his cantos are seasoned with an extremely pleasant wit, which Lord Byron has attentively studied, and, in some passages of his more familiar poetry, closely imitated. The stanza, for example, in *Beppo*, beginning—

- "She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a certain age,
Which yet the most uncertain age appears," &c.

was evidently suggested by the following in *Ricciardetto*:—

- "Quando si giugne ad una certa età,
Ch'io non voglio descrivervi qual è,
Bisogna stare allora a quel ch'un ha,
Nè d'altro amante provar più la fé,
Perchè, donne me care, la beltà
Ha l'ali al capo, alle spalle, ed a' piè;
E vola sì, che non si scorge più
Vestigio alcun ne' visi, dove fu."

* One of the leading characters is Ferragus, who had figured in all the old epics as one of the most formidable Saracen chieftains. He turns hermit with Fortiguerra, and beguilles his lonely winter evenings with the innocent pastime of making candles.

"E ne Porrida bruma
Quando l'aria è più fredda, e più crudele,
Io mi diverto in far de le candele."—iii. 53.

Byron's wit, however, is pointed with a keener sarcasm, and his serious reflections show a finer perception, both of natural and moral beauty, than belong to the Italian. No two things are more remote from each other than sentiment and satire. In *Don Juan* they are found side by side in almost every stanza. The effect is disagreeable. The heart, warmed by some picture of extreme beauty or pathos, is suddenly chilled by a selfish sneer, a cold-blooded maxim, that makes you ashamed of having been duped into a good feeling by the writer even for a moment. It is a melancholy reflection, that the last work of this extraordinary poet should be the monument alike of his genius and his infamy. Voltaire's licentious epic, the *Pucelle*, is written in a manner, perhaps, more nearly corresponding to that of the Italian; but the philosophical irony, if we may so call it, which forms the substratum of the more familiar compositions of this witty and profligate author, is of somewhat too deep a cast for the light, superficial banter of Fortiguerra.

We have now traced the course of Italian narrative poetry down to the middle of the last century. It has by no means become extinct since that period, and, among others, an author well known here by his history of our revolutionary war has contributed his share to the epopee of his country, in his *Camillo, o Vego Conquistata*. Almost every Italian writer has a poetic vein within him, which, if it does not find a vent in sonnets or canzones, will flow out into more formidable compositions.*

In glancing over the long range of Italian narrative poems, one may be naturally led to the reflection that the most prolific branch of the national literature is devoted *exclusively* to purposes of mere amusement. Brilliant inventions, delicate humour, and a beautiful colouring of language, are lavished upon all; but, with the exception of the *Jerusalem*, we rarely meet with sublime or ennobling sentiment, and very rarely with anything like a moral or philosophical purpose. Madame de Staël has attempted to fasten a reproach on the whole body of Italian letters, "that, with the exception of their works on physical science, they have never been directed to *utility*."† The imputation applied in this almost unqualified manner is unjust. The language has been enriched by the valuable reflections of too many historians, the solid labours of too many antiquaries and critics, to be thus lightly designated. The learned lady may have found a model for her own comprehensive manner of philosophizing, and an ample refutation of her assertion, in Machiavelli alone.‡ In their works of imagination, however, such an imputation appears to be well merited. The Italians seemed to demand from these nothing farther than from a fine piece of music, where the heart is stirred, the ear soothed, but the understanding not a whit refreshed. The splendid appa-

A contrast highly diverting to the Italians, who had been taught to associate very lofty ideas with the name of Ferragus. The conflict kept up between the devout scruples of the new saint and his old heathen appetites affords perpetual subjects for the profane comi.

*Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Bembo, Varchi, Castiglione, Pignotti, Botta, and a host of other classic prose writers of Italy, have all confessed the "impetus sacer," and given birth to epics, lyrics, or bucolics.

† "Tous les ouvrages des Italiens, excepté ceux qui traitent des sciences physiques, n'ont jamais pour but l'utilité."—*De la Littérature*, &c.

‡ We say *manner*, not *spirit*. The "Discorsi sopra T. Livio," however, require less qualification on the score of their principles. They obviously furnished the model to the "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," and the same extended philosophy which Montesquieu imitated in civil history, Madame de Staël has carried into literary.

Among the historians, antiquaries, &c., whose names are known where the language is not read, we might cite Guicciardini, Bembo, Sarpi, Giannone, Nardi, Davila, Denina, Muratori, Tiraboschi, Gravina, Bettinelli, Algarotti, Beccaria, Filanghieri, Cesarotti, Pignotti, and many others; a hollow muster-roll of names that it would be somewhat ridiculous to run over, did not their wide celebrity expose, in a stronger light, Madame de Staël's sweeping assertion.

ritions of their poets' fancy fade away from the mind of the reader, and, like the enchanted fabrics described in their romances, leave not a trace behind them.

In the works of fancy in our language, fiction is almost universally made subservient to more important and nobler purposes. The ancient drama, and novels, the modern prose drama, exhibit historical pictures of manners and accurate delineations of character. Most of the English poets in other walks, from the "moral Gower" to Cowper, Crabbe, and Wordsworth, have made their verses the elegant vehicles of religious or practical truth. Even descriptive poetry in England interprets the silence of external nature into a language of sentiment and devotion. It is characteristic of this spirit in the nation that Spenser, the only one of their classic writers who has repeated the fantastic legends of chivalry, deemed it necessary to veil his Italian fancy in a cloud of allegory, which, however it may be thought to affect the poem, shows unequivocally the didactic intention of the poet.

These grave and extended views are seldom visible in the ornamental writing of the Italians. It rarely conveys useful information, or inculcates moral or practical truth; but it is too commonly an elegant, unprofitable pastime. Novelle, lyrical, and epic poetry may be considered as constituting three principal streams of their lighter literature. These have continued to flow, with little interruption; the two first from the "golden urns" of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the last from the early sources we have already traced down to the present day. Their multitudinous novelle, with all their varieties of tragic and comic incident, the last by far the most frequent, present few just portraiture of character, still fewer examples of sound ethics or wise philosophy.* In the exuberance of their sonnets and canzone, we find some, it is true, animated by an efficient spirit of religion or patriotism; but too frequently they are of a purely amatory nature, the unsubstantial though brilliant exhalations of a heated fancy. The pastoral drama, the opera, and other beautiful varieties of invention, which, under the titles of *Bernesco*, *Burlesco*, *Maccheronico*, and the like, have been nicely classed according to their different modifications of style and humour, while they manifest the mercurial temper and the originality of the nation, confirm the justice of our position.

The native melody of the Italian tongue, by seducing their writers into an overweening attention to sound, has, doubtless, been in one sense prejudicial to their literature. We do not mean to imply, in conformity with a vulgar opinion, that the language is deficient in energy or compactness. Its harmony is no proof of its weakness. It allows more licences of contraction than any other European tongue, and retains more than any other the vigorous inversions of its Latin original. Dante is the most concise of early moderns, and we know none superior to Alfieri, in this respect, among those of our own age. Davanzati's literal translation of Tacitus is condensed into a smaller compass than its original, the most sententious of ancient histories; but still the silver tones of a language that almost sets itself to music, as it is spoken, must have an undue attraction for the harmonious ear of an Italian. Their very first classical model of prose composition is an obvious example of it.

The frequency of *improvisation* is another circumstance that has naturally tended to introduce a less serious and thoughtful habit of composition. Above all, the natural perceptions of an Italian seem to be peculiarly sensible to

* The heavier charge of indecency lies upon many. The "Novelle di Casti," published as late as 1804, make the foulest tales of Boccaccio appear fair beside them. They have run through several editions since their first appearance, and it tells not well for the land that a numerous class of readers can be found in it who take delight in banquetting upon such abominable offal.

beauty, independent of every other quality. Any one who has been in Italy must have recognized the glimpses of a pure taste through the rags of the meanest beggar. The musical pieces, when first exhibited at the theatre of St. Carlos, are correctly pronounced upon by the Lazzaroni of Naples, and the mob of Florence decide with equal accuracy upon the productions of their immortal school. Cellini tells us that he exposed his celebrated statue of Perseus in the public square by order of his patron, Duke Cosmo the First, who declared himself perfectly satisfied with it on learning the commendations of the people.* It is not extraordinary that this exquisite sensibility to the beautiful should have also influenced them in literary art, and have led them astray sometimes from the substantial and the useful. Who but an Italian historian would, in this practical age, so far blend fact and fiction as, for the sake of rhetorical effect, to introduce into the mouths of his personages sentiments and speeches never uttered by them, as Botta has lately done in his history of the American War?

In justice, however, to the Italians, we must admit, that the reproach incurred by too concentrated an attention to beauty, to the exclusion of more enlarged and useful views in their lighter compositions, does not fall upon this or the last century. They have imbibed a graver and more philosophical cast of reflection, for which they seem partly indebted to the influence of English literature. Several of their most eminent authors have either visited or resided in Great Britain, and the genius of the language has been made known through the medium of skilful translations. Alfieri has transported into his tragedies the solemn spirit and vigorous characterization peculiar to the English. He somewhere remarks that "he could not read the language;" but we are persuaded his stern pen would never have traced the dying scene of Saul, had he not witnessed a representation of Macbeth. Ippolito Pindemonte, in his descriptive pieces, has deepened the tones of his native idiom with the moral melancholy of Gray and Cowper. Monti's compositions, both dramatic and miscellaneous, bear frequent testimony to his avowed admiration for Shakspeare; and Cesarotti, Foscolo, and Pignotti have introduced the "severer muses" of the North to a still wider and more familiar acquaintance with their countrymen.† Lastly, among the works of fancy which attest the practical scope of Italian letters in the last century, we must not omit the *Giorno* of Parini, the most curious and nicely-elaborated specimen of *didactic* satire produced in any age or country. Its polished irony, pointed at the domestic vices of the Italian nobility, indicates both the profligacy of the nation and the moral independence of the poet.

The Italian language, the first-born of those descended from the Latin, is also the most beautiful. It is not surprising that a people endowed with an exquisite sensibility to beauty should have been often led to regard this language rather as a means of pleasure than of utility. We must not, however, so far yield to the unqualified imputation of Madame de Stael as to forget that they have other claims to our admiration than what arise from the inventions of the poet, or from the ideal beauties which they have revived of Grecian art; that the light of *genius* shed upon the world in the fourteenth, and that of *learning* in the fifteenth century, was all derived from Italy; that her writers first unfolded the sublimity of Christian doctrines as applied to

* *Vita di Benvo. Cellin.*, tom. ii. p. 339.

† Both the prose and poetry of Foscolo are pregnant with more serious meditation and warmer patriotism than is usual in the works of the Italians. Pignotti, although his own national manner has been but little affected by his foreign erudition, has contributed more than any other to extend the influence of English letters among his countrymen. His works abound in allusions to them, and two of his principal poems are dedicated to the memory of Shakspeare and of Pope.

modern literature, and by their patient philological labours restored to life the buried literature of antiquity ; that her schools revived and expounded the ancient code of law, since become the basis of so important a branch of jurisprudence both in Europe and our own country ; that she *originated* literary, and brought to a perfection unequalled in any other language, unless it be our own, civil and political history ; that she led the way in physical science and in that of political philosophy ; and, finally, that of the two enlightened navigators who divide the glory of adding a new quarter to the globe, the one was a Genoese, and the other a Florentine.

In following down the stream of Italian narrative poetry, we have wandered into so many details, especially where they would tend to throw light, on the intellectual character of the nation, that we have little room, and our readers, doubtless, less patience, left for a discussion of the poems which form the text of our article. The few stanzas descriptive of Berni, which we have borrowed from the *Innamorato*, may give some notion of Mr. Rose's manner. The translations have been noticed in several of the English journals, and we perfectly accord with the favourable opinion of them, which has been so often expressed that it needs not here be repeated.

The composite style of Ariosto owes its charms to the skill with which the delicate tints of his irony are mixed with the sober colouring of his narrative. His translators have spoiled the harmony of the composition by overcharging one or other of these ingredients. Harrington has caricatured his original into burlesque ; Hoole has degraded him into a most melancholy prosier. The popularity of this latter version has been of infinite disservice to the fame of Ariosto, whose aerial fancy loses all its buoyancy under the heavy hexameters of the English translator. The purity of Mr. Rose's taste has prevented him from exaggerating even the beauties of his original.

POETRY AND ROMANCE OF THE ITALIANS.*

JULY, 1831.

It is not our intention to go into an analysis, or even to discuss the merits of the works at the head of this article, which we have selected only as a text for such reflections on the poetry and ornamental prose-writing of the Italians as might naturally suggest themselves to an English reader. The points of view from which a native contemplates his own literature and those from which it is seen by a foreigner are so dissimilar, that it would be hardly possible that they should come precisely to the same results without affectation or servility on the part of the latter. The native, indeed, is far better qualified than any foreigner can be to estimate the productions of his own countrymen; but as each is subjected to peculiar influences, truth may be more likely to be elicited from a collision of their mutual opinions than from those exclusively of either.

The Italian, although the first modern tongue to produce what still endure as classical models of composition, was, of all the Romance dialects, the last to be applied to literary purposes. The poem of the *Cid*, which, with all its rawness, exhibits the frank bearing of the age in a highly poetic aspect, was written nearly a century previously to this event. The northern French, which even some Italian scholars of that day condescended to employ as the most popular vehicle of thought, had been richly cultivated, indemnifying itself in anticipation, as it were, by this extraordinary precocity, for the poetic sterility with which it has been cursed ever since. In the South, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, every remote corner was alive to the voice of song. A beautiful poetry had ripened into perfection there, and nearly perished before the first lisps of the Italian muse were heard, not in her own land, but at the court of a foreigner, in Sicily. The poets of Lombardy wrote in the Provençal. The histories—and almost every city had its historian, and some two or three—were composed in Latin, or in some half-formed, discordant dialect of the country. "The Italian of that age," says Tiraboschi, "more nearly resembled the Latin than the Tuscan does now any of her sister dialects." It seemed doubtful which of the conflicting idioms would prevail, when a mighty genius arose, who, collecting the scattered elements together, formed one of those wonderful creations which make an epoch in the history of civilization, and for ever fixed the destinies of his language.

We shall not trouble our readers with a particular criticism on so popular a work as the *Divine Comedy*, but confine ourselves to a few such desultory observations as have been suggested a re-perusal of it. The *Inferno* is more frequently quoted and eulogized than any other portion of the *Commedia*. It

* [The reader may find in this article some inadvertent repetitions of what had been said in two articles written some years before, and covering, in part, the same ground.]

1. "Della Letteratura Italiana, Di Camillo Ugoni."—3 tom. 12mo. Brescia, 1820.

2. "Storia della Letteratura Italiana. Del cavaliere Giuseppe Maffei."—3 tom. 12mo. Milano, 1825.

3. "Storia della Letteratura Italiana nel secolo XVIII. di Antonio Lombardi."—3 tom. 8vo. Modena, 1827-9.

exhibits a more marked progress of the action, and, while it affects us by its deepened pictures of misery, it owes, no doubt, something to the piquant personalities which have to this day not entirely lost their relish. Notwithstanding this, it by no means displays the whole of its author's intellectual power, and so very various are the merits of the different portions of his epic, that one who has not read the whole may be truly said not to have read Dante. The poet has borrowed the hints for his punishments partly from ancient mythology, partly from the metaphorical denunciations of Scripture, but principally from his own inexhaustible fancy; and he has adapted them to the specific crimes with a truly frightful ingenuity. We could wish that he had made more use of the mind as a means of torture, and thus given a finer moral colouring to the picture. This defect is particularly conspicuous in his portrait of Satan, who far different from that spirit whose form had not yet lost all her original brightness, is depicted in the gross and superstitious terrors of a childish imagination. This decidedly bad taste must be imputed to the rudeness of the age in which Dante lived. The progress of refinement is shown in Tasso's subsequent portrait of this same personage, who, "towering like Calpe or huge Atlas," is sustained by that unconquerable temper which gives life to the yet more spiritualized conceptions of Milton. The faults of Dante were those of his age; but in his elevated conceptions, in the wild and desolating gloom which he has thrown around the city of the dead, the world saw, for the first time, the genius of modern literature fully displayed; and in his ripe and vigorous versification, it beheld also, for the first time, the poetical capacities of a modern idiom.*

The *Purgatory* relies for its interest on no strong emotion, but on a contemplative moral tone, and on such luxuriant descriptions of nature as bring it much nearer to the style of English poetry than any other part of the work. It is on the *Paradise*, however, that Dante has lavished all the stores of his fancy. Yet he has not succeeded in his attempt to exhibit there a regular gradation of happiness; for happiness cannot, like pain, be measured by any scale of physical sensations. Neither is he always successful in the notions which he has conveyed of the occupations of the blessed. There was no source whence he could derive this knowledge. The Scriptures present no determinate idea of such occupations, and the mythology of the ancients had so little that was consolatory in it, even to themselves, that the shade of Achilles is made to say, in the *Odyssey*, that "he had rather be the slave of the meanest living man than rule as a sovereign among the dead."

Dante wisely placed the moral sources of happiness in the exercises of the mind. The most agreeable of these to himself, though, perhaps, to few of his readers, was metaphysical polemics. He had, unfortunately, in his youth gained a prize for successful disputation at the schools, and in every page of these gladiatorial exhibitions we discern the disciple of Scotus and Aquinas. His *matériel* is made up of light, music, and motion. These he has arranged in every possible variety of combination. We are borne along from one magnificent *fête* to another, and as we rise in the scale of being, the motion of the celestial dance increases in velocity, the light shines with redoubled brilliancy, and the music is of a more ravishing sweetness, until all is confounded in the intolerable splendours of the Deity.

Dante has failed in his attempt to personify the Deity. Who, indeed, has not? No such personification can be effected without the aid of illustration from physical objects; and how degrading are these to our conceptions of Omnipotence! The repeated failures of the Italians who have attempted this

* Dante anticipated the final triumph of the Italian with a generous confidence, not shared by the more timid scholars of his own or the succeeding age. See his eloquent apology for it in his "Convito," especially pp. 81, 82, tom. iv., ed. 1758. See also *Purg.*, can. xxiv.

in the arts of design are still more conspicuous. Even the genius of Raphael has only furnished another proof of the impotence of his art. The advancement of taste may be again seen in Tasso's representation of the Supreme Being by his attributes,* and, with similar discretion, Milton, like the Grecian artist who drew a mantle over the countenance which he could not trust himself to paint, whenever he has introduced the Deity has veiled his glories in a cloud.

The characters and conditions of Dante and Milton were too analogous not to have often invited the parallel. Both took an active part in the revolutions of their age; both lived to see the extinction of their own hopes and the ruin of their party; and it was the fate of both to compose their immortal poems in poverty and disgrace. These circumstances, however, produced different effects on their minds. Milton, in solitude and darkness, from the cheerful ways of men cut off, was obliged to seek inwardly that celestial light, which, as he pathetically laments, was denied to him from without. Hence his poem breathes a spirit of lofty contemplation, which is never disturbed by the impurities that disfigure the page of Dante. The latter poet, an exile in a foreign land, condemned to eat the bread of dependence from the hands of his ancient enemies, felt the iron enter more deeply into his soul, and, in the spirit of his age, has too often made his verses the vehicle of his vindictive scorn. Both stood forth the sturdy champions of freedom in every form, above all, of intellectual freedom. The same spirit which animates the controversial writings of Milton glows with yet fiercer heat in every page of the *Divine Comedy*. How does its author denounce the abuses, the crying abuses of the Church, its hypocrisies, and manifold perversions of Scripture! How boldly does he declare his determination to proclaim the truth, that he may live in the memory of the just hereafter! His Ghibelline connections were, indeed, unfavourable to these principles; but these connections were the result of necessity, not of choice. His hardy spirit had been nursed in the last ages of the Republic; and it may be truly said of him that he became a Ghibelline in the hope of again becoming a Florentine. The love of his native soil, as with most exiles, was a vital principle with him. How pathetically does he recall those good old times when the sons of Florence were sure to find a grave within her walls! Even the bitterness of his heart against her, which breaks forth in the very courts of heaven, proves, paradoxical as it may appear, the tenacity of his affection. It might not be easy to rouse the patriotism of a modern Italian even into this symptom of vitality.

The genius of both was of the severest kind. For this reason, any display of their sensibility, like the light breaking through a dark cloud, affects us the more by contrast. Such are the sweet pictures of domestic bliss in *Paradise Lost*, and the tender tale of Francesca di Rimini in the *Inferno*. Both are sublime in the highest signification of the term; but Milton is an ideal poet, and delights in generalization, while Dante is the most literal of artists, and paints everything in detail. He refuses no imagery, however mean, that can illustrate his subject. This is too notorious to require exemplification. He is, moreover, eminently distinguished by the power of depicting his thought by a single vigorous touch, a manner well known in Italy under the name of *Dantesque*. It would not be easy for such a verse as the following, without sacrifice of idiom, to be condensed within the same compass in our language:

“Con viso, che facendo dicea, taci.”

It would be interesting to trace the similarity of tastes in these great minds, as exhibited in their pleasures equally with their serious pursuits; in their exquisite sensibility to music; in their early fondness for those ancient

* Ger. Lib., clx. n. 56.

romances which they have so often celebrated both in prose and verse ; but our limits will not allow us to pursue the subject farther.

Dante's epic was greeted by his countrymen in that rude age with the general enthusiasm with which they have ever welcomed the works of genius. A chair was instituted at Florence for the exposition of the *Divine Comedy*, and Boccaccio was the first who filled it. The bust of its author was crowned with laurels ; his daughter was maintained at the public expense ; and the fickle Florentines vainly solicited from Ravenna the ashes of their poet, whom they had so bitterly persecuted when living.

Notwithstanding all this, the father of Italian verse has had a much less sensible influence on the taste of his countrymen than either of the illustrious triumvirate of the fourteenth century. His bold, masculine diction and his concentrated thought were ill suited to the effeminacy of his nation. One or two clumsy imitators of him appeared in his own age ; and in ours a school has been formed, professing to be modelled on the severe principles of the *trecentisti* ; but no one has yet arisen to bend the bow of Ulysses.

Several poets wrote in the Tuscan or Italian dialect at the close of the thirteenth century with tolerable purity ; but their amorous effusions would probably, like those in the Provençal, have rapidly passed into oblivion, had the language not been consecrated by some established work of genius like the *Divina Commedia*. It was fortunate that its author selected a subject which enabled him to exhibit the peculiar tendency of Christianity and of modern institutions, and to demonstrate their immense superiority for poetical purposes over those of antiquity. It opened a cheering prospect to those who doubted the capacities of a modern idiom ; and, after ages of barbarism, it was welcomed as the sign that the waters had at length passed from the face of the earth.

We have been detained long upon Dante, though somewhat contrary to our intention of discussing classes rather than individuals, from the circumstance that he constitutes in himself, if we may so say, an entire and independent class. We shall now proceed, as concisely as possible, to touch upon some of the leading peculiarities in the lyrical poetry of the Italians, which forms with them a very important branch of letters.

Lyrical poetry is more immediately the offspring of imagination, or of deep feeling, than any other kind of verse, and there can be little chance of reaching to high excellence in it among a nation whose character is defective in these qualities. The Italians are, undoubtedly, the most prolific in this department, as the French are the least so, of any people in Europe. Nothing can be more mechanical than a French ode. Reason, wit, pedantry, anything but inspiration, find their way into it ; and when the poet is in extremity, like the countryman in the fable, he calls upon the pagan gods of antiquity to help him out. The best ode in the language, according to La Harpe, is that of J. B. Rousseau on Count de Luc, in which Phœbus, or the Fates, Pluto, Ceres, or Cybele, figure in every stanza. There is little of the genuine *impetus sacer* in all this. Lyrical compositions, the expression of natural sensibility, are generally most abundant in the earlier periods of a nation's literature. Such are the beautiful collections of rural minstrelsy in our own tongue, and the fine old ballads and songs in the Castilian, which last have had the advantage over ours of being imitated down to a late day by their most polished writers. But Italy is the only country in which lyrical composition, from the first, instead of assuming a plebeian garb, has received all the perfection of literary finish, and which, amid every vicissitude of taste, has been cultivated by the most polished writers of the age.

One cause of this is to be found in the circumstances and peculiar character of the father of Italian song. The life of Petrarch furnishes the most brilliant example of the triumph of letters in a country where literary celebrity has been

often the path to political consequence. Princes and pontiffs, cities and universities, vied with each other in lavishing honours upon him. His tour through Italy was a sort of royal progress, the inhabitants of the cities thronging out to meet him, and providing a residence for him at the public expense.

The two most enlightened capitals in Europe contended with each other for the honour of his poetical coronation. His influence was solicited in the principal negotiations of the Italian States, and he enjoyed, at the same time, the confidence of the ferocious Visconti, and the accomplished Robert of Naples. His immense correspondence connected him with the principal characters, both literary and political, throughout Europe, and his personal biography may be said to constitute the history of his age.

It must be confessed that the heart of Petrarch was not insensible to this universal homage, and that his writings occasionally betray the vanity and caprice which indicate the spoiled child of fortune; but, with this moderate alloy of humanity, his general deportment exhibits a purity of principle and a generous elevation of sentiment far above the degenerate politics of his time. He was, indeed, the first in an age of servility, as Dante had been the last in an age of freedom. If he was intimate with some of the petty tyrants of Lombardy, he never prostituted his genius to the vindication of their vices. His political negotiations were conducted with the most generous and extended views for the weal of all Italy. How independently did he remonstrate with Dandolo on his war with the Genoese! How did he lift his voice against the lawless banditti who, as foreign mercenaries, ravaged the fair plains of Lombardy! How boldly, to a degree which makes it difficult to account for his personal safety, did he thunder his invectives against the Western Babylon!

Even his failings were those of a generous nature. Dwelling much of his time at a distance from his native land, he considered himself rather as a citizen of Italy than of any particular district of it. He contemplated her with the eye of an ancient Roman, and wished to see the Imperial City once more resume her supremacy among the nations. This led him for a moment to give in to the brilliant illusion of liberty which Rienzi awakened. "Who would not," he says, appealing to the Romans, "rather die a freeman than live a slave!"* But when he saw that he had been deceived, he did not attempt to conceal his indignation, and, in an animated expostulation with the tribune, he admonishes him that he is the minister, not the master of the Republic, and that treachery to one's country is a crime which nothing can expiate.†

As he wandered amid the ruins of Rome, he contemplated with horror the violation of her venerable edifices, and he called upon the pontiffs to return to the protection of their "widowed metropolis." He was, above all, solicitous for the recovery of the intellectual treasures of antiquity, sparing no expense or personal fatigue in this cause. Many of the mouldering manuscripts he restored or copied with his own hand; and his beautiful transcript of the *Epistles* of Cicero is still to be seen in the Laurentian Library at Florence.

The influence of his example is visible in the generous emulation for letters kindled throughout Italy, and in the purer principles of taste which directed the studies of the schools.‡ His extensive correspondence diffused to the remotest corners of Europe the sacred flame which glowed so brightly in his own

* *Epist. ad Nic. Laurentii.*—Opera, p. 535.

† *Famil. Epist.*, lib. vii. ep. 7, p. 677, Basil ed.

‡ In Florence, for example, with a population which Villani, at the middle of the fourteenth century, reckons at 90,000 souls, there were from eight to ten thousand children who received a liberal education (*Istor. Fiorent.*, lib. xi. cap. 93), at a time when the higher classes in the rest of Europe were often uninstructed in the elementary principles of knowledge.

bosom ; and it may be truly said that he possessed an intellectual empire such as was never before enjoyed, and probably never can be again, in the comparatively high state of civilization to which the world is arrived.

It is not, however, the antiquarian researches of Petrarch, nor those elaborate Latin compositions, which secured to him the laurel wreath of poetry in the Capitol, that have kept his memory still green in the hearts of his countrymen, but those humbler effusions in his own language, which he did not even condescend to mention in his *Letter to Posterity*, and which he freely gave away as alms to ballad-singers. It was auspicious for Italian literature that a poet like Dante should have been followed by one of so flexible a character as Petrarch. It was beauty succeeding vigour. The language to which Dante had given all its compactness and energy was far from having reached the full harmony of numbers of which it was capable. He had, moreover, occasionally distorted it into such Latinized inversions, uncouth phrases, Hebraisms and Grecisms, as were foreign to the genius of the tongue. These blemishes, of so little account in Dante's extensive poem, would have been fatal to the lyrical pieces of Petrarch, which, like miniatures, from their minuteness, demand the highest finish of detail. The pains which the latter poet bestowed on the correction of his verses are almost inconceivable. Some of them would appear, from the memoranda which he has left, to have been submitted to the file for weeks, nay, months, before he dismissed them. Nor was this fastidiousness of taste frivolous in one who was correcting, not for himself, but for posterity, and who, in these peculiar graces of style, was creating beautiful and permanent forms of expression for his countrymen. His acquaintance with the modern dialects, especially the Spanish and the Provençal, enriched his vocabulary with many exotic beauties. His fine ear disposed him to refuse all but the most harmonious combinations of sound. He was accustomed to try the melody of his verses by the lute, and, like the fabled Theben, built up his elegant fabric by the charms of music. By these means he created a style scarcely more antiquated than that of the present day, and which can hardly be said to contain an obsolete phrase ; an assertion not to be ventured respecting any author in our language before the days of Queen Anne. Indeed, even a foreigner can hardly open a page of Petrarch without being struck with the precocity of a language which, like the vegetation of an arctic summer, seems to have ripened into full maturity at once. There is nothing analogous to this in any other tongue with which we are acquainted, unless it be the Greek, which, in the poems of Homer, appears to have attained its last perfection ; a circumstance which has led Cicero to remark, in his *Brutus*, that "there must, doubtless, have existed poets antecedent to Homer, since invention and perfection can hardly go together."

The mass of Petrarch's Italian poetry is, as is well known, of an amorous complexion. He was naturally of a melancholy temperament, and his unfortunate passion became with him the animating principle of being. His compositions in the Latin, as well as those in the vulgar tongue, his voluminous correspondence, his private memoranda or confessions, which, from their nature, seem never to have been destined for the public eye, all exhibit this passion in one shape or another. Yet there have been those who have affected to doubt even the existence of such a personage as Laura.

His *Sonnets* and *Canzoni*, chronologically arranged, exhibit pretty fairly the progress of his life and love, and, as such, have been judiciously used by the Abbé de Sade. The most trivial event seems to have stirred the poetic feeling within him. We find no less than four sonnets indited to his mistress's gloves, and three to her eyes ; which last, styled, *par excellence*, the *Three Sisters*, are in the greatest repute with his countrymen ; a judgment on which most English critics would be at issue with them. Notwithstanding the vicious affectation of style and the mysticism which occasionally obscure these and other

pieces of Petrarch, his general tone exhibits a moral dignity unknown to the sordid appetites of the ancients, and an earnestness of passion rarely reflected from the cold glitter of the Provençal. But it is in the verses written after the death of his mistress that he confesses the inspiration of Christianity, in the deep moral colouring which he has given to his descriptions of nature, and in those visions of immortal happiness which he contrasts with the sad realities of the present life. He dwells rather on the melancholy pleasures of retrospection than those of hope; unlike most of the poets of Italy, whose warm, sunny skies seem to have scattered the gloom which hangs over the poetry of the North. In this, and some other peculiarities, Dante and Petrarch appear to have borne greater resemblance to the English than to their own nation.

Petrarch's career, however brilliant, may serve rather as a warning than as a model. The querulous tone of some of his later writings, the shade of real sorrow which seems to come across even his brightest moments, show the utter inefficacy of genius and of worldly glory to procure to their possessor a substantial happiness. It is melancholy to witness the aberrations of mind into which so fine a genius was led by unfortunate passion. The apparition of Laura haunted him by night as well as by day, in society and in solitude. He sought to divert his mind by travelling, by political or literary occupation, by reason and religion, but in vain. His letters and private confessions show, no less than his poetry, how incessantly his imagination was tortured by doubts, hopes, fears, melancholy presages, regrets, and despair. She triumphed over the decay of her personal charms, and even over the grave, for it was a being of the mind he worshipped. There is something affecting in seeing such a mind as Petrarch's feeding on this unrequited passion, and more than twenty years after his mistress's death, and when on the verge of the grave himself, depicting her in all the bright colouring of youthful fancy, and following her in anticipation to that heaven where he hoped soon to be united to her.

Petrarch's example, even in his own day, was widely infectious. He sarcastically complains of the quantities of verses sent to him for correction, from the farthest north, from Germany and the British Isles, then the *Ultima Thule* of civilization. The pedants of the succeeding age, it is true, wasted their efforts in hopeless experiments upon the ancient languages, whose chilling influence seems to have entirely closed the hand of the native minstrel; and it was not until the time of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose correct taste led him to prefer the flexible movements of a living tongue, that the sweet tones of the Italian lyre were again awakened. The excitement, however, soon became general, affecting all ranks, from the purple prelate down to the most humble artisan; and a collection of the *Beauties* (as we should call them) of this latter description of worthies has been gathered into a respectable volume, which Baretti assures us, with a good-natured criticism, may be compared with the verses of Petrarch. In all these the burden of the song is love. Those who did not feel could at least affect the tender passion. Lorenzo de' Medici pitched upon a mistress as deliberately as Don Quixote did on his Dulcinea; and Tasso sighed away his soul to a nymph so shadowy as sorely to have puzzled his commentators till the time of Serassi.

It would be unavailing to attempt to characterize those who have followed in the footsteps of the Laureate, or we might dwell on the romantic sweetness of Lorenzo de' Medici, the purity of Vittoria Colonna, the elaborate polish of Bembo, the vivacity of Marini, and the eloquence, the Platonic reveries, and rich colouring of Tasso, whose beauties and whose defects so nearly resemble those of his great original in this department. But we have no leisure to go minutely into the shades of difference between the imitators of Petrarch. One may regret that, amid their clouds of amorous incense, he can so rarely discern the religious or patriotic enthusiasm which animates the similar compositions

of the Spanish poets, and which forms the noblest basis of lyrical poetry at all times. The wrongs of Italy, the common battle-field of the banditti of Europe for nearly a century, and at the very time when her poetic vein flowed most freely, might well have roused the indignation of her children. The comparatively few specimens on this theme from Petrarch to Filicaja are justly regarded as the happiest efforts of the Italian lyre.

The seventeenth century, so unfortunate for the national literature in all other respects, was marked by a bolder deviation from the eternal track of the Petrarchists; a reform, indeed, which may be traced back to Casa. Among these innovators, Chiabrera, whom Tiraboschi styles both Anacreon and Pindar, but who may be content with the former of these appellations, and Filicaja, who has found in the Christian faith sources of a sublimity that Pindar could never reach, are the most conspicuous. Their salutary example has not been lost on the modern Italian writers.

Some of the ancients have made a distinct division of lyrical poetry, under the title of *melicus*.* If, as it would seem, they mean something of a more calm and uniform tenour than the impetuous dithrambic flow; something in which symmetry of form and melody of versification are chiefly considered; in which, in fine, the effeminate beauties of sentiment are preferred to the more hardy conceptions of fancy, the term may be significant of the great mass of Italian lyrics. But we fear that we have insisted too far on their defects. Our criticism has been formed rather on the average than on the highest specimens of the art. In this way the very luxuriance of the soil is a disadvantage to it. The sins of exuberance, however, are much more corrigible than those of sterility, which fall upon this department of poetry in almost every other nation. We must remember, too, that no people has exhibited the passion of love under such a variety of beautiful aspects, and that, after all, although the amount be comparatively small, no other modern nation can probably produce so many examples of the very highest lyrical inspiration.

But it is time that we should return to the romantic epics, the most important, and, perhaps, the most prolific branch of the ornamental literature of the Italians. They have been distributed into a great variety of classes by their own critics. We shall confine our remarks to some of their most eminent models, without regard to their classification.

Those who expect to find in these poems the same temper which animates the old English tales of chivalry, will be disappointed. A much more correct notion of their manner may be formed from Mr. Ellis's *Bernesque* (if we may be allowed a significant term) recapitulations of these latter. In short, they are the marvels of an heroic age, told with the fine incredulous air of a polite one. It is this contrast of the dignity of the matter with the familiarity of the manner of narration that has occasioned among their countrymen so many animated disputes respecting the serious or satirical intentions of Pulci, Ariosto, Berni, and the rest.

The Italians, although they have brought tales of chivalry to higher perfection than any other people in the world, are, of all others, in their character the most anti-chivalrous. Their early republican institutions, which brought all classes nearly to the same level, were obviously unfavourable to the spirit of chivalry. Commerce became the road to preferment. Wealth was their pedigree, and their patent of nobility. The magnificent Medici were bankers and merchants; and the ancient aristocracy of Venice employed their capital in traffic until an advanced period of the Republic. Courage, so essential in the character of a knight, was of little account in the busy communities of Italy. Like Carthage of old, they trusted their defence to mercenaries, first foreign, and afterwards native, but who in every instance fought for hire, not

* *Arionius*, Edyl. iv. 54.—Cicero, *De Opt. Gen. Oratorum*, i.

honour, selling themselves, and often their employers, to the highest bidder ; and who, cased in impenetrable mail, fought with so little personal hazard, that Machiavelli has related more than one infamous encounter in which the only lives lost were from suffocation under their ponderous panoplies. So low had the military reputation of the Italians declined, that in the war of the Neapolitan succession in 1502, it was thought necessary for thirteen of their body to vindicate the national character from the imputation of cowardice by solemn defiance and battle against an equal number of French knights, in presence of the hostile armies.

Hence other arts came to be studied than that of war—the arts of diplomacy and intrigue. Hence statesmen were formed, but not soldiers. The campaign was fought in the cabinet instead of the field. Every spring of cunning and corruption was essayed, and an insidious policy came into vogue, in which, as the philosopher, who has digested its principles into a system, informs us, “the failure, not the atrocity of a deed, was considered disgraceful.”* The law of honour became different with the Italians from what it was with other nations. Conspiracy was preferred to open defiance, and assassination was a legitimate method of revenge. The State of Venice condescended to employ a secret agent against the life of Francis Sforza ; and the noblest escutcheons in Italy, those of Este and the Medici, were stained with the crimes of fratricide and incest.

In this general moral turpitude, the literature of Italy was rapidly rising to its highest perfection. There was scarcely a petty state which, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, had not made brilliant advances in elegant prose, poetry, or the arts of design. Intellectual culture was widely diffused, and men of the highest rank devoted themselves with eagerness to the occupation of letters ; this, too, at a time when learning in other countries was banished to colleges and cloisters ; when books were not always essential in the education of a gentleman. Du Guesclin, the flower of French chivalry in the fourteenth century, could not read a word. Castiglione, in his *Cortegiano*, has given us so pleasing a picture of the recreations of the little court of Urbino, one of the many into which Italy was distributed at the close of the fifteenth century, as to suggest an exalted notion of its taste and cultivated habits ; and Guicciardini has described, with all the eloquence of regret, the flourishing condition of his country at the same period, ere the storm had descended on her beautiful valleys. In all this we see the characteristics of a highly polished state of society, but none of the hardy virtues of chivalry.

It was precisely in such a state of society, light, lively, and licentious, possessed of a high relish for the beauties of imagination, but without moral dignity, or even a just moral sense, that the Muse of romance first appeared in Italy ; and it was not to be expected that she would retain there her majestic Castilian port, or the frank, cordial bearing which endeared her to our Norman ancestors. In fact, the Italian fancy seems to have caught rather the gay, gossiping temper of the *fabliaux*. The most familiar and grotesque adventures are mixed in with the most serious, and even these last are related in a fine tone of ironical pleasantry. Magnificent inventions are recommended by agreeable illusions of style ; but they not unfrequently furnish a flimsy drapery for impurity of sentiment. The high devotion and general moral aspect of our English *Færie Queens* are not characteristic, with a few eminent exceptions, of Italian tales of chivalry, in which we too often find the best interests of our nature exposed to all the licence of frivolous banter. Pulci, who has furnished an apology for the infamous *Pucelle*,† and Fortiguerra, with

* Machiavelli, *Istor. Fior.*, l. vi.

† See Voltaire's preface to it. Chapelain's prosy poem on the same subject, “*La Pucelle*

their school of imitators, may afford abundant examples to the curious in these matters.

The first successful models of the romantic epic were exhibited at the table of Lorenzo de' Medici; that remarkable man, who, as Machiavelli says of him, "seemed to unite in his person two distinct natures"—who could pass from the severe duties of the council-chamber to mingle in the dances of the people, and from the abstractions of his favourite philosophy to the broad merriment of a convivial table. Amid all the elegance of the Medici, however—of Lorenzo and Leo X.—there seems to have been a lurking appetite for vulgar pleasure, at least if we may judge from the coarse, satirical repartee which Franco and his friend Pulci poured out upon one another for the entertainment of their patron, and the still more bald buffoonery which enlightened the palace of his pontifical son.

The *Stanze* of Politian, however, exhibit no trace of this obliquity of taste. This fragment of an epic, almost too brief for criticism, like a prelude to some beautiful air, seems to have opened the way to those delightful creations of the Muse which so rapidly followed, and to have contained within itself their various elements of beauty: the invention of Boiardo, the picturesque narrative of Ariosto, and Tasso's flush of colour. Every stanza is music to the ear, and affords a distinct picture to the eye. Unfortunately, Politian was soon seduced by the fashion of the age from the culture of his native tongue. Probably no Italian poet of equal promise was ever sacrificed to the manes of antiquity. His voluminous Latin labours are now forgotten, and this fragment of an epic affords almost the only point from which he is still contemplated by posterity.

Pulci's *Morgante* is the first thoroughbred romance of chivalry which the Italians have received as *text of the tongue*. It is fashioned, much more literally than any of its successors, on *Turpin's Chronicle*, that gross medley of fact and fable, too barren for romance, too false for history; the dunghill from which have shot up, nevertheless, the bright flowers of French and Italian fiction. In like manner as in this, religion, not love, is the principle of Pulci's action. The theological talk of his devils may remind one of the prosy conference of Roland and Ferracute; and, strange to say, he is the only one of the eminent Italian poets who has adopted from the chronicle the celebrated rout at Roncevaux. In his concluding cantos, which those who have censured him as a purely satirical or burlesque poet can have hardly reached, Pulci, throwing off the vulgar trammels which seem to have oppressed his genius, rises into the noblest conceptions of poetry, and describes the tragical catastrophe with all the eloquence of pathos and moral grandeur. Had he written often thus, the *Morgante* would now be resorted to by native purists, not merely as the well of Tuscan undefiled, but as the genuine fount of epic inspiration.

From the rank and military profession of Boiardo, it might be expected that his poem, the *Orlando Innamorato*, would display more of the lofty tone of chivalry than is usual with his countrymen; but, with some exceptions, the portrait of Ruggiero, for example, it will be difficult to discern this. He, however, excels them all in a certain force of characterizing, and in an inexhaustible fertility of invention. His *dramatis personæ*, continued by Ariosto, might afford an excellent subject for a parallel, which we have not room to discuss. In general, he may be said to sculpture where Ariosto paints. His heroes assume a fiercer and more indomitable aspect, and his Amazonian females a more glaring and less fastidious coquetry. But it is in the regions of pure fancy that his muse delights to sport, where, instead of the cold con-

d'Orleans," lives now only in the satire of Boileau. It was the hard fate of the Heroine of Orleans to be canonized in a dull epic, and damned in a witty one.

ceptions of a Northern brain, which make up the machinery of *Falci*, we are introduced to the delicate fairies of the East, to gardens blooming in the midst of the desert, to palaces of crystal, winged steeds, enchanted armour, and all the gay fabric of Oriental mythology. It has been the singular fate of Boiardo to have had his story continued and excelled by one poet, and his style reformed by another, until his own original work, and even his name, have passed into comparative oblivion. Berni's *rifacimento* is perhaps the most remarkable instance of the triumph of style on record. Every stanza reflects the sense of the original; yet such is the fascination of his diction, compared with the provincial barbarism of his predecessor, as to remind one of those mutations in romance where some old and withered hag is suddenly transformed into a blooming fairy. It may be doubted whether this could have succeeded so completely in a language where the beauties of style are less appreciated. Dryden has made a similar attempt in the *Canterbury Tales*; but who does not prefer the racy, romantic sweetness of Chaucer?

The *Orlando Furioso*, from its superior literary execution, as well as from its union of all the peculiarities of Italian tales of chivalry, may be taken as the representative of the whole species. Some of the national critics have condemned, and some have endeavoured to justify these peculiarities of the romantic epopee; its complicated narrative and provoking interruptions, its transitions from the gravest to the most familiar topics, its lawless extravagance of fiction, and other deviations from the statutes of antiquity—but very few have attempted to explain them on just and philosophical principles. The romantic eccentricities of the Italian poets are not to be imputed either to inattention or ignorance. Most of them were accomplished scholars, and went to their work with all the forecast of consummate artists. Boiardo was so well versed in the ancient tongues as to have made accurate translations of Herodotus and Apuleius. Ariosto was such an elegant Latinist, that even the classic Bembo did not disdain to learn from him the mysteries of Horace. He consulted his friends over and over again on the disposition of his fable, assigning to them the most sufficient reasons for its complicated texture. In like manner, Tasso shows, in his *Poetical Discourses*, how deeply he had revolved the principles of his art, and his *Letters* prove his dexterity in the application of these principles to his own compositions. These illustrious minds understood well the difference between copying the ancients and copying nature. They knew that to write by the rules of the former is not to write like them; that the genius of our institutions requires new and peculiar forms of expression; that nothing is more fantastic than a modern antique; and they wisely left the attempt and the failure to such spiritless pedants as Trissino.

The difference subsisting between the ancients and moderns, in the constitution of society, amply justifies the different principles on which they have proceeded in their works of imagination. Religion, love, honour—what different ideas are conveyed by these terms in these different periods of history!* The love of country was the pervading feeling which, in the ancient Greek or Roman, seems to have absorbed every other, and to have obliterated, as it were, the moral idiosyncrasy of the individual, while with the moderns it is the *individual* who stands forward in principal relief. His loves, his private feuds and personal adventures, form the object almost of exclusive attention. Hence, in the classical fable, strict unity of action and

* How feeble, as an operative principle, must religion have been among a people who openly avowed it to be the creation of their own poets! "Homer and Hesiod," says Herodotus, "created the theogony of the Greeks, assigning to the gods their various titles, characters, and forms."—*Herod.* ii. 63. Religion, it is well known, was a principal basis of modern chivalry.

concentration of interest are demanded, while in the romantic, the object is best attained by variety of action and diversity of interest, and the threads of personal adventure separately conducted, and perpetually intersecting each other, make up the complicated texture of the fable. Hence it becomes so exceedingly difficult to discern who is the real hero, and what the main action in such poems as the *Innamorato* and *Furioso*. Hence, too, the episode, the accident, if we may so say, of the classical epic, becomes the essence of the romantic. On this explication, Tasso's delightful excursions, his adventures of Sophronia and Erminia, so often condemned as excrescences, may be admired as perfectly legitimate beauties.

The poems of Homer were intended as historical compositions. They were revered and quoted as such by the most circumspect of the national writers, as Thucydides and Strabo, for example. The romantic poets, on the other hand, seem to have intended nothing beyond a mere *délassement* of the imagination. The old Norman epics, it is true, exhibit a wonderful coincidence in their delineations of manners with the contemporary chronicles. But this is not the spirit of Italian romance, which has rarely had any higher ostensible aim than that of pure amusement.

"Scritta così come la penna getta,
Per fuggir l'ozio, e non per cercar gloria,"

and which was right, therefore, in seeking its materials in the wildest extravagances of fiction, the *magnanime menzogne* of chivalry, and the brilliant chimeras of the East.

The immortal epics of Ariosto and Tasso are too generally known to require from us any particular analysis. Some light, however, may be reflected on these poets from a contrast of their peculiarities. The period in which Tasso wrote was one of high religious fermentation. The Turks, who had so long overawed Europe, had recently been discomfited in the memorable sea-fight of Lepanto, and the kindling enthusiasm of the nations seemed to threaten for a moment to revive the follies of the crusades. Tasso's character was of a kind to be peculiarly sensible to these influences. His soul was penetrated with religious fervour, to which, as Serassi has shown, more than to any cause of mysterious passion, are to be imputed his occasional mental aberrations. He was distinguished, moreover, by his chivalrous personal valour, put to the test in more than one hazardous encounter; and he was reckoned the most expert swordsman of his time. Tasso's peculiarities of character were singularly suited to his subject. He has availed himself of this to the full, in exhibiting the resources and triumphs of Christian chivalry. The intellectual rather than the physical attributes of his supernatural agents, his solemn meditations on the fragility of earthly glory, and the noble ardour with which he leads us to aspire after an imperishable crown, give to his epic a moral grandeur which no preceding poet had ever reached. It has been objected to him, however, that he preferred the intervention of subordinate agents to that of the Deity; but the God of the Christians cannot be introduced like those of Pagan mythology. They espoused the opposite sides of the contest; but, wherever He appears, the balance is no longer suspended, and the poetical interest is consequently destroyed.

"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

This might be sublime with the ancients, but would be blasphemous and absurd with the moderns, and Tasso judged wisely in availing himself of inferior and intermediate ministers.

Ariosto's various subject,

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,"

was equally well suited with Tasso's to his own various and flexible genius. It did not, indeed, admit of the same moral elevation, in which he was himself perhaps deficient, but it embraced within its range every variety of human passion and portraiture. Tasso was of a solitary, as Ariosto was of a social temper. He had no acquaintance with affairs, and Gravina accuses him of drawing his knowledge from books instead of men. He turned his thoughts inward, and matured them by deep and serious meditation. He had none of the volatile talents of his rival, who seems to have parted with his brilliant fancies as readily as the tree gives up its leaves in autumn. Ariosto was a man of the world, and in his philosophy may be styled an Epicurean. His satires show a familiarity with the practical concerns of life, and a deep insight into the characters of men. His conceptions, however, were of the earth; and his pure style, which may be compared with Alcina's transparent drapery, too often reveals to us the grossest impurity of thought.

The muse of Tasso was of a heavenly nature, and nourished herself with celestial visions and ideal forms of beauty. He was a disciple of Plato, and hence the source of his general elevation of thought, and too often of his mystical abstraction. The healthful bloom of his language imparts an inexpressible charm to the purity of his sentiments, and it is truly astonishing that so chaste and dignified a composition should have been produced in an age and court so corrupt.

Both of these great artists elaborated their style with the utmost care, but with totally different results. This frequently gave to Tasso's verse the finish of a lyrical, or rather, of a musical composition; for many of his stanzas have less resemblance to the magnificent rhythm of Petrarch than to the melodious monotony of Metastasio. This must be considered a violation of the true epic style. It is singular that Tasso himself, in one of his poetical criticisms, should have objected this very defect to his rival.* The elaboration of Ariosto, on the other hand, resulted in that exquisite negligence, or, rather, artlessness of expression, so easy in appearance, but so difficult in reality to be imitated:—

“Facil' versi cho costan tanta pena.”

The *Jerusalem Delivered* is placed, by the nice discrimination of the Italian critics, at the head of their heroic epics. In its essence, however, it is strictly romantic, though in its form it is accommodated to the general proportions of the antique. In Ariosto's complicated fable it is difficult to discern either a leading hero or a predominant action. Sismondi applauds Ginguené for having discovered this hero in Ruggiero. But both these writers might have found this discovery where it was revealed more than two centuries ago, in Tasso's own *Discourses*.† We doubt, however, its accuracy, and cannot but think that the prominent part assigned to Orlando, from whom the poem derives its name, manifests a different intention in the author.

The stately and imposing beauties of Tasso's epic have rendered it generally the most acceptable to foreigners, while the volatile graces of Ariosto have made him most popular with his own nation. Both poets have had the rare felicity, not only of obtaining the applause of the learned, but of circulating among the humblest classes of their countrymen. Fragments of the *Furioso* are still recited by the *lazzaroni* of Naples, as those of the *Jerusalem* once were by the gondoliers of Venice, where this beautiful epic, broken up into ballads, might be heard for miles along the canals on a tranquil summer evening. “Had Boileau,” who so bitterly sneers at the *cliquant* of Tasso, “heard these musical contests,” says Voltaire, “he would have had nothing to say.” It is worthy of remark, that these two celebrated poems, together

* *Discorsi Poetici*, iii.

† *Ibid.* ii.

with the *Aminta*, the *Pastor Fido*, and the *Secchia Rapita*, were all produced within the brief compass of a century, in the petty principality of the house of Este, which thus seemed to indemnify itself for its scanty territory by its ample acquisitions in the intellectual world.

The mass of epical imitations in Italy, both of Ariosto and Tasso, especially the former, is perfectly overwhelming. Nor is it easy to understand the patience with which the Italians have resigned themselves to these interminable poems of seventy, eighty, or even ninety thousand verses each. Many of them, it must be admitted, are the work of men of real genius, and, in a literature less fruitful in epic excellence, would have given a wide celebrity to their authors; and the amount of others of less note, in a department so rarely attempted in other countries, shows in the nation at large a wonderful fecundity of fancy.

The Italians, desirous of combining as many attractions as possible, and extremely sensible to harmony, have not, as has been the case in France and England, divested their romances of the music of verse. They have rarely adopted a national subject for their story, but have condescended to borrow those of the old Norman minstrels; and in conformity with the characteristic temperament of the nation, they have almost always preferred the mercurial temper of the court of Charlemagne to the more sober complexion of the Round Table.*

With a few exceptions, the romantic poets, since the time of Ariosto, appear to have gained as little in elevation of sentiment as in national feeling. The nice classification of their critics seems to relate only to their varieties of comic character, and as we descend to a later period, the fine, equivocal railery of the older romances degenerates into a broad and undisguised burlesque. In the latter class, the *Ricciardetto* of Fortiguerra is a jest rather than a satire upon tales of chivalry. The singular union which this work exhibits of elegance of style and homeliness of subject, may have furnished, especially in its introduction, the model of that species of poetry which Lord Byron has familiarized us with in *Don Juan*, where the contrast of sentiment and satire, of vivid passion and chill misanthropy, of images of beauty and splenetic sarcasm, may remind one of the whimsical combinations in Alpine scenery, where the strawberry blooms on the verge of a snow-wreath.

The Italians claim to have given the first models of mock-heroic poetry in modern times. The *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni has the merit of a graceful versification, exhibiting many exquisite pictures of voluptuous repose, and some passages of an imposing grandeur. But these accord ill with the vulgar merriment and general burlesque tone of the piece, which, on the whole, presents a strange medley of beauties and blemishes mixed up promiscuously together. Twelve cantos of hard fighting and cutting of throats are far too serious for a joke. The bloodless battle of the books in the *Lutrin*, or those of the pot-valiant heroes of Knickerbocker, are in much better keeping. The Italians have no poetry of a *mezzo carattere* like our *Rape of the Lock*,* where a fine atmosphere of irony pervades the piece, and gives life to every character in it. They appear to delight in that kind of travesty which reduces great things into little, but which is of a much less spiritual nature than that which exalts little things into great. Parini's exquisite *Giorno*, if the satire had not rather too sharp an edge, might furnish an exception to both these remarks.

But it is time that we should turn to the *Novelle*, those delightful "tales of pleasantry and love," which form one of the most copious departments of the

* The French antiquary, Tressan, furnishes an exception to the general criticism of his countrymen, in admitting the superiority of this latter class of romances over those of Charlemagne.

† Piggoti, *Stor. del Toscana*, tom. x. p. 132.

national literature. And here we may remark two peculiarities: first, that similar tales in France and England fell entirely into neglect after the fifteenth century, while in Italy they have been cultivated with the most unwearied assiduity from their earliest appearance to the present hour; secondly, that in both the former countries the *fabliaux* were almost universally exhibited in a poetical dress, while in Italy, contrary to the popular taste on all other occasions, they have been as uniformly exhibited in prose. These peculiarities are undoubtedly to be imputed to the influence of Boccaccio, whose transcendent genius gave a permanent popularity to this kind of composition, and finally determined the forms of elegant prose with his nation.

The appearance of the *Decameron* is, in some points of view, as remarkable a phenomenon as that of the *Divine Comedy*. It furnishes the only example on record of the almost simultaneous development of prose and poetry in the literature of a nation. The earliest prose of any pretended literary value in the Greek tongue, the most precocious of any of antiquity, must be placed near four centuries after the poems of Homer. To descend to modern times, the Spaniards have a little work, *El Conde Lucanor*, nearly contemporary with the *Decameron*, written on somewhat of a similar plan, but far more didactic in its purport. Its style, though marked by a certain freshness and *naïveté*, the healthy beauties of an infant dialect, has nothing of a classical finish; to which, indeed, Castilian prose, notwithstanding its fine old chronicles and romances, can make no pretension before the close of the fifteenth century. In France, a still later period must be assigned for this perfection. Dante, it is true, speaks of the peculiar suitableness of the French language in his day for prose narration, on account of its flexibility and freedom; but Dante had few and very inadequate standards of comparison, and experience has shown how many ages of purification it was to undergo before it could become the vehicle of elegant composition. Pascal's *Provincial Letters* furnish, in the opinion of the national critics, the earliest specimen of good prose. It would be more difficult to agree upon the author, or the period, that arrested the fleeting forms of expression in our own language; but we certainly could not venture upon an earlier date than the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

The style of the *Decameron* exhibits the full maturity of an Augustan age. The finish of its periods, its long, Latinized involutions, but especially its redundancy and Asiatic luxury of expression, vices imputed to Cicero by his own contemporaries, as Quintilian informs us, reveal to us the model on which Boccaccio diligently formed himself. In the more elevated parts of his subject he reaches to an eloquence not unworthy of the Roman orator himself. The introduction to his novels, chiefly descriptive, are adorned with all the music and the colouring of poetry; much too poetic, indeed, for the prose of any other tongue. It cannot be doubted that this brilliant piece of mechanism has had an immense influence on the Italians, both in seducing them into a too exclusive attention to mere beauties of style, and in leading them to solicit such beauties in graver and less appropriate subjects than those of pure invention.

In the celebrated description of the Plague, however, Boccaccio has shown a muscular energy of diction quite worthy of the pen of Thucydides. Yet there is no satisfactory evidence that he had read the similar performance of the Greek historian, and the conjecture of Baldelli to that effect is founded only on a resemblance of some detached passages, which might well occur in treating of a similar disease.† In the delineation of its fearful moral consequences, Boccaccio has undoubtedly surpassed his predecessor. It is singular that of the three celebrated narratives of this distemper, that by the Englishman, De Foe, is by far the most circumstantial in its details, and yet that he was the

* De Vulg. Eloq., lib. i. cap. x.

† Vita di Boccaccio, lib. ii. s. 2, note.

only one of the three historians who was not an eyewitness to what he relates.* The Plague of London happened in the year succeeding his birth.

The Italian novelists have followed so closely in the track of Boccaccio, that we may discuss their general attributes without particular reference to him, their beauties and their blemishes varying only in degree. They ransacked every quarter for their inventions: Eastern legends, Norman *fabliaux*, domestic history, tradition, and vulgar contemporary anecdote. They even helped themselves, *plenis manibus*, to one another's fancies, particularly filching from the *Decameron*, which has for this reason been pleasantly compared to a pawn-broker's shop. But no exceptions seem to be taken at such plagiarism, and, as long as the story could be disguised in a different dress, they cared little for the credit of the invention. These fictions are oftentimes of the most grotesque and improbable character, exhibiting no great skill in the *liaison* of events, which are strung together with the rude artlessness of a primitive *trouveur*; while most promising beginnings are frequently brought up by flat and impotent conclusions. Many of the *novelle* are made up of mere personal anecdote, proverbialisms, and Florentine table-talk, the ingredients of an encyclopaedia of wit. In all this, however, we often find less wit than merriment, which shows itself in the most puerile practical jokes, played off upon idiots, unfortunate pedants, and other imbeciles, with as little taste as feeling.

The *novelle* wear the usual light and cheerful aspect of Italian literature. They seldom aim at a serious or didactic purpose. Their tragical scenes, though very tragical, are seldom affecting. We recollect in them no example of the passion of love treated with the depth and tenderness of feeling so frequent in the English dramatists and novelists. They can make little pretension, indeed, to accurate delineation of character of any sort. Even Boccaccio, who has acquired, in our opinion, a somewhat undeserved celebrity in this way, paints professions rather than individuals. The brevity of the Italian tale, which usually affords space only for the exhibition of a catastrophe, is an important obstacle to a gradual development of character.

A remarkable trait in these *novelle* is the extreme boldness with which the reputations of the clergy are handled. Their venality, lechery, hypocrisy, and assignable impositions are all exposed with a reckless independence. The head of the Church himself is not spared. It is not easy to account for this authorized latitude in a country where so jealous a *surveillance* has been maintained over the freedom of the press in relation to other topics. Warton attempts to explain it, as far as regards the *Decameron*, by supposing that the ecclesiastics of that age had become tainted with the dissoluteness so prevalent after the plague of 1348: and Madame de Staël suggests that the government winked at this licence as the jesting of children, who are content to obey their masters so they may laugh at them. But neither of these solutions will suffice; for the licence of Boccaccio has been assumed more or less by nearly every succeeding novelist, and the jests of this merry tribe have been converted into the most stinging satire on the clergy, in the hands of the gravest and most powerful writers of the nation, from Dante to Monti.

It may be truly objected to the Italian novelists, that they have been as little sollicitous about purity of sentiment as they have been too much so about purity of style. The reproach of indecency lies heavily upon most of their writings, from the *Decameron* to the infamous tales of Casti, which, recking with the corruption of a brothel, have passed into several surreptitious editions during the present century. This indecency is not always a mere excrescence, but deeply ingrained in the body of the piece. It is not conveyed in innuendo, or softened under the varnish of sentiment, but is exhibited in all the nakedness of detail

* It seems, probable, however, from a passage in Boccaccio, cited by Bandelli, that he witnessed the plague in some other city of Italy than Florence.

which a debauched imagination can divine. Petrarch's encomiastic letter to his friend Boccaccio, written at the close of his own life, in which he affects to excuse the licentiousness of the *Decameron* from the youth of the author,* although he was turned of forty when he composed it, has been construed into an ample apology for their own transgressions by the subsequent school of novelists.

It is true that some of the popes, of a more fastidious conscience, have taken exceptions at the licence of the *Decameron*, and have placed it on the Index; but an expurgated edition, whose only alteration consisted in the substitution of lay names for those of the clergy, set all things right again.

Such adventures as the seduction of a friend's wife, or the deceptions practised upon a confiding husband, are represented as excellent pieces of wit in these fictions—in some of the best of them, even; and often when their authors would be moral, they betray, in their confused perceptions of right and wrong, the most deplorable destitution of a moral sense. Grazzini (*il Lasca*), one of the most popular of the tribe of the sixteenth century, after invoking, in the most solemn manner, the countenance of the Deity upon his labours, and beseeching him to inspire his mind with "such thoughts only as may redound to His praise and glory," enters immediately, in the next page, upon one of the most barefaced specimens of "bold bawdry," to make use of the plain language of Roger Ascham, that is to be found in the whole work. It is not easy to estimate the demoralizing influence of writings, many of which, being possessed of the beauties of literary finish, are elevated into the rank of classics, and thus find their way into the most reserved and fastidious libraries.

The literary execution of these tales is, however, by no means equal. In some it is even neglected, and in all falls below that of their great original. Still, in the larger part the graces of style are sedulously cultivated, and in many constitute the principal merit. Some of their authors, especially the more ancient, as Sacchetti and Ser Giovanni, derive great repute from their picturesque proverbialisms (*riboboli*), the racy slang of the Florentine mob; pearls of little price with foreigners, but of great estimation with their own countrymen. On these qualities, however, as on all those of mere external form, a stranger should pronounce with great diffidence; but the intellectual and moral character of a composition, especially the last, are open to universal criticism. The principles of taste may differ in different nations; but, however often obscured by education or habit, there can be only one true standard of morality.

We may concede, then, to many of the *novelle* the merits of a delicate work of art, gracefulness, nay, eloquence of style, agreeable facility of narrative, pleasantry that sometimes rises into wit, occasional developments of character, and an inexhaustible novelty of situation. But we cannot help regretting that, while so many of the finest wits of the nation have amused themselves with these compositions, they should not have exhibited virtue in a more noble and imposing attitude, or studied a more scientific delineation of passion, or a more direct moral aim or practical purpose. How rarely do we find, unless it be in some few of the last century, the didactic or even satirical tone of the English essayists, who seldom assume the Oriental garb, so frequent in Italian tales, for any other purpose than that of better conveying a prudential lesson! Goldsmith and Hawkesworth may furnish us with pertinent examples of this. How rarely do we recognize in these *novelle* the living portraiture of Chaucer, or the philosophical point which sharpens the pleasantry of La Fontaine, both inglorious in the same walk! Without any higher object than that of Boccaccio's amusement, these productions, like many others of their elegant thrice three seem to be thrown off in the mere gaiety of the heart.

Foe, is by in his peculiarities, represents as faithfully those of the English

* De Vu

* Petrarca, Op., ed. Basil., p. 540.

nation as his rival and contemporary, Boccaccio, represents the Italian. In a searching anatomy of the human heart, he as far excels the latter, as in rhetorical beauty he is surpassed by him. The prologue to his *Canterbury Tales* alone contains a gallery of portraits, such as is not to be found in the whole compass of the *Decameron*; his friar, for example—

“That somewhat lipped from his wantonnesse
To make his English sweete upon his tongue;”

his worthy parson, “glad to teche and glad, to lerne;” his man of law, who—

“Though so besy a man as he ther n’as,
Yet seemed besier than he was;”

and his inimitable wag of a host, breaking his jests, like Falstaff, indiscriminately upon every one he meets. Chaucer was a shrewd observer of the realities of life. He did not indulge in day-dreams of visionary perfection. His little fragment of *Sir Thopaz* is a fine quiz upon the *incredibilia* of chivalry. In his conclusion of the story of the patient Griselde, instead of adopting the somewhat *fude* eulogiums of Boccaccio, he goodnaturedly jests at the *ultra* perfection of the heroine. Like Shakespeare and Scott, his successors and superiors in the school of character, he seems to have had too vivid a perception of the vanities of human life to allow him for a moment to give in to those extravagances of perfection which have sprung from the brain of so many fond enthusiasts.

Chaucer’s genius was every way equal to that of Boccaccio, yet the direct influence of the one can scarcely be discerned beyond his own age, while that of the other has reached to the present generation. A principal cause of this is the difference of their style; that of the former exhibiting only the rude graces of a primitive dialect, while Boccaccio’s may be said to have reached the full prime of a cultivated period. Another cause is discernible in the new and more suitable forms which came to be adopted for that delineation of character which constitutes the essence of Chaucer’s fictions, viz. those of the drama and the extended novel, in both of which Italian literature has, until very recently, been singularly deficient. Boccaccio made two elaborate essays in novel-writing, but his genius seems to have been ill adapted to it, and in his strange and prolix narrative, which brings upon the stage again the obsolete deities of antiquity, even the natural graces of his style desert him. The attempt has scarcely been repeated until our day, when the impulse communicated by the English, in romance and historical novel-writing, to other nations on the Continent, seems to have extended itself to Italy; and the extraordinary favour which has been shown there to the first essays in this way, may perhaps lead eventually to more brilliant successes.

The Spaniards, under no better circumstances than the Italians, made, previously to the last-mentioned period, a nearer approach to the genuine novel. Cervantes has furnished, amid his caricatures of chivalry, many passages of exquisite pathos and pleasantry, and a rich variety of national portraiture. The same, though in a less degree, may be affirmed of his shorter tales, *Novelas exemplares*, which, however inferior to those of the *Decameron* in rhetorical elegance, certainly surpass them in their practical application. But the peculiar property of the Spaniards is their *picaresco* novel, a mere chronicle of the adventures and mischievous pranks of young pickpockets and *chevaliers d’industrie*, invented, whimsically enough, by a Castilian grandee, one of the proudest of his *caste*, and which, notwithstanding the glaring contrast it affords to the habitual gravity of the nation, has, perhaps from this very circumstance, been a great favourite with it ever since.

The French have made other advances in novel-writing. They have produced many specimens of wit and of showy sentiment, but they seldom afford any wide range of observation, or searching views of character. The conventional breeding that universally prevails in France has levelled all inequalities of rank, and obliterated, as it were, the moral physiognomy of the different classes, which, however salutary in other respects, is exceedingly unpropitious to the purposes of the novelist. Molière, the most popular character-monger of the French, has penetrated the *superficies* of the most artificial state of society. His spirited sketches of fashionable folly, though very fine, very Parisian, are not always founded on the universal principles of human nature, and, when founded on these, they are sure to be carried more or less into caricature. The French have little of the English talent for humour. They have buffoonery, a lively wit, and a *naïveté* beyond the reach of art—Rabelais, Voltaire, La Fontaine—everything but humour. How spiritless and affected are the caricatures so frequently stuck up at their shop windows, and which may be considered as the popular expression in this way, compared with those of the English! It is impossible to conceive of a French Goldsmith or Fielding, a Hogarth or a Wilkie. They have, indeed, produced a Le Sage, but he seems to have confessed the deficiency of his own nation by deriving his models exclusively from a foreign one.

On the hand, the freedom of the political and social institutions, both in this country and in England, which has encouraged the undisguised expansion of intellect and of peculiarities of temper, has made them the proper theatre for the student of his species. Hence man has been here delineated with an accuracy quite unrivalled in any ancient or modern nation; and, as the Greeks have surpassed every later people in statuary, from their familiarity with the visible, naked forms of manly beauty, so the English may be said, from an analogous cause, to have excelled all others in moral portraiture. To this point their most eminent artists have directed their principal attention. We have already noticed it in Chaucer. It formed the essence of the drama in Elizabeth's time, as it does that of the modern novel. Shakespeare and Scott, in their respective departments, have undoubtedly carried this art to the highest perfection of which it is capable, sacrificing to it every minor consideration of probability, incident, and gradation of plot, which they seem to have valued only so far as they might be made subservient to the main purpose of a clearer exposition of character.

But it is time to return from the digression into which we have been led by a desire of illustrating certain peculiarities of Italian literature, which can in no way be done so well as by comparing them with those of corresponding departments in other languages. Such a comparison abundantly shows how much deeper and more philosophical have been the views proposed by prose fiction in England than in Italy.

We have reserved the drama for the last, as, until a very recent period, it has been less prolific in eminent models than either of the great divisions of Italian letters. Yet it has been the one most assiduously cultivated from a very early period, and this, too, by the ripest scholars and most approved wits. The career was opened by such minds as Ariosto and Machiavelli, at a time when the theatres in other parts of Europe had given birth only to the unseemly abortions of mysteries and moralities. Bouterwek has been led into a strange error in imputing the low condition of the Italian drama to the small number of men, of even moderate abilities, who have cultivated it.* A glance at the long muster-roll of eminent persons employed upon it, from Machiavelli to Monti, will prove the contrary.† The unprecedented favour

* See the conclusion of his *History of Spanish Literature*.

† See Allacci's *Drammaturgia*, passim, and Riccoboni, *Théâtre Ital.*, tom. i. pp. 187-208.

bestowed on the most successful of the dramatic writers may serve to show at least the aspirations of the people. The *Merope*, of Maffei, which may be deemed the first dawn of improvement in the tragic art, passed through sixty editions. Notwithstanding all this, the Italians, in comedy, and still more in tragedy, until the late apparition of Alfieri, remained far below several of the other nations of Europe.

A principal cause of their repeated failures has been often referred to the inherent vices of their system, which required a blind conformity with the supposed rules of Aristotle. Under the cumbrous load of antiquity, the freedom and grace of natural movement were long impeded. Their first attempts were translations, or literal imitations of the Latin theatre; some of these, though objectionable in form, contain the true spirit of comedy. Those of Ariosto and Machiavelli, in particular, with even greater licentiousness of detail, and a more immoral conclusion than belong either to Plautus or Terence, fully equal, perhaps surpass them, in their spirited and whimsical draughts of character. Ariosto is never more a satirist than in his comedies; and Machiavelli, in his *Mandragola*, has exposed the hypocrisies of religion with a less glaring caricature than Molière has shown in his *Tartuffe*. The spirit of these great masters did not descend to their immediate successors. Goldoni, however, the Molière of Italy, in his numerous comedies or farces, has succeeded in giving a lively, graphic portraiture of local manners, with infinite variety and comic power, but no great depth of interest. He has seldom risen to refined and comprehensive views of society, and his pieces, we may trust, are not to be received as faithfully reflecting the national character, which they would make singularly deficient both in virtue and the principle of honour. The writers who have followed in the footsteps of Goldoni, exhibit, for the most part, similar defects, with far inferior comic talent. Their productions, on the whole, however, may be thought to maintain an advantageous comparison with those of any other people in Europe during the same period, although some of them, to judge from the encomiastic tone of their critics, appear to have obtained a wider celebrity with their contemporaries than will be probably conceded to them by posterity. The comedies of art which Goldoni superseded, and which were, perhaps, more indicative of the national taste than any other dramatic performances, can hardly come within the scope of literary criticism.

The Italian writers would seem not even to have agreed upon a suitable measure for comedy, some using the common *versi sciolti*, some the *sdrucioliti*, others, again, the *martelliani*, and many more preferring prose.* Another impediment to their success is the great variety of dialects in Italy, as numerous as her petty states, which prevents the recognition of any one uniform style of familiar conversation for comedy. The greater part of the pieces of Goldoni are written, more or less, in the local idiom of one of the extremities of Italy; an inconvenience which cannot exist, and which can hardly be appreciated, in a country where one acknowledged capital has settled the medium of polite intercourse.

The progress of the nation in the tragic art, until a late period, has been yet more doubtful. Some notion may be formed of its low state in the last century from the circumstance that, when the players were in want of a serious piece, they could find none so generally acceptable as an opera of Metastasio, stripped of its musical accompaniments. The appearance of

Allacci's catalogue, as continued down to the middle of the eighteenth century, occupies nearly a thousand quarto pages.

* Professor Salvi affirms prose to be the most suitable, indeed the only proper dress for Italian comedy. See his sensible *critique* on the Italian comic drama, prefixed to the late edition of Alberto Nota's *Commedie*, Parigi, 1829.

Alfieri at this late season, of a genius so austere, in the midst of the voluptuous Sybarite effeminacy of the period, is a remarkable phenomenon. It was as if the severe Doric proportions of a Pæstum temple had been suddenly raised up amid the airy forms of Palladian architecture. The reserved and impenetrable character of this man has been perfectly laid open to us in his own autobiography. It was made up of incongruity and paradox. To indomitable passions he joined the most frigid exterior. With the fiercest aristocratic nature, he yet quitted his native state, that he might enjoy unmolested the sweets of liberty. He published one philippic against kings, and another against the people. His theoretic love of freedom was far from being warmed by the genuine glow of patriotism. Of all his tragedies, he condescended to derive two only from Italian history; and when, in his prefaces, dedications, or elsewhere, he takes occasion to notice his countrymen, he does it in the bitterness of irony and insult.

When he first set about his tragedies, he could compose only in a sort of French and Piedmontese *patois*. He was unacquainted with any written dramatic literature, though he had witnessed the theatrical exhibitions of the principal capitals of Europe. He was, therefore, to form himself all fresh upon such models as he might prefer. His haughty spirit carried him back to the *trecentisti*, especially to Dante, whose stern beauties he sedulously endeavoured to transfuse into his own style. He studied Tacitus, moreover, with diligence, and made three entire translations of Sallust. He was greatly afraid of falling into the *cantilena* of Metastasio, and sought to avoid this by sudden abruptions of language, by an eccentric use of the articles and pronouns, by dislocating the usual structure of verse, and by distributing the emphatic word, with exclusive reference to the sense.*

This unprecedented manner brought upon Alfieri a host of critics, and he was compelled, in a subsequent edition, to soften down its most offensive asperities. He imputes to himself as many different styles of composition as distinguish the works of Raphael, and it is pretty evident that he considers the last as near perfection as he could well hope to attain. It is, indeed, a noble style; with the occasional turbulence of a mighty rapid, it has all its fulness and magnificent flow; and it shows how utterly impossible it is, by any effort of art, to repress the natural melody of the Tuscan.

Alfieri effected a still more important revolution in the intellectual character of the drama, arousing it from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and making it the vehicle of generous and heroic sentiment. He forced his pieces, sometimes, it is true, by violent contrast, but he brought out his characters with a fulness of relief, and exhibited a dexterous combat of passion, that may not unfrequently remind us of Shakspeare. He dismissed all super-numeraries from his plays, and put into action what his predecessors had coldly narrated. He dispensed, moreover, with the curious coincidences, marvellous surprises, and all the *bei colpi di scena* so familiar in the plays of Metastasio. He disdained even the poetical aid of imagery, relying wholly for effect on the dignity of his sentiments, and the imposing character of his agents.

Alfieri has been thought to have made a nearer approach to the Greek tragedy than any of the moderns. He, indeed, disclaims the imitation of any foreign model, and he did not learn the Greek till late in life; but the drama of his own nation had always been servilely accommodated to the rules of the ancients, and he himself had rigorously adhered to the same code. His severe genius, too, wears somewhat of the aspect of that of the father of Grecian tragedy, with which it has been repeatedly compared;

* See a summary of these peculiarities in Casalbigi's Letter prefixed to the late editions of Alfieri's tragedies.

but any apparent resemblance in their compositions vanishes on a closer inspection. The assassination of Agamemnon, for example, forms the subject of a tragedy with both these writers; but on what different principles is it conducted by each! The larger proportion of the play of *Æschylus* is taken up with the melancholy monologues of Cassandra and the chorus, which, boding the coming disasters of the house of Atreus, or mourning over the destiny of man, are poured forth in a lofty dithyrambic eloquence, that gives to the whole the air of a lyrical rather than a dramatic composition. It was this lyrical enthusiasm which, doubtless, led Plutarch to ascribe the inspiration of *Æschylus* to the influence of the grape.* The dialogue of the piece is of a most inartificial texture, and to an English audience might sometimes appear flat. The action moves heavily, and the principal, indeed, with the exception of Agamemnon, the only attempt at character, is in the part of Clytemnestra, whose gigantic stature overshadows the whole piece, and who appals the spectator by avowing the deed of assassination with the same ferocity with which she had executed it.

Alfieri, on the other hand, refuses the subsidiary aids of poetical imagery. He expressly condemns, in his criticisms, a confounding of the lyric and the dramatic styles. He elaborated his dialogue with the nicest art, and with exclusive reference to the final catastrophe. *Scenæ non levis artifex*. His principal aim is to exhibit the collision of passions. The conflicts between passion and principle in the bosom of Clytemnestra, whom he has made a subordinate agent, furnish him with his most powerful scenes. He has portrayed the Iago-like features of *Ægisthus* in the darkest colours of Italian vengeance. The noble nature of Agamemnon stands more fully developed than in the Greek, and the sweet character of Electra is all his own. The assassination of the king of men in his bed, at the lonely hour of midnight, must forcibly remind the English reader of the similar scene in *Macbeth*; but, though finely conceived, it is far inferior to the latter in those fearful poetical accompaniments which give such an air of breathless horror to the story. In solemn, mysterious imaginings, who, indeed, can equal Shakespeare? He is the only modern poet who has succeeded in introducing the dim form of an apparition on the stage with any tolerable effect. Yet Voltaire accuses him of mistaking the horrible for the terrible. When Voltaire had occasion to raise a ghost upon the French stage (a ticklish experiment), he made him so amiable in his aspect that Queen Semiramis politely desires leave to "throw herself at his feet and to embrace them."†

It has been a matter of debate whether Italian tragedy, as reformed by Alfieri, is an improvement on the French. Both are conducted on the same general principles. A. W. Schlegel, a competent critic whenever his own prejudices are not involved, decides in favour of the French. We must confess ourselves inclined to a different opinion. The three master-spirits in French tragedy seem to have contained within themselves all the elements of dramatic creation, yet their best performances have something tame and unsatisfactory in them. We see the influence of that fine-spun web of criticism which in France has bound the wing of genius to the earth, and which no one has been hardy enough to burst asunder. Corneille, after a severe lesson, submitted to it, though with an ill grace. The flexible character of Racine moved under it with more freedom, but he was of too timid a temper to attempt to contravene established prejudices. His reply to one who censured him for making Hippolyte in love, in his *Phèdre*, is well known:

* Sympos. lvi., Prob. 10. In the same spirit, a critic of a more polished age has denounced Shakespeare's *Hamlet* as the work of a drunken savage! See Voltaire's *Dissertation sur la Tragedie*, &c., addressed to Cardinal Quirini.

† Semiramis, act. iii. s. 6.

"What would our *petits-maitres* have said had I omitted it?" Voltaire, although possessed of a more enterprising and revolutionary spirit, left the essential principles of the drama as he found them. His multifarious criticisms exhibit a perpetual paradox. His general principles are ever at variance with their particular application. No one lauds more highly the scientific system of his countrymen; witness his numerous dramatic prefaces, dedications, and articles in the encyclopedia. He even refines upon it with hypercritical acumen, as in his commentaries on Corneille. But when he feels its tyrannical pressure on himself, he is sure to wince; see, for example, his lamentable protest in his Preface to *Brutus*.

Alfieri acknowledged the paramount authority of the ancients equally with the French dramatic writers. He has but thrice violated the unity of place, and very rarely that of time; but, with all his deference for antiquity, the Italian poet has raised himself far above the narrow code of French criticism. He has relieved tragedy from that eternal chime of love-sick damsels, so indispensable in a French piece, that, as Voltaire informs us, out of four hundred which had appeared before his time, there were not more than twelve which did not turn upon love. He substituted in its place a more pure and exalted sentiment. It will be difficult to find, even in Racine, such beautiful personifications of female loveliness as his *Electra* and *Micol*, to name no others. He has, moreover, dispensed with the *confidantes*, those insipid shadows that so invariably walk the round of the French stage. Instead of insulated axioms and long rhetorical pleadings, he has introduced a brisk, moving dialogue; and instead of the ceremonious breeding, the *perruque* and *chapeau bordé* of Louis the Fourteenth's court, his personages, to borrow an allusion from a sister art, are sculptured with the bold, natural freedom which distinguishes the school of Michael Angelo.

It is true that they are apt to show too much of the same fierce and sarcastic temper, too much of a family likeness with himself and with one another; that he sometimes mistakes passion for poetry; that he has left this last too naked of imagery and rhetorical ornament; that he is sometimes stilted when he would be dignified; and that his affected energy is too often carried into mere muscular contortions. His system has, indeed, the appearance of an aspiration after some ideal standard of excellence which he could not wholly attain. It is sufficient proof of his power, however, that he succeeded in establishing it, in direct opposition to the ancient taste of his countrymen, to their love of poetic imagery, of verbal melody, and voluptuousness of sentiment. It is the triumph of genius over the prejudices, and even the constitutional feelings, of a nation.

We have dwelt thus long on Alfieri, because, like Dante, he seems himself to constitute a separate department in Italian literature. It is singular that the two poets who present the earliest and the latest models of surpassing excellence in this literature should bear so few of its usual characteristics. Alfieri's example has effected a decided revolution in the theatrical taste of his countrymen. It has called forth the efforts of some of their most gifted minds. Monti, perhaps the most eminent of this school, surpasses him in the graces of an easy and brilliant elocution, but falls far below him in energy of conception and character. The stoical system of Alfieri would seem, indeed, better adapted to his own peculiar temperament than to that of his nation; and the successful experiment of Manzoni in discarding the unities, and otherwise relaxing the unnatural rigidity of this system, would appear to be much better suited to the popular taste as well as talent.

Our limits, necessarily far too scanty for our subject, will not allow us to go into the opera and the pastoral drama, two beautiful divisions in this department of Italian letters. It is singular that the former, notwithstanding the natural sensibility of the Italians to harmony, and the melody of their

language, which almost sets itself to music as it is spoken, should have been so late in coming to its perfection under Metastasio. Nothing can be more unfair than to judge of this author, or, indeed, of any composer of operas, by the effect produced on us in the closet. Their pieces are intended to be exhibited, not read. The sentimental *ariettes* of the heroes, the romantic bombast of the heroines, the racks, ropes, poisoned daggers, and other fee-faw-fum of a nursery tale, so plentifully besprinkled over them, have certainly, in the closet, a very *fade* and ridiculous aspect; but an opera should be considered as an appeal to the senses, by means of the illusions of music, dancing, and decorations. The poetry, wit, sentiment, intrigue, are mere accessories, and of value only as they may serve to promote this illusion. Hence the necessity of love—love, the vivifying principle of the opera, the only passion in perfect accordance with its voluptuous movements. Hence the propriety of exhibiting character in exaggerated colour of light and shadow, the *chiar' oscuro* of poetry, as the imagination is most forcibly affected by powerful contrast. Yet this has been often condemned in Metastasio. On the above principle, too, the seasonable disclosures, miraculous escapes, and all the other magical apparatus before alluded to, may be defended. The mind of the spectator, highly stimulated through the medium of the senses, requires a corresponding extravagance, if we may so say, in the creations of the poet. In this state, a veracious copy of nature would fall flat and powerless; to reach the heart, it must be raised into gigantic proportions, and adorned with a brighter flush of colouring than is to be found in real life. As a work of art, then, but not as a purely intellectual exhibition, we may criticise the opera, and, in this view of it, the peculiarities so often condemned in the artist may be, perhaps, sufficiently justified.

The pastoral drama, that attempt to shadow forth the beautiful absurdities of a golden age, claims to be invented by the Italians. It was carried to its ultimate perfection in two of its earliest specimens, the poems of Tasso and Guarini. Both these writers have adorned their subjects with the highest charms of versification and imagery. With Tasso all this seems to proceed spontaneously from the heart, while Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, on the other hand, has the appearance of being elaborated with the nicest preparation. It may, in truth, be regarded as the solitary monument of his genius, and as such he seems to have been desirous to concentrate within it every possible variety of excellence. During his whole life he was employed in retouching and enriching it with new beauties. This great variety and finish of details somewhat impair its unity, and give it too much the appearance of a curious collection of specimens. Yet there are those, and very competent critics too, who prefer the splendid patchwork of Guarini to the sweet, unsolicited beauties of his rival. Dr. Johnson has condemned both the *Aminata* and *Pastor Fido* as "trifles easily imitated and unworthy of imitation." The Italians have not found them so. Out of some hundred specimens cited by Scassi, only three or four are deemed by him worthy of notice. An English critic should have shown more charity for a kind of composition that has given rise to some of the most exquisite creations of Fletcher and Milton.

We have now reviewed the most important branches of the ornamental literature of the Italians. We omit some others, less conspicuous, or not essentially differing in their characteristics from similar departments in the literatures of other European nations. An exception may perhaps be made in favour of satirical writing, which, with the Italians, assumes a peculiar form, and one quite indicative of the national genius. Satire, in one shape or another, has been a great favourite with them, from Ariosto, or, indeed, we may say Dante, to the present time. It is, for the most part, of a light, vivacious character, rather playful than pointed. Their critics, with their usual precision, have subdivided it into a great variety of classes, among

which the *Bernesque* is the most original. This epithet, derived not, as some have supposed, from the *rifacimento*, but from the Capitoli of Berni, designates a style of writing compounded of the beautiful and the burlesque, of which it is nearly impossible to convey an adequate notion, either by translation or description, in a foreign language. Even so mature a scholar as Mr. Roscoe has failed to do this, when, in one of his histories, he compares this manner to that of Peter Pindar, and in the other to that of Sterne. But the Italian has neither the coarse diction of the former nor the sentiment of the latter. It is generally occupied with some frivolous topic, to which it ascribes the most extravagant properties, descanting on it through whole pages of innocent irony, and clothing the most vulgar and oftentimes obscene ideas in the polished phrase or idiomatic graces of expression that never fail to disarm an Italian critic. A foreigner, however, not so sensible to the seductions of style, will scarcely see in it anything more than a puerile debauch of fancy.

Historians are fond of distributing the literature of Italy into masses, chronologically arranged in successive centuries. The successive revolutions in this literature justify the division to a degree unknown in that of any other country, and a brief illustration of it may throw some additional light on our subject.

Thus the fourteenth century, the age of the *trecentisti*, as it is called, the age of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, is the period of high and original invention. These three great writers, who are alone capable of attracting our attention at this distance of time, were citizens of a free state, and were early formed to the contemplation and practice of public virtue. Hence their works manifest an independence and a generous self-confidence that we seek in vain in the productions of a later period, forced in the artificial atmosphere of a court. Their writings are marked, moreover, by a depth of reflection not to be discerned in the poets of a similar period of antiquity, the pioneers of the civilization of their times. The human mind was then in its infancy; but in the fourteenth century it seemed to awake from the slumber of ages, with powers newly invigorated, and a memory stored with the accumulated wisdom of the past. Compare, for example, the *Divine Comedy* with the poems of Homer and Hesiod, and observe how much superior to these latter writers is the Italian in moral and intellectual science, as well as in those higher speculations which relate to our ultimate destiny.* The rhetorical beauties of the great works of the fourteenth century have equally contributed to their permanent popularity and influence. While the early productions of other countries, the poems of the *Nibelungen*, of the *Cid*, of the *Norman trouveurs*, and those of Chaucer even, have passed, in consequence of their colloquial barbarisms, into a certain degree of oblivion, the writings of the *trecentisti* are still revered as the models of purity and elegance, to be for ever imitated, though never equalled.

The following age exhibits the reverse of all this: it was as remarkable for the general diffusion of learning as the preceding had been for the concentration of talent. The Italian, which had been so successfully cultivated, came to be universally neglected for the ancient languages. It would seem as if the soil, exhausted by too abundant harvests, must lie fallow another century before it could be capable of reproduction. The scholars of that day disdained any other than the Latin tongue for the medium of their publications, or even of their private epistolary correspondence. They thought with Waller, that—

* Hesiod, it is true, has digested a compact body of ethics, wonderfully mature for the age in which he wrote; but the best of it is disfigured with those childish superstitions which betray the twilight of civilization. See, in particular, the concluding portion of his *Works and Days*.

"Those who lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek."

But the marble has crumbled into dust, while the natural beauties of their predecessors are still green in the memory of their countrymen. To make use of a simile which Dr. Young applied to Ben Jonson, they "pulled down, like Samson, the temple of Antiquity on their shoulders, and buried themselves under its ruins."

But let us not err by despising these men as a race of unprofitable pedants. They lived on the theatre of ancient art in an age when new discoveries were daily making of the long-lost monuments of intellectual and material beauty, and it is no wonder that, dazzled with the contemplation of these objects, they should have been blind to the modest merits of their contemporaries. We should be grateful to men whose indefatigable labours preserved for us the perishable remains of classic literature, and who thus opened a free and familiar converse with the great minds of antiquity; and we may justly feel some degree of reverence for the enthusiasm of an age in which the scholar was willing to exchange his learned leisure for painful and perilous pilgrimages, when the merchant was content to barter his rich freights for a few mouldering worm-eaten folios, and when the present of a single manuscript was deemed of sufficient value to heal the dissensions of two rival states. Such was the fifteenth century in Italy; and Tiraboschi, warming as he approaches it, in his preface to the sixth volume of his history, has accordingly invested it with more than his usual blaze of panegyric.

The genius of the Italians, however, was sorely fettered by their adoption of an ancient idiom, and, like Tasso's Erminia, when her delicate form was enclosed in the iron mail of the warrior, lost its elasticity and grace. But at the close of the century the Italian muse was destined to regain her natural freedom in the court of Lorenzo de' Medici. His own compositions, especially, *Carnascialeschi*, *Contadineschi*—so abundantly imitated since, have a buoyant, exhilarating air, wholly unlike the pedantic tone of his age. Under these new auspices, nowever, the Italian received a very different complexion from that which had been imparted to it by the hand of Dante.

The sixteenth century is the healthful, the Augustan age of Italian letters. The conflicting principles of an ancient and a modern school are, however, to be traced throughout almost the whole course of it. A curious passage from Varchi, who flourished about the middle of this century, informs us that, when he was at school, it was the custom of the instructors to interdict to their pupils the study of any vernacular writer, even Dante and Petrarch.* Hence the Latin came to be cultivated almost equally with the Italian, and both, singularly enough, attained simultaneously their full development.

There are few phrases more inaccurately applied than that of the age of Leo X., to whose brief pontificate we are accustomed to refer most of the magnificent creations of genius scattered over the sixteenth century, although very few, even of those produced in his own reign, can be imputed to his influence. The nature of this influence in regard to Italian letters may even admit of question. His early taste led him to give an almost exclusive attention to the ancient classics. The great poets of that century, Ariosto, Sanazaro, the Tassos, Rucellai, Guarini, and the rest, produced their immortal works far from Leo's court. Even Bembo, the oracle of his day, retired in disgust from his patron, and composed his principal writings in his retreat. Ariosto, his ancient friend, he coldly neglected,† while he pensioned the

* Ercolano, ques. viii.

† Roscoe attempts to explain away this conduct of Leo, but the satires of the poet furnish a bitter commentary upon it, not to be misunderstood.

infamous Aretin. He surrounded his table with buffoon *litterati* and parasitical poets, who amused him with feats of improvisation, gluttony, and intemperance, some of whom, after expending on them his convivial wit, he turned over to public derision, and most of whom, debauched in morals and constitution, were abandoned, under his austere successor, to infamy and death. He collected about him such court-flies as Berni and Molza; but, as if the papal atmosphere were fatal to high-continued effort, even Berni, like Trissino and Rucellai, could find no leisure for his more elaborate performance till after its patron's death. He magnificently recompensed his musical retainers, making one an archbishop, another an archdeacon; but what did he do for his countryman Machiavelli, the philosopher of his age? * He hunted, and hawked, and caroused; everything was a jest; and while the nations of Europe stood aghast at the growing heresy of Luther, the merry pontiff and his ministers found strange matter of mirth in witnessing the representation of comedies that exposed the impudent mummeries of priestcraft. With such an example, and under such an influence, it is no wonder that nothing better should have been produced than burlesque satire, licentious farces, and frivolous impromptus. Contrast all this with the elegant recreations of the little court of Urbino, as described in the Cortegiano; or compare the whole result on Italian letters of the so much vaunted patronage of this luxurious pontiff with the splendid achievements of the petty state of Este alone, during the first half of this century, and it will appear that there are few misnomers which convey grosser misconceptions than that of the age of Leo the Tenth.

The seventeenth century (*seicento*) is one of humiliation in the literary annals of Italy; one in which the Muse, like some dilapidated beauty, endeavoured to supply the loss of natural charms by all the aids of coquetry and meretricious ornament. It is the prodigal use of "these false brilliants," as Boileau terms them, in some of their best writers, which has brought among foreigners an undeserved discredit on the whole body of Italian letters, and which has made the condemned age of the *seicentisti* a byword of reproach even with their own countrymen. The principles of a corrupt taste are, however, to be discerned at an earlier period, in the writings of Tasso especially, and still more of Guarini; but it was reserved for Marini to reduce them into a system, and by his popularity and foreign residence to diffuse the infection among the other nations of Europe. To this source, therefore, most of these nations have agreed to refer the impurities which, at one time or another, have disfigured their literatures. Thus the Spaniard Lampillas has mustered an array of seven volumes to prove the charge of original corruption on the Italians, though Marini openly affected to have formed himself upon a Spanish model.† In like manner, La Harpe imputes to them the sins of Jodelle and the contemporary wits, though these last preceded, by some years, the literary existence of Marini; and the vices of the English *metaphysical* school have been expressly referred, by Dr. Johnson, to Marini and his followers.

To be unbiassed inspection, however, might justify the opinion that these various the soil, exertions bear too much of the physiognomy of the respective nations in before it cothey are found, and are capable of being traced to too high a source in any other th be thus exclusively imputed to the Italians. Thus the elements of even of theismno of the Spaniards, that compound of flat pedantry and Oriental that—

le, so different from the fine *concetti* of the Italian, are to be traced some of their most eminent writers up to the fugitive pieces of the

* Hesiod, *it i*.

age in which hevell, after having suffered torture on account of a suspected conspiracy against which betray the in which his participation was never proved, was allowed to linger out his days Works and Days. and disgrace.

uel. de Lope de Vega, tom. xxi. p. 17.

fifteenth century, as collected in their *Cancioneros*; and, in like manner, the elements of the metaphysical jargon of Cowley, whose intellectual combinations and far-fetched analogies show too painful a research after wit for the Italian taste, may be traced in England through Donne and Ben Jonson, to say nothing of the "unparalleled John Lillie," up to the veteran versifiers of the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries. Thus, also, some features of the *style précieux* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, so often lashed by Boileau and laughed at by Molière, may be imputed to the malign influence of the constellation of pedants, celebrated in France under the title of Pleiades, in the sixteenth century.

The Greek is the only literature which, from the first, seems to have maintained a sound and healthful state. In every other, the barbaric love of ornament, so discernible even in the best of the early writers, has been chastised only by long and assiduous criticism; but the principle of corruption still remains, and the season of perfect ripeness seems to be only that of the commencement of decay. Thus it was in Italy, in the perverted age of the *seicentisti*, an age yet warm with the productions of an Ariosto and a Tasso.

The literature of the Italians assumed in the last century a new and highly improved aspect. With less than its usual brilliancy of imagination, it displayed an intensity, and, under the circumstances in which it has been produced, we may add, intrepidity of thought quite worthy of the great spirits of the fourteenth century, and a freedom and nature in its descriptions altogether opposed to the heartless affectations of the seventeenth. The prejudicial influence of their neighbours threatened at one time, indeed, to precipitate the language into a French *machéronisme*; but a counter-current, equally exclusive in favour of the *trecentisti*, contributed to check the innovation, and to carry them back to the ancient models of purity and vigour. The most eminent writers of this period seem to have formed themselves on Dante in particular, as studiously as those of the preceding age affected the more effeminate graces of Petrarch. Among these, Monti, who, in the language of his master, may be truly said to have inherited from him "*Lo bello stile, che l'ha fatto onore*," is thought most nearly to resemble Dante in the literary execution of his verses; while Alfieri, Parini, and Foscolo approach him still nearer in the rugged virtue and independence of their sentiments. There seems to be a didactic import in much of the poetry of this age, too, and in its descriptions of external nature a sober, contemplative vein, that may remind us of writers in our own language. Indeed, an English influence is clearly discernible in some of the most eminent poets of this period, who have either visited Great Britain in person, or made themselves familiar with its language.* The same influence may be, perhaps, recognized in the moral complexion of many of their compositions, the most elegant specimen of which is probably Parini's satire, which disguises the sarcasm of Cowper in the rich embroidered verse which belongs to the Italians.

In looking back on the various branches of literature which we have been discussing, we are struck with the almost exclusive preference given to poetry over prose, with the great variety of beautiful forms which the former exhibits, with its finished versification, its inexhaustible inventions, and a wit that never tires. But in all this admirable mechanism we too often feel the want of an informing soul, of a nobler, or, at least, some more practical object than mere amusement. Their writers too rarely seem to feel

"Divinity within them, breeding wings
Wherewith to spurn the earth."

* Among these may be mentioned Monti, Pindemonte, Cesarotti, Mazza, Alfieri, Pignotti, and Foscolo.

They have gone beyond every other people in painting the intoxication of voluptuous passion; but how rarely have they exhibited it in its purer and more ethereal form! How rarely have they built up their dramatic or epic fables on national or patriotic recollections! Even satire, disarmed of its moral sting, becomes in their hands a barren, though perhaps a brilliant jest—the harmless electricity of a summer sky.

The peculiar inventions of a people best show their peculiar genius. The romantic epic has assumed with the Italians a perfectly original form, in which, stripped of the fond illusions of chivalry, it has descended, through all the gradations of mirth, from well-bred raillery to broad and bald buffoonery. In the same merry vein their various inventions in the burlesque style have been conceived. Whole cantos of these puerilities have been strung together with a patience altogether unrivalled, except by that of the indefatigable commentators.* Even the most austere intellects of the nation, a Machiavelli and a Galileo, for example, have not disdained to revel in this frivolous debauch of fancy, and may remind one of Michael Angelo, at the instance of Pietro de' Medici, employing his transcendent talents in sculpturing a perishable statue of snow!

The general scope of our vernacular literature, as contrasted with that of the Italian, will set the peculiarities of the latter in a still stronger light. In the English, the drama and the novel, which may be considered as its staples, aiming at more than a vulgar interest, have always been made the theatre of a scientific dissection of character. Instead of the romping merriment of the *novelle*, it is furnished with those periodical essays which, in the form of apologue, of serious disquisition or criticism, convey to us lessons of practical wisdom. Its pictures of external nature have been deepened by a sober contemplation not familiar to the mercurial fancy of the Italians. Its biting satire, from Pierce Plowman's *Visions* to the *Baviad* and *Mæviad* of our day, instead of breaking into rapid jests, has been sharpened against the follies or vices of the age, and the body of its poetry, in general, from the days of "moral Gower" to those of Cowper and Wordsworth, breathes a spirit of piety and unsullied virtue. Even Spenser deemed it necessary to shroud the eccentricities of his Italian imagination in sober allegory; and Milton, while he adopted in his *Connus* the beautiful and somewhat luxurious form of the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, animated it with the most devotional sentiments.

The political situation of Italy may afford a key to some of the peculiarities of her literature. Oppressed by foreign or domestic tyrants for more than five centuries, she has been condemned, in the indignant language of her poet,

"Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta."

Her citizens, excluded from the higher walks of public action, have too often resigned themselves to corrupt and effeminate pleasure, and her writers, inhibited from the free discussion of important topics, have too frequently contented themselves with an impotent play of fancy. The histories of Machiavelli and of Guicciardini were not permitted to be published entire until the conclusion of the last century. The writings of Alemanni, from some umbrage given to the Medici, were burned by the hands of the common hangman. Marchetti's elegant version of Lucretius was long prohibited, on the ground of its epicurean philosophy, and the learned labours of Giannone were recompensed with exile. Under such a government, it is wonderful that so many, rather than so few writers, should have been found with intrepidity sufficient to raise the voice of unwelcome truth. It is not to be wondered at they should have produced so few models of civil or sacred eloquence, the

* The annotations upon Lippi's burlesque poem of the *Malmantile Racquistata* are inferior in bulk to those only on the Divine "Comedy."

fruit of a happier and more enlightened system ; that they should have been too exclusively devoted to mere beauties of form ; have been more solicitous about style than thought ; have studied rather to amuse than to instruct. Hence the superabundance of their philological treatises and mere verbal criticisms, of their tomes of commentaries, with which they have illustrated or obscured their most insignificant poets, where a verse furnishes matter for a lecture, and a *canzone* becomes the text for a volume. This is no exaggeration.* Hence, too, the frequency and ferocity of their literary quarrels, into which the Italians, excluded too often from weightier disquisition, enter with an enthusiasm which in other nations can be roused only by the dearest interests of humanity. The comparative merit of some obscure classic, the orthography of some obsolete term, a simple sonnet even, has been sufficient to throw the whole community into a ferment, in which the parties have not always confined themselves to a war of words.

The influence of academies on Italian literature is somewhat doubtful. They have probably contributed to nourish that epicurean sensibility to mere verbal elegance so conspicuous in the nation. The great variety of these institutions, scattered over every remote district of the country, the whimsicality of their titles, and still more of those of their members, have an air sufficiently ridiculous.† Some of them have been devoted to the investigation of science. But a licence, refused to individuals, will hardly be conceded to public associations ; and the persecution of some of the most eminent has proved an effectual warning to confine their speculations within the inoffensive sphere of literary criticism. Hence the exuberance of *prose* and *lezioni*, endless dissertations on barren rhetorical topics ; and those rapid attempts at academic wit, which should never have transcended the bounds of the Lyceum.

It is not in such institutions that the great intellectual efforts of a nation are displayed. All that any academy can propose to itself is to keep alive the flame which genius has kindled, and in more than one instance they have gone near to smother it. The French academy, as is well known, opened its career with its celebrated attack upon Corneille ; and the earliest attempt of the Cruscan was upon Tasso's *Jerusalem*, which it compelled its author to remodel, or, in other words, to reduce, by the extraction of its essential spirit, into a flat and insipid decoction. Denina has sarcastically intimated that the era of the foundation of this latter academy corresponds exactly with that of the commencement of the decline of good taste. More liberal critics concede, however, that this body has done much to preserve the integrity of the tongue, and that a pure spirit of criticism was kept alive within its bosom when it had become extinct in almost every other part of Italy.‡ Their philological labours have, in truth, been highly valuable, though perhaps not so completely successful as those of the French Academicians. We do not allude to any capricious principle on which their vocabulary may have been constructed, an affair of their own critics ; but to the fact that, after all, they have not been able to settle the language with the same precision and uniformity with which

* Benedetto of Ravenna wrote ten lectures on the fourth sonnet of Petrarch. Pico della Mirandola devoted three whole books to the illustration of a *canzone* of his friend Benivieni, and three Arcadians published a volume in defence of the Tre Sorelle of Petrarca ! It would be easy to multiply similar examples of critical prodigality.

† Take at hazard some of the most familiar, the "Ardent," the "Frozen," the "Wet," the "Dry," the "Stupid," the "Lazy." The Cruscan takes its name from Crusca (bran) ; and its members adopted the corresponding epithets of "brown bread," "white bread," "the kneaded," &c. Some of the Italians, as Lasca, La Bindo, for instance, are better known by their frivolous academic names than by their own.

‡ See, in particular, the treatise of Parini, himself a Lombard, *De' Principi delle Belle Lettere*, part ii. cap. v.

it has been done in France, from the want of some great metropolis, like Paris, whose authority would be received as paramount throughout the country. No such universal deference has been paid to the Cruscan academy; and the Italian language, far from being accurately determined, is even too loose and inexact for the common purposes of business. Perhaps it is for this very reason better adapted to the ideal purposes of poetry.

The exquisite mechanism of the Italian tongue, made up of the very elements of music, and picturesque in its formation beyond that of any other living language, is undoubtedly a cause of the exaggerated consequence imputed to style by the writers of the nation. The author of the *Dialogue on Orators* points out, as one of the symptoms of depraved eloquence in Rome, that "voluptuous artificial harmony of cadence, which is better suited to the purposes of the musician or the dancer than of the orator." The same vice has infected Italian prose from its earliest models, from Beccaccio and Bembo down to the most ordinary book-writer of the present day, who hopes to disguise his poverty of thought under his melodious redundancy of diction. Hence it is that their numerous Letters, Dialogues, and their specimens of written eloquence, are too often defective both in natural force and feeling. Even in those graver productions which derive almost their sole value from their facts, they are apt to be far more solicitous about style and ingenious turns of thought, as one of their own critics has admitted, than either utility or sound philosophy.*

A principal cause, after all, of the various peculiarities of Italian literature, of which we have been speaking, is to be traced to that fine perception of the beautiful, so inherent in every order of the nation, whether it proceed from a happier physical organization, or from an early familiarity with those models of ideal beauty by which they are everywhere surrounded. Whoever has visited Italy must have been struck with a sensibility to elegant pleasure, and a refinement of taste in the very lowest classes, that in other countries belong only to the more cultivated. This is to be discerned in the most trifling particulars; in their various costume, whose picturesque arrangement seems to have been studied from the models of ancient statuary; in the flowers and other tasteful ornaments with which, on *fête* days, they decorate their chapels and public temples; in the eagerness with which the peasant and the artisan, after their daily toil, resort to the theatre, the opera, or similar intellectual amusements, instead of the bear-baitings, bull-fights, and drunken orgies so familiar to the populace of other countries; and in the quiet rapture with which they listen for hours, in the public squares, to the strains of an *improvisatore*, or the recitations of a story-teller, without any other refreshment than a glass of water. Even the art of improvisation, carried to such perfection by the Italians, is far less imputable to the facilities of their verse than to the poetical genius of the people; an evidence of which is the abundance of *improvisatori* in Latin in the sixteenth century, when that language came to be widely cultivated.

It is time, however, to conclude our remarks, which have already encroached too liberally on the patience of our readers. Notwithstanding our sincere admiration, as generally expressed, for the beautiful literature of Italy, we fear that some of our reflections may be unpalatable to a people who shrink with sensitive delicacy from the rude touch of foreign criticism. The most liberal opinions of a foreigner, it is true, coming through so different a medium of prejudice and taste, must always present a somewhat distorted aspect to the eye of a native. On those finer shades of expression which constitute, indeed, much of the value of poetry, none but a native can pronounce with accuracy; but on its intellectual and moral character a foreign critic is better qualified

* Bettinelli, *Risorgim. d'Italia*, Introd., p. 14.

to decide. He may be more perspicacious, even, than a native, in detecting those obliquities from a correct standard of taste, to which the latter has been reconciled by prejudice and long example, or which he may have learned to reverence as beauties.

There must be so many exceptions, too, to the sweeping range of any general criticism, that it will always carry with it a certain air of injustice. Thus, while we object to the Italians the diluted, redundant style of their compositions, may they not refer us to their versions of Tacitus and Persius, the most condensed writers in the most condensed language in the world, in a form equally compact with that of the originals? May they not object to us Dante and Alfieri, scarcely capable of translation into any modern tongue, in the same compass, without a violence to idiom? And may they not cite the same hardy models in refutation of an unqualified charge of effeminacy? Where shall we find examples of purer and more exalted sentiment than in the writings of Petrarch and Tasso? Where of a more chastised composition than in Casa or Caro? And where more pertinent examples of a didactic aim than in their numerous poetical treatises on husbandry, manufactures, and other useful arts, which in other countries form the topics of bulky disquisitions in prose? This is all just. But such exceptions, however imposing, in no way contravene the general truth of our positions, founded on the *prevalent* tone and characteristics of Italian literature.

Let us not, however, appear insensible to the merits of a literature, pre-eminent above all others for activity of fancy and beautiful variety of form, or to those of a country so fruitful in interesting recollections to the scholar and the artist; in which the human mind has displayed its highest energies untired through the long series of ages; on which the light of science shed its parting ray, and where it first broke again upon the nations; whose history is the link that connects the past with the present, the ancient with the modern, and whose enterprising genius enlarged the boundaries of the Old World by the discovery of a New; whose scholars opened to mankind the intellectual treasures of antiquity; whose schools first expounded those principles of law which have become the basis of jurisprudence in most of the civilized nations of Europe; whose cities gave the earliest example of free institutions, and, when the vision of liberty had passed away, maintained their empire over the mind by those admirable productions of art that revive the bright period of Grecian glory; and who, even now that her palaces are made desolate and her vineyards trodden down under the foot of the stranger, retains within her bosom all the fire of ancient genius. It would show a strange insensibility indeed did we not sympathise in the fortunes of a nation that has manifested, in such a variety of ways, the highest intellectual power; of which we may exclaim, in the language which a modern poet has applied to one of the most beautiful of her cities,

"O Decus, O Lux
Ansonia, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exorietur nostro clarius orbe nitet!"

SCOTTISH SONG.*

JULY, 1826.

It is remarkable that poetry, which is esteemed so much more difficult than prose among cultivated people, should universally have been the form which man, in the primitive stages of society, has adopted for the easier development of his ideas. It may be that the infancy of nations, like that of individuals, is more taken up with imagination and sentiment than with reasoning, and is thus instinctively led to verse, as best suited, by its sweetness and harmony, to the expression of passionate thought. It may be, too, that the refinements of modern criticism have multiplied rather than relieved the difficulties of art. The ancient poet poured forth his *carmina incondita* with no other ambition than that of accommodating them to the natural music of his own ear, careless of the punctilious observances which the fastidious taste of a polished age so peremptorily demands. However this may be, it is certain that poetry is more ancient than prose in the records of every nation, and that this poetry is found in its earliest stages almost always allied with music. Thus the rhapsodies of Homer were chanted to the sound of the lyre by the wandering bards of Ionia; thus the citharœdi of the ancient Romans, the Welsh harper, the Saxon gleeman, the Scandinavian scald, and the Norman minstrel, soothed the sensual appetites of an unlettered age by the more exalted charms of poetry and music. This precocious poetical spirit seems to have been more widely diffused among the modern than the ancient European nations. The astonishing perfection of the Homeric epics makes it probable, it is true, that there must have been previously a diligent cultivation of the divine art among the natives.†

The introduction of the bards Phœmius and Demodocus into the *Odyssey* shows also that the minstrelsy had long been familiar to Homer's countrymen. This, however, is but conjecture, as no undisputed fragments of this early age have come down to us. The Romans, we know, were not, till a very late period, moved by the *impetus sacer*. One or two devotional chants and a few ribald satires are all that claim to be antiquities in their prosaic literature.

It was far otherwise with the nations of modern Europe. Whether the romantic institutions of the age, or the warmth of classic literature not wholly extinguished, awakened this general enthusiasm, we know not; but no sooner had the thick darkness, which for centuries had settled over the nations, begun

* "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with an Introduction and Notes Historical and Critical, and the Characters of the Lyric Poets. By Allan Cunningham." In four volumes. London, 1825. 12mo.

† "Nec dubitari debet quin fuerint ante Homœrum poetæ."—*Cic., Brut.*, 18.

to dissipate, than the voice of song was heard in the remotest corners of Europe, where heathen civilization had never ventured; from the frozen isles of Britain and Scandinavia, no less than from the fertile shores of Italy and Provence. We do not mean that the light of song was totally extinguished, even at the darkest period. It may be faintly discerned in the barbaric festivals of Attila, himself the theme of more than one venerable German romance; and at a later period, in the comparatively refined courts of Alfred and Charlemagne.

But it was not until the eleventh or twelfth century that refinement of taste was far advanced among the nations of Europe; that, in spite of all the obstacles of a rude, unconcocted dialect, the foundations and the forms of their poetical literature were cast, which, with some modification, they have retained ever since. Of these, the ballads may be considered as coming more immediately from the body of the people. In no country did they take such deep root as in Spain and Scotland, and, although cultivated more or less by all the Northern nations, yet nowhere else have they had the good fortune, by their own intrinsic beauty, and by the influence they have exerted over the popular character, to constitute so important a part of the national literature. The causes of this are to be traced to the political relations of these countries. Spain, divided into a number of petty principalities, which contended with each other for pre-eminence, was obliged to carry on a far more desperate struggle for existence, as well as religion, with its Saracen invaders; who, after advancing their victorious crescent from the Arabian desert to the foot of the Pyrenees, had established a solid empire over the fairest portions of the Peninsula. Seven long centuries was the ancient Spaniard reclaiming, inch by inch, this conquered territory; thus a perpetual crusade was carried on, and the fertile fields of Andalusia and Granada became the mimic theatre of exploits similar to those performed by the martial enthusiasts of Europe, on a much grander scale, indeed, on the plains of Palestine. The effect of all this was to infuse into their popular compositions a sort of devotional heroism, which is to be looked for in vain in any other. The existence of the *Cid*, so early as the eleventh century, was a fortunate event for Spanish poetry. The authenticated actions of that chief are so nearly allied to the marvellous, that, like Charlemagne, he forms a convenient nucleus for the manifold fictions in which successive bards have enveloped him. The ballads relating to this doughty hero have been collected into a sort of patchwork epic, whose fabrication thus resembles that imputed to those ancient poems which some modern critics have determined to be but a tissue of rhapsodies executed by different masters. But, without comparing them with the epics of Homer in symmetry of design or perfection of versification, we may reasonably claim for them a moral elevation not inferior, and a tone of courtesy and generous gallantry altogether unknown to the heroes of the *Iliad*.

The most interesting of the Spanish ballads are those relating to the Moors. This people, now so degraded in every intellectual and moral aspect, were, as is well known, in the ninth and tenth centuries, the principal depositaries of useful science and elegant art. This is particularly true of the Spanish caliphate; and more than one Christian prelate is on record who, in a superstitious age, performed a literary pilgrimage to the schools of Cordova, and drank from these profane sources of wisdom. The peculiarities of Oriental costume, their showy military exercises, their perilous bull-feasts and cane-fights, their chivalric defiance and rencounters with the Christian knights on the plains before the assembled city, their brilliant revels, romantic wooings, and midnight serenades, afforded rich themes for the muse; above all, the capture and desolation of Granada, that "city without peer," the "pride of heathendom," on which the taste and treasures of the Western caliphs had been lavished for seven centuries, are detailed in a tone of

melancholy grandeur, which comes over us like the voice of an expiring nation.*

One trait has been pointed out in these poems most honourable to the Spanish character, and in which, in later times, it has been lamentably deficient, that of religious toleration; we find none of the fierce bigotry which armed the iron hand of the Inquisition; which coolly condemned to exile or the stake a numerous native population for an honest difference of religious opinion, and desolated with fire and sword the most flourishing of their Christian provinces.

The ancient Spaniard, on the contrary, influenced by a more enlightened policy, as well as by humanity, contracted familiar intimacies, nay, even matrimonial alliances, with his Mohammedan rivals, and the proudest of their nobles did not disclaim, in an honest cause, to fight under the banners of the Infidel. It would be a curious study to trace the progress and the causes of this pitiable revolution in national feeling.

The Spaniards have good reason to cherish their ancient ballads, for nowhere is the high Castilian character displayed to such advantage. Hungry, it is true, jealous of insult, and without the tincture of letters, which throws a lustre over the polished court of Charles and Philip; but also without the avarice, the insatiable cruelty, and dismal superstition which deface the bright page of their military renown.† The Cid himself, whose authentic history may vindicate the hyperbole of romance, was the *beau idéal* of chivalry.‡

The peculiarities of early Scottish poetry may also be referred, in a great degree, to the political relations of the nation, which for many centuries was distracted by all the rancorous dissensions incident to the ill-balanced fabric of feudal government. The frequent and long regencies, always unfavourable to civil concord, multiplied the sources of jealousy, and armed with new powers the factious aristocracy. In the absence of legitimate authority, each baron sought to fortify himself by the increased number of his retainers, who, in their turn, willingly attached themselves to the fortunes of a chief who secured to them plunder and protection. Hence a system of clanship was organized, more perfect and more durable than has existed in any other country, which is not entirely effaced at the present day. To the nobles who garrisoned the Marches, still greater military powers were necessarily delegated for purposes of state defence, and the names of Home, Douglas, and

* An ancient Arabian writer concludes a florid eulogium on the architecture and local beauties of Granada in the fourteenth century, with likening it, in Oriental fashion, to "a richly-wrought vase of silver, filled with jacinths and emeralds." *Historia de los Arabes de Espana*, tom. iii. p. 147. Among the ballads relating to the Moorish wars, two of the most beautiful are the "Lament over Alhama," indifferently translated by Byron, and that beginning with "En la ciudad de Granada," rendered by Lockhart with his usual freedom and vivacity."—*Itala*, i. 464, and *Depping*, 240.

† Sufficient evidence of this may be found in works of imagination, as well as the histories of the period. The plays of Lope de Vega, for instance, are filled with all manner of perfidy and assassination, which takes place as a matter of course, and without the least compunction. In the same spirit, the barbarous excesses of his countrymen in South America are detailed by Ercilla, in his historical epic "*La Araucana*." The flimsy pretext of conscience, for which these crimes are perpetrated, cannot veil their enormity from any but the eyes of the offender.

‡ The veracity of the traditional history of the Cid, indeed his existence, discussed and denied by Masdeu, in his "*Historia Critica de Espana*," has been satisfactory established by the learned Müller; and the conclusions of the latter writer are recently confirmed by Condé's posthumous publication of translated Arabian manuscripts of great antiquity, where the Cid is repeatedly mentioned as the chief known by the name of the Warrior, *el Campeador*: "the Cid whom Alla curse;" "the tyrant Cid;" "the accursed Cid," &c.—See *Historia de los Arabes de Espana*, ii. 92.

Buccleuch, make a far more frequent and important figure in national history than that of the reigning sovereign. Hence private feuds were inflamed and vindicated by national antipathies, and a pretext of patriotism was never wanting to justify perpetual hostility. Hence the scene of the old ballads was laid chiefly on the borders, and hence the minstrels of the "North countrie" obtained such pre-eminence over their musical brethren.

The odious passion of revenge, which seems adapted by nature to the ardent temperaments of the south, but which even there has been mitigated by the spirit of Christianity, glowed with fierce heat in the bosoms of those Northern savages. An offence to the meanest individual was espoused by his whole clan, and was expiated, not by the blood of the offender only, but by that of his whole kindred. The sack of a peaceful castle, and the slaughter of its sleeping inhabitants, seem to have been as familiar occurrences to these Border heroes as the lifting of a drove of cattle, and attended with as little compunction. The following pious invocation, uttered on the eve of an approaching foray, may show the acuteness of their moral sensibility:—

"He that ordained us to be born,
Sent us mair meat for the morn.
Come by right or come by wrang,
Christ, let us not fast owre lang,
But blithely spend what's gaily got.
Ride, Rowland, hough 's i' the pot."

When superstition usurps the place of religion, there will be little morality among the people. The only law they knew was the command of their chief, and the only one he admitted was his sword. "By what right," said a Scottish prince to a marauding Douglas, "do you hold these lands?" "By that of my sword," he answered.

From these causes the early Scottish poetry is deeply tinged with a gloomy ferocity, and abounds in details of cool, deliberate cruelty. It is true that this is frequently set off, as in the fine old ballads of Chevy Chase and Auld Maitland, by such deeds of rude but heroic gallantry as, in the words of Sidney, "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet." But, on the whole, although the scene of the oldest ballads is pitched as late as the fourteenth century, the manners they exhibit are not much superior, in point of refinement and humanity, to those of our own North American savages.*

From wanton or vindictive cruelty, especially when exercised on the defenceless or the innocent, the cultivated mind naturally shrinks with horror and disgust; but it was long ere the stern hearts of our English ancestors yielded to the soft impulses of mercy and benevolence. The reigns of the Norman dynasty are written in characters of fire and blood. As late as the conclusion of the fourteenth century, we find the Black Prince, the "flower of English knighthood," as Froissart styles him, superintending the butchery of three thousand unresisting captives, men, women, and children, who vainly clung to him for mercy. The general usage of surrendering as hostages their wives and children, whose members were mutilated or lives sacrificed on the least infraction of their engagements, is a still better evidence of the universal barbarism of the so much lauded age of chivalry.

Another trait in the old Scotch poetry, and of a very opposite nature from that we have been describing, is its occasional sensibility: touches of genuine pathos are found scattered among the cold, appalling passions of the age, like the flowers which, in Switzerland, are said to bloom alongside the avalanche.

* For proof of this assertion, see "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in particular the ballads of "Jelon Grane," "Young Benjie," "Lord William," "Duel of Wharton and Stuart," "Death of Featherstonehaugh," "Douglas Tragedy," &c.

No state of society is so rude as to extinguish the spark of natural affection ; tenderness for our offspring is but a more enlarged selfishness, perfectly compatible with the utmost ferocity towards others. Hence scenes of parental and filial attachment are to be met with in these poems which cannot be read without emotion. The passion of love appears to have been a favourite study with the ancient English writers, and by none, in any language we have read, is it managed with so much art and feeling as by the dramatic writers of Queen Elizabeth's day. The Scottish minstrels, with less art, seem to be entitled to the praise of possessing an equal share of tenderness. In the Spanish ballad love glows with the fierce ardour of a tropical sun. The amorous serenader celebrates the beauties of his *Zayda* (the name which, from its frequency, would seem to be a general title for a Spanish mistress) in all the florid hyperbole of Oriental gallantry, or, as a disappointed lover, wanders along the banks of the Guadalete, imprecating curses on her head, and vengeance on his devoted rival. The calm dejection and tender melancholy which are diffused over the Scottish love-songs are far more affecting than all this turbulence of passion. The sensibility which, even in a rude age, seems to have characterized the Scottish maiden, was, doubtless, nourished by the solemn complexion of the scenery by which she was surrounded, by the sympathies continually awakened for her lover in his career of peril and adventure, and by the facilities afforded her for brooding over her misfortunes in the silence of rural solitude.

To similar physical causes may be principally referred those superstitions which are so liberally diffused over the poetry of Scotland down to the present day. The tendency of wild, solitary districts, darkened with mountains and extensive forests, to raise in the mind ideas of solemn, supernatural awe, has been noticed from the earliest ages. "Where is a lofty and deeply-shaded grove," writes Seneca, in one of his epistles, "filled with venerable trees, whose interlacing boughs shut out the face of heaven, the grandeur of the wood, the silence of the place, the shade so dense and uniform, infuse into the breast the notion of a divinity ;" and thus the speculative fancy of the ancients, always ready to supply the apparent void of nature, garrisoned each grove, fountain, or grotto with some local and tutelary genius. These sylvan deities, clothed with corporeal figures, and endowed with mortal appetites, were brought near to the level of humanity ; but the Christian revelation, which assures us of another world, is the "evidence of things unseen ;" and, while it dissipates the gross and sensible creations of classic mythology, raises our conceptions to the spiritual and the infinite. In our eager thirst for communication with the world of spirits, we naturally imagine it can only be through the medium of spirits like themselves, and, in the vulgar creed, these apparitions never come from the abodes of the blessed, but from the tomb, where they are supposed to await the period of a final and universal resurrection, and whence they are allowed to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," for penance or some other inscrutable purpose. Hence the gloomy, undefined character of the modern apparition is much more appalling than the sensual and social personifications of antiquity.

The natural phenomena of a wild, uncultivated country greatly conspire to promote the illusions of the fancy. The power of clouds to reflect, to distort, and to magnify objects is well known, and on this principle many of the preternatural appearances in the German mountains and the Scottish Highlands, whose lofty summits and unreclaimed valleys are shrouded in clouds and exhalations, have been ingeniously and philosophically explained. The solitary peasant, as the shades of evening close around him, witnesses with dismay the gathering phantoms, and, hurrying home, retails his adventures with due amplification. What is easily believed is easily seen, and the marvellous incident is soon placed beyond dispute by a multitude of testimonies.

The appetite, once excited, is keen in detecting other visions and prognostics, which as speedily circulate through the channels of rustic tradition, until in time each glen and solitary heath has its unearthly visitants, each family its omen or boding spectre, and superstition, systematized into a science, is expounded by indoctrinated wizards and gifted seers.

In addition to these fancies, common, though in a less degree, to other nations, the inhabitants of the North have inherited a more material mythology, which has survived the elegant fictions of Greece and Rome, either because it was not deemed of sufficient importance to provoke the arm of the Church, or because it was too nearly accommodated to the moral constitution of the people to be thus easily eradicated. The character of a mythology is always intimately connected with that of the scenery and climate in which it is invented. Thus the graceful nymphs and naiads of Greece; the peris of Persia, who live in the colours of the rainbow, and on the odours of flowers; the fairies of England, who in airy circles "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind," have the frail gossamer forms and delicate functions congenial with the beautiful countries which they inhabit; while the elves, bogles, brownies, and kelpies, which seem to have legitimately descended, in ancient Highland verse, from the Scandinavian *Dverggar*, *Nisser*, &c., are of a stunted and malignant aspect, and are celebrated for nothing better than maiming cattle, bewildering the benighted traveller, and conjuring out the souls of newborn infants. Within the memory of the present generation, very well authenticated anecdotes of these ghostly kidnappers have been circulated and greedily credited in the Scottish Highlands. But the sunshine of civilization is rapidly dispelling the lingering mists of superstition. The spirits of darkness love not the cheerful haunts of men, and the bustling activity of an increasing, industrious population allows brief space for the fears or inventions of fancy.

The fierce aspect of the Scottish ballad was mitigated under the general tranquillity which followed the accession of James to the united crowns of England and Scotland, and the Northern muse might have caught some of the inspiration which fired her Southern sister at this remarkable epoch, had not the fatal prejudices of her sovereign in favour of an English or even a Latin idiom diverted his ancient subjects from the cultivation of their own. As it was, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose melodious and melancholy strains, however, are to be enrolled among English verse, is the most eminent name which adorns the scanty annals of this reign. The civil and religious broils, which, by the sharp concussion they gave to the English intellect during the remainder of this unhappy century, seemed to have forced out every latent spark of genius, served only to discourage the less polished muse of the North. The austerity of the Reformers chilled the sweet flow of social song, and the only verse in vogue was a kind of rude satire, sometimes pointed at the licentiousness of the Roman clergy, and sometimes at the formal affectation of the Puritans, but which, from the coarseness of the execution, and the transitory interest of its topics, has for the most part been consigned to a decent oblivion.

The Revolution in 1688, and the subsequent union of the two kingdoms, by the permanent assurance they gave of civil and religious liberty, and, lastly, the establishment of parochial schools about the same period, by that wide diffusion of intelligence among the lower orders which has elevated them above every other European peasantry, had a most sensible influence on the moral and intellectual progress of the nation. Improvements in art and agriculture were introduced; the circle of ideas was expanded, and the feelings liberalized by a free communication with their Southern neighbours, and religion, resigning much of her austerity, lent a prudent sanction to the hilarity of social intercourse. Popular poetry naturally reflects the habits

and prevailing sentiments of a nation. The ancient notes of the Border trumpet were exchanged for the cheerful sounds of rustic revelry; and the sensibility which used to be exhausted on subjects of acute but painful interest, now celebrated the temperate pleasures of domestic happiness, and rational though romantic love..

The rustic glee, which had put such metal into the compositions of James the First and Fifth, those royal poets of the commonalty, as they have been aptly styled, was again renewed; ancient songs, purified from their original vices of sentiment or diction, were revived; new ones were accommodated to ancient melodies; and a revolution was gradually effected in Scottish verse, which experienced little variation during the remainder of the eighteenth century. The existence of a national music is essential to the entire success of lyrical poetry. It may be said, indeed, to give wings to song, which, in spite of its imperfections, is thus borne along from one extremity of the nation to the other, with a rapidity denied to many a nobler composition.

Thus allied, verse not only represents the present, but the past; and while it invites us to repose or to honourable action, its tones speak of joys which are gone, or wake in us the recollections of ancient glory.

It is impossible to trace the authors of a large portion of the popular lyrics of Scotland, which, like its native wild flowers, seem to have sprung up spontaneously in the most sequestered solitudes of the country. Many of these poets, even, who are familiar in the mouths of their own countrymen, are better known south of the Tweed by the compositions which, under the title of *Scottish Melodies*, are diligently thrummed by every miss in her teens, than by their names; while some few others, as Ramsay, Ferguson, &c., whose independent tomes maintain higher reputation, are better known by their names than their compositions, which, much applauded, are, we suspect, but little read.

The union of Scotland with England was unpropitious to the language of the former country; at least, it prevented it from attaining a classical perfection, which some, perhaps, may not regret, as being in its present state a better vehicle for the popular poetry, so consonant with the genius of the nation. Under Edward the First the two nations spoke the same language, and the formidable epics of Barbour and Blind Harry, his contemporaries, are cited by Warton as superior models of English versification. After the lapse of five centuries, the Scottish idiom retains a much greater affinity with the original stock than does the English; but the universal habit with the Scotch of employing the latter in works of taste or science, and of relinquishing their own idiom to the more humble uses of the people, has degraded it to the unmerited condition of a provincial dialect. Few persons care to bestow much time in deciphering a vocabulary which conceals no other treasures than those of popular fancy and tradition.

A genius like Burns certainly may do, and doubtless has done, much to diffuse a knowledge and a relish for his native idiom. His character as a poet has been too often canvassed by writers and biographers to require our panegyric. We define it, perhaps, as concisely as may be, by saying, that it consisted of an acute sensibility, regulated by uncommon intellectual vigour. Hence his frequent visions of rustic love and courtship never sink into mawkish sentimentality, his quiet pictures of domestic life are without insipidity, and his mirth is not the unmeaning ebullition of animal spirits, but is pointed with the reflection of a keen observer of human nature. This latter talent, less applauded in him than some others, is in our opinion his most eminent. Without the grace of La Fontaine, or the broad buffoonery of Berni, he displays the same facility of illuminating the meanest topics, seasons his humour with as shrewd a moral, and surpasses both in a generous sensibility, which gives an air of truth and cordiality to all his sentiments. Lyrical

poetry admits of less variety than any other species; and Burns, from this circumstance, as well as from the flexibility of his talents, may be considered as the representative of his whole nation. Indeed, his universal genius seems to have concentrated within itself the rays which were scattered among his predecessors; the simple tenderness of Crawford, the fidelity of Ramsay, and careless humour of Ferguson. - The Doric dialect of his country was an instrument peculiarly fitted for the expression of his manly and unsophisticated sentiments. But no one is more indebted to the national music than Burns: embalmed in the sacred melody, his songs are familiar to us from childhood, and, as we read them, the silver sounds with which they have been united seem to linger in our memory, heightening and prolonging the emotions which the sentiments have excited.

Mr. Cunningham, to whom it is high time we should turn, in some prefatory reflections on the condition of Scottish poetry, laments exceedingly the improvements in agriculture and mechanics, the multiplication of pursuits, the wider expansion of knowledge, which have taken place among the peasantry of Scotland during the present century.

"Change of condition, increase of knowledge," says he, "the calling in of machinery to the aid of human labour, and the ships which whiten the ocean with their passing and repassing sails, wafting luxuries to our backs and our tables, are all matters of delight to the historian or the politician, but of sorrow to the poet, who delights in the primitive glory of a people, and contemplates with pain all changes which lessen the original vigour of character, and refine mankind till they become too sensitive for enjoyment. Man has now to labour harder and longer to shape out new ways to riches, and even bread, and feel the sorrows of the primeval curse, a hot and sweaty brow, more frequently and more severely than his ancestors. All this is uncongenial to the creation of song, where many of our finest songs have been created, and to its enjoyment, where it was long and fondly enjoyed, among the peasantry of Scotland."—*Preface*.

These circumstances certainly will be a matter of delight to the historian and politician, and we doubt if they afford any reasonable cause of lamentation to the poet. An age of rudeness and ignorance is not the most propitious to a flourishing condition of the art, which indulges quite as much in visions of the past as the present, in recollections as in existing occupations; and this is not only true of civilized, but of ruder ages: the forgotten bards of the Niebelungen and the Heldenbuch, of the romances of Arthur and of Charlemagne, looked back through the vista of seven hundred years for their subjects, and the earliest of the Border minstrelsy celebrates the antique feuds of a preceding century. On the other hand, a wider acquaintance with speculative and active concerns may be thought to open a bolder range of ideas and illustrations to the poet. Examples of this may be discerned among the Scottish poets of the present age; and if the most eminent, as Scott, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, have deserted their natural dialect and the humble themes of popular interest for others better suited to their aspiring genius, and for a language which could diffuse and perpetuate their compositions, it can hardly be matter for serious reproach even with their own countrymen. But this is not true of Scott, who has always condescended to illuminate the most rugged and the meanest topics relating to his own nation, and who has revived in his *Minstrelsy* not merely the costume, but the spirit of the ancient Border muse of love and chivalry.

In a similar tone of lamentation, Mr. Cunningham deprecates the untimely decay of superstition throughout the land. But the seeds of superstition are not thus easily eradicated; its grosser illusions, indeed, may, as we have before said, be scattered by the increasing light of science; but the principal difference between a rude and a civilized age, at least as regards poetical

fiction, is that the latter requires more skill and plausibility in working up the *matériel* than the former. The witches of Macbeth are drawn too broadly to impose on the modern spectator, as they probably did on the credulous age of Queen Bess; but the apparition in Job, or the Bodach Glas in *Waverley*, is shadowed with a dim and mysterious portraiture, that inspires a solemn interest sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The philosophic mind may smile with contempt at popular fancies, convinced that the general experience of mankind contradicts the existence of apparitions; that the narratives of them are vague and ill authenticated; that they never or rarely appeal to more than one sense, and that the most open to illusion; that they appear only in moments of excitement, and in seasons of solitude and obscurity; that they come for no explicable purpose, and effect no perceptible result; and that, therefore, they may in every case be safely imputed to a diseased or a deluded imagination. But if, in the midst of these solemn musings, our philosopher's candle should chance to go out, it is not quite certain that he would continue to pursue them with the same stoical serenity. In short, no man is quite so much a hero in the dark as in broad daylight, in solitude as in society, in the gloom of the churchyard as in the blaze of the drawing-room. The season and the place may be such as to oppress the stoutest heart with a mysterious awe, which, if not fear, is near akin to it. We read of adventurous travellers, who, through a sleepless night, have defied the perilous nonentities of a haunted chamber, and the very interest we take in their exploits proves that the superstitious principle is not wholly extinguished in our own bosoms. So, indeed, do the mysterious inventions of Mrs. Radcliffe and her ghostly school; of our own Brown, in a most especial manner; and Scott, ever anxious to exhibit the speculative as well as practical character of his countrymen, has more than once appealed to the same general principle. Doubtless few in this enlightened age are disposed boldly to admit the existence of these spiritual phenomena; but fewer still there are who have not enough of superstitious feeling lurking in their bosoms for all the purposes of poetical interest.

Mr. Cunningham's work consists of four volumes of lyrics, in a descending series from the days of Queen Mary to our own. The more ancient, after the fashion of Burns and Ramsay, he has varnished over with a colouring of diction that gives greater lustre to their faded beauties, occasionally restoring a mutilated member, which time and oblivion had devoured. Our author's prose, consisting of a copious preface and critical notices, is both florid and pedantic: it continually aspires to the vicious affectation of poetry, and explains the most common sentiments by a host of illustrations and images, thus perpetually reminding us of the children's play of "What is it like?" As a poet, his fame has long been established, and the few original pieces which he has introduced into the present collection have the ease and natural vivacity conspicuous in his former compositions. We will quote one or two, which we presume are the least familiar to our readers:—

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

"O for a soft and gentle wind! ●
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free ;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

“ There’s tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners ;
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free ;
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.”—Vol. iv. p. 208.

This spirited water-piece, worthy of Campbell, is one evidence among others of the tendency of the present improved condition of the Scottish peasantry to expand the beaten circle of poetical topics and illustrations. The following is as pretty a piece of fairy gossamer as has been spun out of this sceptical age :—

SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

“ Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist—
Come, taste my fragrant meal.
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower ;
Work, fairies, fast, for time flies past—
I borrow’d the mill an hour.

“ The miller he’s a worldly man,
And maun hae double fee ;
So draw the sluice of the churl’s dam,
And let the stream come free.
Shout, fairies, shout ! see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river ;
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

“ One elf goes chasing the wild bat’s wing,
And one the white owl’s horn ;
One hunts the fox for the white o’ his tail,
And we winna hae him till morn.
One idle fay, with the glow-worm’s ray,
Runs glimmering ’mang the mosses ;
Another goes tramp wi’ the will-o-wisp’s lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.

“ O haste, my brown elf, bring me corn
From bonnie Blackwood plains ;
Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
From green Dalgona main ;
But, pride of a’ at Closeburn ha’,
Fair is the corn and fatter ;
Taste, fairies, taste, a gallanter grist
Has never been wet with water.

“ Hilloah ! my hopper is heaped high ;
Hark to the wall-hung wheels !
They sing for joy ; the dusty roof
It clatters and it reels.

Haste, elves, and turn yon mountain burn—
 Bring streams that shine like siller;
 The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
 And I maun grind my meller.

“Ha! bravely done, my wanton elves,
 That is a foaming stream;
 See how the dust from the mill-ee flies,
 And chokes the cold moon-beam.
 Haste, fairies, fleet come baptized feet,
 Come sack and sweep up clean,
 And meet me soon, ere sinks the moon,
 In thy green vale, Dalveen.”—Vol. iv. p. 327.

The last we can afford is a sweet, amorous effusion, in the best style of the romantic muse of the Lowlands. It has before found a place in the “Nithsdale and Galloway” collection:

“Thou hast vow’d by thy faith, my Jeanie,
 By that pretty white hand of thine,
 And by all the lowing stars in heaven
 That thou wouldst aye be mine;
 And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
 And by that kind heart of thine,
 By all the stars sown thick o’er heaven,
 That thou shalt aye be mine.

“Foul fa’ the hands wad loose sic bands
 And the heart wad part sic love;
 But there’s nae hand can loose the band
 But the finger of Him above.
 Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield
 And my clothing e’er sne mean,
 I should lap me up rich in the faulds of love
 Heaven’s armfu’ of my Jean.

“Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me
 Far softer than the down,
 And Love wad winnow o’er us his kind, kind wings,
 And sweetly we’d sleep and soun’.
 Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
 Come here and kneel wi’ me,
 The morning is full of the presence of God,
 And I cannot pray but thee.

“The wind is sweet among the new flowers,
 The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
 Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
 And a blithe old bodie is he;
 The Beuk maun be ta’en when he comes hame,
 Wi’ the holic psalmodie,
 And I will speak of thee when I pray,
 And thou maun speak of me”—Vol. iv. p. 308.

Our readers may think we have been detained too long by so humble a theme as old songs and ballads; yet a wise man has said, “Give me the making of the ballads, and I care not who makes the laws of a nation.” Indeed, they will not be lightly regarded by those who consider their influence on the character of a simple, susceptible people, particularly in a rude age, when they constitute the authentic records of national history. Thus the wandering minstrel kindles in his unlettered audience a generous emulation of the deeds of their ancestors, and while he sings the bloody feuds of the Zegris and Aben-

cerages, the Percy and the Douglas, artfully fans the flame of an expiring hostility. Under these animating influences, the ancient Spaniard and the Border warrior displayed that stern military enthusiasm which distinguished them above every other peasantry in Europe. Nor is this influence altogether extinguished in a polite age, when the narrow attachments of feudal servitude are ripened into a more expanded patriotism; the generous principle is nourished and invigorated in the patriot by the simple strains which recount the honourable toils, the homebred joys, the pastoral adventures, the romantic scenery, which have endeared to him the land of his fathers. There is no moral cause which operates more strongly in infusing a love of country into the mass of the people than the union of a national music with popular poetry.

But these productions have an additional value in the eyes of the antiquarian to what is derived from their moral or political influence, as the repertory of the motley traditions and superstitions that have descended for ages through the various races of the North. The researches of modern scholars have discovered a surprising affinity between the ancient Scottish ballad and the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and even Calmuck romance. Some of the most eminent of the old Border legends are almost literal versions of those which inflamed the martial ardour of our Danish ancestors.* A fainter relationship had before been detected between them and Southern and Oriental fable. Thus, in a barbarous age, when the nearest provinces of Europe had but a distant intercourse with each other, the electric spark of fancy seems to have run around the circle of the remotest regions, animating them with the same wild and original creations.

Even the lore of the nursery may sometimes ascend to as high an antiquity. The celebrated *Whittington and his Cat* can display a Teutonic pedigree of more than eight centuries; *Jack*, commonly called the *Giant Killer*, and *Thomas Thumb*, says an antiquarian writer, "landed in England from the very same keels and war-ships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon;" and the nursery-maid who chants the friendly monition to the *Lady-bird*, or narrates the "fee-faw-fum" adventure of the carnivorous-giant, little thinks she has purloined the stores of Teutonic song and Scandinavian mythology.† The ingenious Blanco White, who, under the name of Doblado, has thrown a great light on the character and condition of modern Spain, has devoted a chapter to tracing out the genealogies of the games and popular pastimes of his country. Something of the same kind might be attempted in the untrodden walks of nursery literature. Ignorance and youth are satisfied at no great cost of invention. The legend of one generation answers, with little variation, for the next, and, within the precincts of the nursery, obtains that impish existence which has been the vain boast of many a loftier lyric. That the mythology of one age should be abandoned to the *Juvenile Cabinet* of another is indeed curious. Thus the doctrines most venerated by man in the infancy of society become the sport of infants in an age of civilization, furnishing a pleasing example of the progress of the human intellect, and a plausible colouring for the dream of perfectibility.

* Such are "The Childe of Elle," "Catharine and Janfarie," "Cospatric," "Willie's Lady," &c.

†

"Lady-bird, lady-bird fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will roam."

This fragment of a respectable little poem has soothed the slumbers of the German infant for many ages. The giant who so cunningly scented the "blood of an Englishman" is the counterpart of the personage recorded in the collection of Icelandic mythology made by Snorri in the thirteenth century.—*Edda*, Fable 23.

DA PONTE'S OBSERVATIONS.*

JULY, 1825.

THE larger part of the above work is devoted to strictures upon an article on *Italian Narrative Poetry*, which appeared in October, 1824. The author is an eminent Italian teacher at New York. His poetical abilities have been highly applauded in his own country, and were rewarded with the office of Cæsarean poet at the court of Vienna, where he acquired new laurels as successor to the celebrated Metastasio. His various fortunes in literary and fashionable life while in Europe, and the eccentricities of his enthusiastic character, furnish many interesting incidents for an autobiography, published by him two years since at New York, and to this we refer those of our readers who are desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the author.

We regret that our remarks, which appeared to us abundantly encomiastic of Italian letters, and which certainly proceeded from our admiration for them, should have given such deep offence to the respectable author of the *Osservazioni*, as to compel him, although a "veteran" in literature, to arm himself against us in defence of his "calumniated" country. According to him, "we judge too lightly of the Italians, and quote as axioms the absurd opinions of their insane rivals (*accaniti rivali*), the French. We conceal some things: where silence has the appearance of malice; we expose others which common generosity should have induced us to conceal; we are guilty of false and arbitrary accusations, that do a grievous wrong to the most tender and most compassionate of nations; we are wanting in a decent reverence for the illustrious men of his nation; finally, we pry with the eyes of Argus into the defects of Italian literature, and with one eye only, and that, indeed, half shut (*anche quello socchiuso*), into its particular merits." It is true, this sour rebuke is sweetened once or twice with a compliment to the extent of our knowledge, and a "confession that many of our reasonings, facts, and reflections merit the gratitude of his countrymen; that our intentions were doubtless generous, praiseworthy," and the like; but such vague commendations, besides that they are directly inconsistent with some of the imputations formerly alleged against us, are too thinly scattered over sixty pages of criticism to mitigate very materially the severity of the censure. The opinions of the author of the *Osservazioni* on this subject are undoubtedly entitled to great respect; but it may be questioned whether the excitable temperament usual with his nation, and the local partiality which is common to the individuals of every nation, may not have led him sometimes into extravagance and error. This seems to us to have been the case; and as he has more than once intimated the extreme difficulty of forming a correct estimate of a foreign literature, "especially of the Italian," we shall rely exclusively for the support of our opinions on the authorities of his own countrymen, claiming one exception only in favour of

* "Alcune Osservazioni sull' Articolo Quarto pubblicato nel North American Review, il Mese d'Ottobre dell' Anno 1824. Da L. Da Ponte. Nuova-Jorca. Stampatori Gray e Bunce." 1825.

the industrious Ginguen , whose opinions he has himself recommended to "the diligent study of all who would form a correct notion of Italian literature."

His first objection is against what he considers the unfair view which we exhibited of the influence of Italy on English letters. This influence, we had stated, was most perceptible under the reign of Elizabeth, but had gradually declined during the succeeding century, and, with a few exceptions, among whom we cited Milton and Gray, could not be said to be fairly discerned until the commencement of the present age. Our censor is of a different opinion. "Instead of confining *himself*" (he designates us always by this humble pronoun) "to Milton," he says, "for which exception *I acknowledge no obligation to him*, since few there are who were not previously acquainted with it, I would have had him acknowledge that many English writers not only loved and admired, but studiously imitated our authors, from the time of Chaucer to that of the great Byron; for the *clearest evidence* of which it will suffice to read the compositions of this last poet, of Milton, and of Gray." He then censures us for not specifying the obligations which Shakspeare was under to the early Italian novelists for the plots of many of his pieces; "which silence" he deems "as little to be commended as would be an attempt to conceal the light, the most beautiful prerogative of the sun, from one who had never before seen it. And," he continues, "these facts should, for two reasons, have been especially communicated to Americans: first, to animate them more and more to study the Italian tongue; and, secondly, in order not to imitate, by what may appear a malicious silence, the example of another nation [the French], who, after drawing their intellectual nourishment from us, have tried every method of destroying the reputation of their earliest masters."—Pp. 74-79.

We have extracted the leading ideas diffused by the author of the *Osservazioni* over half-a-dozen pages. Some of them have at least the merit of novelty. Such are not, however, those relating to Chaucer, whom we believe no one ever doubted to have found in the Tuscan tongue—the only one of that rude age in which

"The pure well-head of poesie did dwell"—

one principal source of his premature inspiration. We acknowledged that the same sources nourished the genius of Queen Elizabeth's writers, among whom we particularly cited the names of Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser. And if we did not distinguish Shakspeare amid the circle of contemporary dramatists whom we confessed to have derived the designs of many of their most popular plays from Italian models, it was because we did not think the extent of his obligations, amounting to half-a-dozen imperfect skeletons of plots, required any such specification; more especially as several of his *great minor* contemporaries, as Fletcher, Shirley, and others, made an equally liberal use of the same materials. The obligations of Shakspeare, such as they were, are, moreover, notorious to every one. The author of the *Osservazioni* expressly disclaims any feelings of gratitude towards us for mentioning those of Milton, because they were notorious. It is really very hard to please him. The literary enterprise which had been awakened under the reign of Elizabeth was in no degree diminished under her successor; but the intercourse with Italy, so favourable to it at an earlier period, was, for obvious reasons, at an end. A Protestant people, but lately separated from the Church of Rome, would not deign to resort to what they believed her corrupt fountains for the sources of instruction. The austerity of the Puritan was yet more scandalized by the voluptuous beauties of her lighter compositions, and Milton, whose name we

* "Ma bisognava aver l'anima di Ginguen , conoscere la lingua e la letteratura Italiana, come Ginguen , e amar il vero come Ginguen , per sentire," &c.—*Osservazioni*, pp. 115, 116.

cited in our article, seems to have been a solitary exception on the records of that day, of an eminent English scholar thoroughly imbued with a relish for Italian letters.

After the days of civil and religious faction had gone by, a new aspect was given to things under the brilliant auspices of the Restoration. The French language was at that time in the meridian of its glory. Boileau, with an acute but pedantic taste, had draughted his critical ordinances from the most perfect models of classical antiquity. Racine, working on these principles, may be said to have put into action the poetic conceptions of his friend Boileau; and, with such a model to illustrate the excellence of his theory, it is not wonderful that the code of the French legislator, recommended, as it was, too, by the patronage of the most imposing court in Europe, should have found its way into the rival kingdom, and have superseded there every other foreign influence.* It did so. "French criticism," says Bishop Hurd, speaking of this period, "has carried it before the Italian with the rest of Europe. This dexterous people have found means to lead the taste, as well set the fashions, of their neighbours." Again: "The exact but cold Boileau happened to say something of the *dignifiant* of Tasso, and the magic of this word, like the report of Astolfo's horn in Ariosto, overturned at once the solid and well-built foundation of Italian poetry: it became a sort of watchword among the critics." Mr. Gifford, whose acquaintance with the ancient literature of his nation entitles him to perfect confidence on this subject, whatever we may be disposed to concede to him on some others, in his introduction to Massinger remarks, in relation to this period, that "criticism, which in a former reign had been making no inconsiderable progress under the great masters of Italy, was now diverted into a new channel, and only studied under the puny and jejune canons of their degenerate followers, the French." Pope and Addison, the legislators of their own and a future age, cannot be exempted from this reproach. The latter conceived and published the most contemptuous opinion of the Italians. In a very early paper of the *Spectator*, bearing his own signature (No. 6), he observes, "The finest writers among the modern Italians [in contradistinction to the ancient Romans] express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country, and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the University." In the same paper he adds, "I entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse of Virgil is worth all the tinsel of Tasso." This is very unequivocal language, and our censor will do us the justice to believe that we do not quote it from any "malicious intention," but simply to show what must have been the popular taste, when sentiments like these were promulgated by a leading critic of the day, in the most important and widely-circulated journal in the kingdom.†

In conformity with this anti-Italian spirit, we find that no translation of Ariosto was attempted subsequent to the very imperfect one by Harrington in Elizabeth's time. In the reign of George the Second a new version was published by one Huggins. In his preface he observes, "After this work was

* Boileau's sagacity in fully appreciating the merits of Phèdre and of Athalie, and his independence in supporting them against the fashionable factions of the day, are well known. But he conferred a still greater obligation on his friend. Racine the younger tells us that "his father, in his youth, was given to a vicious taste (*conceit*), and that Boileau led him back to nature, and taught him to rhyme with labour (*rimier difficilement*)"

† Addison tells us, in an early number of the "*Spectator*," that three thousand copies were daily distributed; and Chalmers somewhere remarks, that this circulation was afterward increased to fourteen thousand; an amount, in proportion to the numerical population and intellectual culture of that day, very far superior to that of the most popular journals at the present time.

pretty far advanced, I was informed there had been a translation published in the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to that queen; whereupon I requested a friend to obtain a sight of that book, for it is, it seems, very scarce, and the *glorious original* much more so in this country." Huggins was a learned scholar, although he made a bad translation. Yet it seems he had never met with, or even heard of the version of his predecessor Harrington. But, without encumbering ourselves with authorities, a glance at the compositions of the period in question would show how feeble are the pretensions of an Italian influence, and we are curious to know what important names, or productions, or characteristics can be cited by the author of the *Osservazioni* in support of it. Dryden, whom he has objected to us, versified, it is true, three of his Fables from Boccaccio; but this brief effort is the only evidence we can recall, in the multitude of his miscellaneous writings, of a respect for Italian letters, and he is well known to have powerfully contributed to the introduction of a French taste in the drama. The only exception which occurs to our general remark is that afforded by the Metaphysical School of Poets, whose vicious propensities have been referred by Dr. Johnson to Marini and his followers. But as an ancient English model for this affectation may be found in Donne, and as the Doctor was not prodigal of golden opinions towards Italy, we will not urge upon our opponent what may be deemed an ungenerous, perhaps an unjust imputation. The same indifference appears to have lasted the greater portion of the eighteenth century, and with few exceptions, enumerated in our former article, the Tuscan spring seems to have been almost hermetically sealed against the English scholar. The increasing thirst for every variety of intellectual nourishment in our age has again invited to these early sources, and while every modern tongue has been anxiously explored by the diligence of critics, the Italian has had the good fortune to be more widely and more successfully cultivated than at any former period.

We should apologise to our readers for afflicting them with so much commonplace detail, but we know no other way of rebutting the charge, which, according to the author of the *Osservazioni*, might be imputed to us, of a "malicious silence" in our account of the influence of Italian letters in England.

But if we have offended by saying too little on the preceding head, we have given equal offence on another occasion by saying too much; our antagonist attacks us from such opposite quarters that we hardly know where to expect him. We had spoken, and in terms of censure, of Boileau's celebrated sarcasm upon Tasso: and we had added that, notwithstanding an affected change of opinion, "he adhered until the time of his death to his original heresy." "As much," says our censor, "as it would have been desirable in him [the reviewer] to have spoken on these other matters, so it would have been equally proper to have suppressed all that Boileau wrote upon Tasso, together with the remarks made by him in the latter part of his life, as having a tendency to prejudice unfavourably the minds of such as had not before heard them. Nor should he have coldly styled it his 'original heresy;' but he should have said that, in spite of all the heresies of Boileau and all the blunders of Voltaire, the *Jerusalem* has been regarded for more than two centuries and a half, and will be regarded, as long as the earth has motion, by all the nations of the civilized world, as the most noble, most magnificent, most sublime epic produced for more than eighteen centuries; that this consent and this duration of its splendour are the strongest and most authentic seal of its incontrovertible merit; that this unlucky *cliquant*, that detaches at most a hundred verses of this poem, and which, in fact, is nothing but an excess of overwrought beauty, is but the merest flaw in a mountain of diamonds; that these hundred verses are compensated by more than three thousand, in which are displayed all the perfection, grace, learning, eloquence,

and colouring of the loftiest poetry." In the same swell of commendation the author proceeds for half a page farther. We know not what inadvertence on our part can have made it necessary, by way of reproof to us, to pour upon Tasso's head such a pelting of pitiless panegyric. Among all the Italian poets, there is no one for whom we have ever felt so sincere a veneration, after

"Quel signor dell' altissimo canto
Che sovra gli altri, com' aquila vola,"

as for Tasso. In some respects he is even superior to Dante. His writings are illustrated by a purer morality, as his heart was penetrated with a more genuine spirit of Christianity. Oppression, under which they both suffered the greater part of their lives, wrought a very different effect upon the gentle character of Tasso and the vindictive passions of the Ghibelline. The religious wars of Jerusalem, exhibiting the triumphs of the Christian chivalry, were a subject peculiarly adapted to the character of the poet, who united the qualities of an accomplished knight with the most unaffected piety. The vulgar distich, popular in his day with the common people of Ferrara, is a homely but unsuspecting testimony to his opposite virtues.* His greatest fault was an ill-regulated sensibility, and his greatest misfortune was to have been thrown among people who knew not how to compassionate the infirmities of genius. In contemplating such a character, one may, without affectation, feel a disposition to draw a veil over the few imperfections that tarnished it, and in our notice of it, expanded into a dozen pages, there are certainly not the same number of lines devoted to his defects, and those exclusively of a literary nature. This is but a moderate allowance for the transgressions of any man; yet, according to Mr. Da Ponte, "we close our eyes against the merits of his countrymen, and pry with those of Argus into their defects."

But why are we to be debarred the freedom of criticism enjoyed even by the Italians themselves? To read the *Osservazioni*, one would conclude that Tasso, from his first appearance, had united all suffrages in his favour; that, by unanimous acclamation, his poem had been placed at the head of all the epics of the last eighteen centuries, and that the only voice raised against him had sprung from the petty rivalries of French criticism, from which source we are more than once complimented with having recruited our own forces. Does our author reckon for nothing the reception with which the first academy in Italy greeted the *Jerusalem* on its introduction into the world, when they would have smothered it with the kindness of their criticism? Or the volumes of caustic commentary by the celebrated Galileo, almost every line of which is a satire? Or, to descend to a later period, when the lapse of more than a century may be supposed to have rectified the caprice of contemporary judgments, may we not shelter ourselves under the authorities of Andres,† whose favourable notice of Italian letters our author cites with deference; of Metastasio, the avowed admirer and eulogist of Tasso; ‡ of Gravina, whose

* "Colla penna e colla spada,
Nessun val quanto Torquato."

This elegant couplet was made in consequence of a victory obtained by Tasso over three cavaliers, who treacherously attacked him in one of the public squares of Ferrara. His skill in fencing is notorious, and his passion for it is also betrayed by the frequent, circumstantial, and masterly pictures of it in his "*Jerusalem*." See, in particular, the mortal combat between Tancred and Argante, can. xix., where all the evolutions of the art are depicted with the accuracy of a professed sword-player. In the same manner, the numerous and animated allusions to field-sports betray the favourite pastime of the author of *Waverley*; and the falcon, the perpetual subject of illustration and simile in the "*Divina Commedia*," might lead us to suspect a similar predilection in Dante.

† Dell' Origine, &c., d' Ogni Lett., tom. iv. p. 250.

‡ Opere Postume di Metastasio, tom. iii. p. 30.

philosophical treatise on the principles of poetry, a work of great authority in his own country, exhibits the most ungrateful irony on the literary pretensions of Tasso, almost refusing to him the title of a poet.*

But, to proceed no farther, we may abide by the solid judgment of Ginguené, that second Daniel, whose opinions we are advised most strenuously "to study and to meditate." "As to florid images, frivolous thoughts, affected turns, conceits, and *jeux de mots*, they are to be found in greater abundance in Tasso's poem than is commonly imagined. The enumeration of them would be long, if one should run over the *Jerusalem*, and cite all that could be classed under one or other of these heads, &c. Let us content ourselves with a few examples." He then devotes ten pages to these few examples (our author is indignant that we should have bestowed as many lines), and closes with this sensible reflection:—"I have not promised a blind faith in the writers I admire the most; I have not promised it to Boileau, I have not promised it to Tasso; and in literature we all owe our faith and homage to the eternal laws of truth, of nature, and of taste."†

But, in order to relieve Tasso from an undue responsibility, we had stated in our controverted article that "the affectations imputed to him were to be traced to a much more remote origin;" that "Petrarch's best productions were stained with them, as were those of preceding poets, and that they seemed to have flowed directly from the Provençal, the fountain of Italian lyric poetry." This transfer of the sins of one poet to the door of another is not a whit more to the approbation of our censor, and he not only flatly denies the truth of our remark, as applied to "Petrarch's best productions," but gravely pronounces it "one of the most solemn, the most horrible literary blasphemies that ever proceeded from the tongue or pen of mortal!"‡ "I maintain," says he, "that not one of those that are truly Petrarch's best productions, and there are very many, can be accused of such a defect; let but the critic point me out a single affected or vicious expression in the three patriotic Canzoni, or in the *Chiare fresche e dolci acque*, or in the *Tre Sorelle*," &c. (he names several others), "or, in truth, in any of the rest, excepting one or two only." He then recommends to us that, "instead of hunting out the errors and blemishes of these masters of our intellects, and occupying ourselves with unjust and unprofitable criticism, we should throw over them the mantle of gratitude, and recompense them with our eulogiums and applause." In conformity with which, the author proceeds to pour out his grateful tribute on the head of the ancient laureate for two pages farther, but which, as not material to the argument, we must omit.

We know no better way of answering all this than by taking up the gauntlet thrown down to us, and we are obliged to him for giving us the means of bringing the matter to so speedy an issue. We will take one of the first Canzoni, of which he has challenged our scrutiny. It is in Petrarch's best manner, and forms the first of a series, which has received κατ' ἐξοχήν the title of the *Three Sisters* (*Tre Sorelle*). It is indited to his mistress's eyes, and the first stanza contains a beautiful invocation to these sources of a lover's inspiration; but in the second we find him relapsing into the genuine Provençal heresy:—

"When I become snow before their burning rays,
Your noble pride
Is perhaps offended with my unworthiness.
Oh! if this my apprehension

* Ragion Poetica, pp. 161, 162.

† Tom. v. pp. 368, 378.

‡ "Dirò essere questa una delle più solenni, delle più orribili letterarie bestemmie, che sia stata mai pronunziata o scritta da lingua o penna mortale."—P. 94.

Should not temper the flame that consumes me,
 Happy should I be to dissolve, since in their presence
 It is dearer to me to die than to live without them.
 Then, that I do not melt,
 Being so frail an object, before so potent a fire,
 It is not my own strength which saves me from it,
 But principally fear,
 Which congeals the blood wandering through my veins,
 And mends the heart that it may burn a long time.*

This melancholy parade of cold conceits, of fire and snow, thawing and freezing, is extracted, be it observed, from one of those choice productions which is recommended as without a blemish; indeed, not only is it one of the best, but it was esteemed by Petrarch himself, together with its two sister odes, the very best of his lyrical pieces, and the decision of the poet has been ratified by posterity. Let it not be objected that the spirit of an ode must necessarily evaporate in a prose translation. The ideas may be faithfully transcribed, and we would submit it to the most ordinary taste whether ideas like those above quoted can ever be ennobled by any artifice of expression.

We think the preceding extract from one of the "best of Petrarch's compositions" may sufficiently vindicate us from the imputation of unprecedented "blasphemy" on his poetical character; but, lest an appeal be again made, on the ground of a diversity in national taste, we will endeavour to fortify our feeble judgment with one or two authorities among his own countrymen, whom Mr. Da Ponte may be more inclined to admit.

The Italians have exceeded every other people in the grateful tribute of commentaries which they have paid to the writings of their eminent men; some of these are of extraordinary value, especially in verbal criticism, while many more, by the contrary lights which they shed over the path of the scholar, serve rather to perplex than to enlighten it.† Tassoni and Muratori are accounted among the best of Petrarch's numerous commentators, and the latter, in particular, has discriminated his poetical character with as much independence as feeling. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from Muratori's preface, as exceedingly pertinent to our present purpose: "Who,

* "Quando agli ardenti rai neve divegno;
 Vostro gentile sdegno
 Forse ch' allor mia indegnitate offende.
 O, se questa temenza
 Non temprasse l'arsura che m'incende;
 Beato venir men! che 'n lor presenza
 M'è più caro il morir, che 'l viver senza.
 Dunque ch' i' non mi sfaccia,
 Sì frêle oggetto a sì possente foco,
 Non è proprio valor, che me ne scampi;
 Ma la paura un poco,
 Che 'l sangue vago per le vene agghiaccia,
 Riscalda 'l cor, perchè più tempo avvampi."

Canzone vii., nell' Edizione di Muratori.

† A single ode has furnished a repast for a volume. The number of Petrarch's commentators is incredible; no less than a dozen of the most eminent Italian scholars have been occupied with annotations upon him at the same time. Dante has been equally fortunate. A noble Florentine projected an edition of a hundred volumes for the hundred cantos of the "Commedia," which should embrace the different illustrations. One of the latest of the fraternity, Biagioli, in an edition of Dante published at Paris, 1818, not only claims for his master a foreknowledge of the existence of America, but of the celebrated Harveian discovery of the circulation of the blood!—Tom. i. p. 18, note. After this, one may feel less surprise at the bulk of these commentaries.

I beg to ask, is so pedantic, so blind ~~an~~ admirer of Petrarch, that he will pretend that no defects are to be found in his verses, or, *being found, will desire they should be respected with a religious silence?* Whatever may be our rule in regard to moral defects, there can be no doubt that in those of art and science the public interest requires that truth should be openly unveiled, since it is important that all should distinguish the beautiful from the bad, ~~in~~ order to imitate the one and to avoid the other.* In the same tone speaks Tiraboschi (tom. v. p. 474). Yet more to the purpose is an observation of the Abbé Denina upon Petrarch, "who," says he, "not only in his more ordinary sonnets affords obvious examples of affectation and coldness, but in his *most tender and most beautiful* compositions approaches the concealed and inflated style of which I am now speaking."† And the "impartial Ginguéné," a name we love to quote, confesses that "Petrarch could not deny himself those puerile antitheses of cold and heat, of ice and flames, which occasionally *disfigure his most interesting and most agreeable pieces.*"‡ It would be easy to marshal many other authorities of equal weight in our defence, but obviously superfluous, since those we have adduced are quite competent to our vindication from the reproach, somewhat severe, of having uttered "the most horrible blasphemy which ever proceeded from the pen of mortal."

The age of Petrarch, like that of Shakspeare, must be accountable for his defects, and in this manner we may justify the character of the poet where we cannot that of his compositions. The Provençale, the most polished European dialect of the Middle Ages, had reached its last perfection before the fourteenth century. Its poetry, chiefly amatory and lyrical, may be considered as the homage offered by the high-bred cavaliers of that day at the shrine of beauty, and, of whatever value for its literary execution, is interesting for the beautiful grace it diffuses over the iron age of chivalry. It was, as we have said, principally devoted to love; those who did not feel could at least affect the tender passion; and hence the influx of subtle metaphors and frigid conceits, that give a meretricious brilliancy to most of the Provençale poetry. The fathers of Italian verse, Guido, Cino, &c., seduced by the fashion of the period, clothed their own more natural sentiments in the same vicious forms of expression; even Dante, in his admiration, often avowed, for the Troubadours, could not be wholly insensible to their influence; but the less austere Petrarch, both from constitutional temperament and the accidental circumstances of his situation, was more deeply affected by them. In the first place, a pertinacious attachment to a mistress whose heart was never warmed, although her vanity may have been gratified by the adulation of the finest poet of the age, seems to have maintained an inexplicable control over his affections, or his fancy, during the greater portion of his life. In the amatory poetry of the ancients, polluted with coarse and licentious images, he could find no model for the expression of this sublimated passion. But the Platonic theory of love had been imported into Italy by the fathers of the Church, and Petrarch, better schooled in ancient learning than any of his contemporaries, became early enamoured of the speculative doctrines of the Greek philosophy. To this source he was indebted for those abstractions and visionary ecstasies which sometimes give a generous elevation, but very often throw a cloud over his conceptions. And again, an intimate familiarity with the Provençale poetry was the natural consequence of his residence in the south of France. There, too, he must often have been a spectator at those metaphysical disputations in the courts of love, which exhibited the same ambition of metaphor, studied antithesis, and hyperbole, as the written compositions of Provence. To all these causes may be referred those defects which, under favour be it spoken,

* Le Rime di F. Petrarca; con le Osservazioni di Tassoni, Muzio, e Muratori. Pref., p. ix.

† Vicende della Letteratura, tom. ii. p. 55.

Hist. Lit., tom. ii. p. 566.

occasionally offend us, even "in his most perfect compositions." The rich finish which Petrarch gave to the Tuscan idiom has perpetuated these defects in the poetry of his country. *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile*. His beauties were inimitable, but to copy his errors was in some measure to tread in his footsteps, and a servile race of followers sprang up in Italy, who, under the emphatic name of Petrarchists, have been the object of derision or applause, as a good or a bad taste predominated in their country. Warton, with apparent justice, refers to the same source some of the early corruptions in English poetry; and Petrarch—we hope it is not "blasphemy" to say it—becomes, by the very predominance of his genius, eminently responsible for the impurities of diction which disfigure some of the best productions both in English literature and his own.

We trust that the free manner in which we have spoken will not be set down by the author of the *Osservazioni* to a malicious desire of "calumniating" the literature of his country. We have been necessarily led to it in vindication of our former assertions. After an interval of nearly five centuries, the dispassionate voice of posterity has awarded to Petrarch the exact measure of censure and applause. We have but repeated their judgment. No one of the illustrious triumvirate of the fourteenth century can pretend to have possessed so great an influence over his own age and over posterity. Dante, sacrificed by a faction, was, as he pathetically complains, a wandering mendicant in a land of strangers; Boccaccio, with the interval of a few years in the meridian of his life, passed from the gaiety of a court to the seclusion of a cloister; but Petrarch, the friend, the minister of princes, devoted, during the whole of his long career, his wealth, his wide authority, and his talents, to the generous cause of philosophy and letters. He was unwearied in his researches after ancient manuscripts, and from the most remote corners of Italy, from the obscure recesses of churches and monasteries, he painfully collected the mouldering treasures of antiquity. Many of them he copied with his own hand—among the rest, all the works of Cicero; and his beautiful transcript of the epistles of the Roman orator is still preserved in the Laurentian library at Florence. In his numerous Latin compositions he aspired to revive the purity and elegance of the Augustan age, and, if he did not altogether succeed in the attempt, he may claim the merit of having opened the soil for the more successful cultivation of later Italian scholars.

His own efforts, and the generous impulse which his example communicated to his age, have justly entitled him to be considered the restorer of classical learning. His greatest glory, however, is derived from the spirit of life which he breathed into modern letters. Dante had fortified the Tuscan idiom with the vigour and severe simplicity of an ancient language, but the graceful genius of Petrarch was wanting to ripen it into that harmony of numbers which has made it the most musical of modern dialects. His knowledge of the Provençal enabled him to enrich his native tongue with many foreign beauties; his exquisite ear disposed him to refuse all but the most melodious combinations; and, at the distance of five hundred years, not a word in him has become obsolete, not a phrase too quaint to be used. Voltaire has passed the same high eulogium upon Pascal; but Pascal lived three centuries later than Petrarch. It would be difficult to point out the writer who so far fixed the *ἑκὰς πρὸς ἑκὰς*; we certainly could not assign an earlier period than the commencement of the last century. Petrarch's brilliant success in the Italian led to most important consequences all over Europe by the evidence which it afforded of the capacities of a modern tongue. He relied, however, for his future fame on his elaborate Latin compositions, and, while he dedicated these to men of the highest rank, he gave away his Italian lyrics to ballad-mongers to be chanted about the streets for their own profit. His contemporaries authorized this judgment, and it was for his Latin eclogues, and his epic on

Scipio Africanus, that he received the laurel wreath of poetry in the Capitol. But nature must eventually prevail over the decisions of pedantry or fashion. By one of those fluctuations, not very uncommon in the history of letters, the author of the Latin *Africa* is now known only as the lover of Laura and the father of Italian song.

We have been led into this long, we fear tedious, exposition of the character of Petrarch, partly from the desire of defending the justice of our former criticism against the heavy imputations of the author of the *Osservazioni*, and partly from reluctance to dwell only on the dark side of a picture so brilliant as that of the laureate who, in a barbarous age, with

"His rhetorike so sweete
Enluminid all Itale of poetrie."

Our limits will compel us to pass lightly over some less important strictures of our author.

About the middle of the last century, a bitter controversy arose between Tiraboschi and Lampillas, a learned but intemperate Spaniard, respecting which of their two nations had the best claim to the reproach of having corrupted the other's literature in the sixteenth century. In alluding to it, we had remarked that "the Italian had the better of his adversary in temper, if not in argument." The author of the *Osservazioni* styles this "a dry and dogmatic decision, which so much displeased a certain Italian *letterato* that he had promised him a confutation of it." We know not who the indignant *letterato* may be whose thunder has been so long hanging over us, but we must say that, so far from a "dogmatic decision," if ever we made a circumspect remark in our lives, this was one. As far as it went, it was complimentary to the Italians; for the rest, we waived all discussion of the merits of the controversy, both because it was impertinent to our subject, and because we were not sufficiently instructed in the details to go into it. One or two reflections, however, we may now add. The relative position of Italy and Spain, political and literary, makes it highly probable that the predominant influence, of whatever kind it may have been, proceeded from Italy. 1. She had matured her literature to a high perfection, while that of every other nation was in its infancy, and she was, of course, much more likely to communicate than to receive impressions. 2. Her political relations with Spain were such as particularly to increase this probability in reference to her. The occupation of an insignificant corner of her own territory (for Naples was very insignificant in every literary aspect) by the house of Aragon opened an obvious channel for the transmission of her opinions into the sister kingdom. 3. Anyone, even an Italian, at all instructed in the Spanish literature, will admit that this actually did happen in the reign of Charles the Fifth, the golden age of Italy; that not only, indeed, the latter country influenced, but changed the whole complexion of Spanish letters, establishing through the intervention of her high-priests, Boscan and Garcilaso, what is universally recognized under the name of an Italian school. This was an era of good taste; but when, only fifty years later, both languages were overrun with those deplorable affectations which, in Italy particularly, have made the very name of the century (*seicento*) a term of reproach, it would seem probable that the same country, which but so short a time before had possessed so direct an influence over the other, should through the same channels have diffused the poison with which its own literature was infected. As Marini and Gongora, however, the reputed founders of the school, were contemporaries, it is extremely difficult to adjust the precise claims of either to the melancholy credit of originality, and, after all, the question to foreigners can be one of little interest or importance.

Much curiosity has existed respecting the source of those affectations which, at different periods, have tainted the modern languages of Europe. Each

nation is ambitious of tracing them to a foreign origin, and *all* nave, at some period or other, agreed to find this in Italy. From this quarter the French critics derive their *style précieux*, which disappeared before the satire of Molière, and Boileau; from this the English derive their *metaphysical* school of Cowley; and the *cultismo*, of which we have been speaking, which Lope and Quevedo condemned by precept, but authorized by example, is referred by the Spaniards to the same source. The early celebrity of Petrarch and his vicious imitators may afford a specious justification of all this; but a generous criticism may perhaps be excused in referring them to a more ancient origin. The Provençale for three centuries was the most popular, and, as we have before said, the most polished dialect in Europe. The language of the people all along the fertile coasts of the Mediterranean, it was also the language of poetry in most of the polite courts in Europe; in those of Toulouse, Provence, Sicily, and of several in Italy; it reached its highest perfection under the Spanish nobles of Aragon; it passed into England in the twelfth century with the dowry of Eleanor of Guienne and Poitou; even kings did not disdain to cultivate it, and the lion-hearted Richard, if report be true, could embellish the rude virtues of chivalry with the milder glories of a Troubadour.* When this precocious dialect had become extinct, its influence still remained. The early Italian poets gave a sort of classical sanction to its defects; but while their genius may thus, with justice, be accused of scattering the seeds of corruption, the soil must be confessed to have been universally prepared for their reception at a more remote period.

Thus the metaphysical conceits of Cowley's school, which Dr. Johnson has referred to Marini, may be traced through the poetry of Donne, of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, of Surrey, Wyatt, and Chaucer, up to the fugitive pieces of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which have been redeemed from oblivion by the diligence of the antiquarian. In the same manner the religious and amatory poetry of Spain at the close of the thirteenth century, as exhibited in their *Cancioneros*, displays the same subtleties and barbaric taste for ornament from which few of her writers, even in the ripper season of her literature, have been wholly uncontaminated. Perhaps the perversities of Voiture and of Scudery may find as remote a genealogy in France. The corruptions of the Pleiades may afford one link in the chain, and any one who has leisure might verify our suggestions. Almost every modern literature seems to have contained, in its earliest germs, an active principle of corruption. The perpetual lapses into barbarism have at times triumphed over all efforts of sober criticism; and the perversion of intellect for the greater part of a century, may furnish to the scholar an ample field for humiliating reflection. How many fine geniuses in the condemned age of the *seicentisti*, wandering after the false lights of Marini and his school, substituted cold conceits for wit, puns for thoughts, and wire-drawn metaphors for simplicity and nature! How many, with Cowley, exhausted a genuine wit in hunting out remote analogies and barren combinations; or with Lope, and even Calderon, devoted pages to curious distortions of rhyme, to echoes or acrostics, in scenes which invited all the eloquence of poetry! Prostitutions of genius like these not merely dwarf the human mind, but carry it back centuries to the scholastic subtleties, the alliterations, anagrams, and thousand puerile devices of the Middle Ages.

* Every one is acquainted with Sismondi's elegant treatise on the Provençale poetry. It cannot, however, now be relied on as of the highest authority. The subject has been more fully explored since the publication of his work by Monsieur Raynouart, secretary of the French Academy. His "*Poésies des Troubadours*" has now reached the sixth volume; and W. A. Schlegel, in a treatise of little bulk but great learning, entitled "*Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençale*," has pronounced it, by the facts it has brought to light, to have given the *coup de grace* to the theory of Father André, whom Sismondi has chiefly followed.

But we have already rambled too far, from the author of the *Osservazioni*. Our next rock of offence is a certain inconsiderate astonishment which we expressed at the patience of his countrymen under the infliction of epics of thirty and forty cantos in length; and he reminds us of our corresponding taste, equally unaccountable, for novels and romances, spun out into interminable length, like those, for example, by the author of *Waverley* (pp. 82-85). A liberal criticism, we are aware, will be diffident of censuring the discrepancies of national tastes. Where the value of the thought is equal, the luxury of polished verse and poetic imagery may yield a great superiority to poetry over prose, particularly with a people so sensible to melody and of so vivacious a fancy as the Italians; but, then, to accomplish all this requires a higher degree of skill in the artist, and mediocrity in poetry is intolerable.

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Di," &c.

Horace's maxim is not the less true for being somewhat stale. D'Alembert has uttered a sweeping denunciation against all long works in verse, as impossible to be read through without experiencing *ennui*; from which he does not except even the masterpieces of antiquity.* What would he have said to a second-rate Italian epic, wiredrawn into thirty or forty cantos, of the *incredibilia* of chivalry!

The English novel, if tolerably well executed, may convey some solid instruction in its details of life, of human character, and of passion; but the tales of chivalry—the overcharged pictures of an imaginary state of society; of "Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire"—can be regarded only as an intellectual *relaxation*. In a less polished dialect, and in a simpler age, they beguiled the tedious evenings of our unlettered Norman ancestors, and, as late as Elizabeth's day, they incurred their parting malediction from the worthy Ascham, as "stuff for wise men to laugh at, whose whole pleasure standeth in open manslaughter and bold bawdry." The remarks in our article, of course, had no reference to the *chef-d'œuvres* of their romantic muse, many of which we had been diligently commending. It is the prerogative of genius, we all know, to consecrate whatever it touches.

Some other of our general remarks seem to have been barbed arrows to the patriot breast of the author of the *Osservazioni*. Such are our reflections "on the want of a moral or philosophical aim in the ornamental writings of the Italians;" on "love, as suggesting the constant theme and impulse to their poets;" on the evil tendency of their language, in seducing their writers into "an overweening attention to sound." There are few general reflections which have the good fortune not to require many, and sometimes very important exceptions. The physiognomy of a nation, whether moral or intellectual, must be made up of those features which arrest the eye most frequently and forcibly on a wide survey of them: yet how many individual portraits, after all, may refuse to correspond with the prevailing one. The Boeotians were dull to a proverb;† yet the most inspired, in the most inspired region of Greek poetry, was a Boeotian. The most amusing of Greek prose writers was a Boeotian. Or, to take recent examples, when we find the "accurate Ginguéné" speaking of "the universal corruption of taste in Italy during the seventeenth century," or Sismondi telling us that "the abuse of wit extinguished there, during that age, every other species of talent," we are obviously not to nail them down to a pedantic precision of language, or how are we to dispose of some of the finest poets and scholars Italy has ever produced; of Chiabrera, Filicaja, Galileo, and other names sufficiently numerous to swell into a bulky quarto of Tira-

* Œuvres philosophiques, &c. tom. iv. p. 152.

† "Sus Boeotica, auris Boeotica, Boeoticum iugentum."

boschi? The same pruning principle applied to writers who, like Montesquieu, Madame de Staël, and Schlegel, deal in general views, would go near to strip them of all respect or credibility.

But it is frivolous to multiply examples. Dante, Tasso, Alamanni, Guidi, Petrarch often, the generous Filicaja always, with, doubtless, very many others, afford an honourable exception to our remark on the want of a moral aim in the lighter walks of Italian letters, and to many of these, by indirect criticism, we accorded it in our article. But let any scholar cast his eye over the prolific productions of their romantic muse, which even Tiraboschi censures as "crude and insipid,"* and Gravina deploras as having "excluded the light of truth" from his countrymen;† or on their thousand tales of pleasantry and love, which, since Boccaccio's example, have agreeably perpetuated the ingenious inventions of a barbarous age;‡ or round "the circle of frivolous extravagances," as Salfi§ characterizes the burlesque novelties with which the Italian wits have regaled the laughter-loving appetite of their nation; or on their hecatombs of *amorous* lyrics alone, and he may accept, in these saturated varieties of the national literature, a decent apology, if not an ample justification for our assertion.

But are we not to speak of "love as furnishing the great impulse to the Italian poet," and "as prevailing in his bosom far over every other affection or relation in life?" Have not their most illustrious writers, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Sannazarius, Tasso, nay, philosophic prelates like Bembo, politic statesmen like Lorenzo, embalmed the names of their mistresses in verse, until they have made them familiar in every corner of Italy as their own? Is not nearly half of the miscellaneous selection of lyrics, in the vulgar edition of "Italian classics" exclusively amatory? Had Milton, Dryden, Pope, or, still more, such solid personages as Bishop Warburton or Dr. Johnson (whose "Tetty," we suspect, never stirred the doctor's poetic feeling), dedicated, not a passing sonnet, but whole volumes to their Beatrices, Lauras, and Leonoras, we think a critic might well be excused in regarding the tender passion as the *vivida vis* of the English author. Let us not be misunderstood, however, as implying that nothing but this amorous incense escapes from the Italian lyric muse. To the exceptions which the author of the *Osservazioni* has enumerated, he might have added, had not his modesty forbidden him, as inferior to none, the sacred melodies which adorn his own autobiography; above all, the magnificent canzone on the *Death of Leopold*, which can derive nothing from our commendation, when a critic like Mathias has declared it to have "secured to its author a place on the Italian Parnassus, by the side of Petrarch and Chiabrera. ||

* Lett. Ital., tom. vii. p. iii. s. 42.

† Ragion Poetica, p. 14.

‡ The Italian Novelle, it is well known, were originally suggested by the French Fabliaux of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It may be worthy of remark, that, while in Italy these amusing fictions have been diligently propagated from Boccaccio to the present day, in England, although recommended by a genius like Chaucer, they have scarcely been adopted by a single writer. The same may be said of them in France, their native soil, with perhaps a solitary exception in the modern imitations by La Fontaine, himself inimitable.

§ This learned Italian is now employed in completing the unfinished history of M. Ginguéné. With deference to the opinions of the author of the "Osservazioni" (vide pp. 115, 116), we think he has shown in it a more independent and impartial criticism than his predecessor. His own countrymen seem to be of the same opinion, and in a recent flustering notice of his work they have qualified their general eulogium with more than one rebuke on the severity of his strictures.—*Vide Antologia for April, 1824.*

|| A letter from Mr. Mathias, which fell into our hands some time since, concludes a complimentary analysis of the above canzone with this handsome eulogium:—"After having read and reflected much on this wonderful production, I believe that, if Petrarch could have heard it, he would have assigned to its author a seat very near to his own, without requiring any other evidence of his vivacious, copious, and sublime genius."

As to our remark on the tendency of the soft Italian tones "to seduce their writers into an overweening attention to sound," we are surprised that this should have awakened two such grave pages of admonition from our censor. Why, we were speaking of

"The Tuscan's siren tongue,
That music in itself, whose sounds are song."

We thought the remark had been as true as it was old. We cannot but think there is something in it, even now, as we are occasionally lost in the mellifluous redundances of Bembo or Boccaccio, those celebrated models of Italian eloquence. At any rate, our remark fell far short of the candid confession of Bettinelli, who, in speaking of historical writing, observes that "in this, as in every other department of literature, his countrymen have been more solicitous about *style*, and ingenious turns of thought, than utility or good philosophy." *

But we must hasten to the last, not by any means the least offence recorded on the roll of our enormities. This is an ill-omened stricture on the poetical character of Metastasio, for which the author of the *Osservazioni*, after lavishing upon him a shower of golden compliments at our expense, proceeds to censure us as "wanting in respect to this famous man; as perspicacious only in detecting blemishes; as guilty of extravagant and unworthy expressions, which prove that we cannot have read or digested the works of this exalted dramatist, nor those of his biographers, nor of his critics."—Pp. 98–111. And what, think you, gentle reader, invited these unsavoury rebukes, with the dozen pages of panegyrical accompaniment on his predecessor? "The melodious rhythm of Tasso's verse has none of the monotonous sweetness so cloying in Metastasio." In this italicised line lies the whole of our offending; no more.

We shall consult the comfort of our readers by disposing of this point as briefly as possible. We certainly do not feel, and we will not affect, that profound veneration for Metastasio which the author of the *Osservazioni* professes, and which may have legitimately descended to him with the inheritance of the Cæsarean laurel. We have always looked upon his operas as exhibiting an effeminacy of sentiment, a violent contrivance of incident, and an extravagance of character, that are not wholly to be vindicated by the constitution of the Musical Drama. But nothing of all this was intimated in our unfortunate suggestion; and as we are unwilling to startle anew the principles or prejudices of our highly respectable censor, we shall content ourselves with bringing into view one or two stout authorities, behind whom we might have intrenched ourselves, and resign the field to him.

The author has presented his readers with an abstract of about forty pages of undiluted commendation on his favourite poet, by the Spaniard Arteaga. We have no objection to this; but, while he recommends them as the opinions of "a learned, judicious, and indubitably impartial critic," we think it would have been fair to temper these forty pages of commendation with some allusion to five-and-thirty pages of almost unmitigated censure which immediately follow them.† In the course of this censorious analysis, it may be noticed that the "impartial Arteaga," speaking of the common imputation of *monotony in the structure of Metastasio's verse, and of his periods*, far from acquitting him, expressly declines passing judgment upon it.

But we may find ample countenance for our "irreverent opinion" in that of Ugo Foscolo, a name of high consideration both as a poet and a critic, and whom, for his perspicacity in the latter vocation, our author, on another

* *Risorg. d'Italia* Introduz, tom. i. p. 14.

† *Le Rivoluzioni del Teatro Musicale*, &c., p. 375–410.

occasion, has himself cited and eulogized as his "magnus Apollo." Speaking incidentally of Metastasio, he observes: "To please the court of Vienna, the musicians, and the public of his day, and to gratify the delicacy of his own feminine taste, Metastasio has reduced his *language and versification to so limited a number of words, phrases, and cadences, that they seem always the same*, and in the end produce only the effect of a flute, which conveys rather delightful melody than quick and distinct sensations."* To precisely the same effect speaks W. A. Schlegel, in his eighth lecture on Dramatic Literature, whose acknowledged excellence in this particular department of criticism may induce us to quote him, although a foreigner. These authorities are too pertinent and explicit to require the citation of any other, or to make it necessary, by a prolix but easy enumeration of extracts from the poet, more fully to establish our position.

"Hic aliquid plus
Quam satis est."

We believe we are quite as weary as our readers of the very disagreeable office of dwelling on the defects of a literature so beautiful, and for which we feel so sincere an admiration, as the Italian. The severe impeachment made, both upon the spirit and the substance of our former remarks, by so accomplished a scholar as the author of the *Osservazioni*, has necessarily compelled us to this course in self-defence. The tedious parade of citations must be excused by the necessity of buoying up our opinions in debatable matters of taste by those whose authority alone our censor is disposed to admit—that of his own countrymen. He has emphatically repeated his distrust of the capacity of foreigners to decide upon subjects of literary taste; yet the extraordinary diversity of opinion manifest between him and those eminent authorities whom we have quoted might lead us to anticipate but little correspondence in the national criticism. An acquaintance with Italian history will not serve to diminish our suspicions; and the feuds which, from the learned but querulous scholars of the fifteenth century to those of our own time, have divided her republic of letters, have not been always carried on with the bloodless weapons of scholastic controversy.†

That some assertions too unqualified, some errors or prejudices should have escaped, in the course of fifty or sixty pages of remark, is to be expected from the most circumspect pen; but a benevolent critic, instead of fastening upon these, will embrace the spirit of the whole, and by this interpret and excuse any specific inaccuracy. It may not be easy to come up to the standard of our author's principles, it may be his partialities, in estimating the intellectual character of his country; but we think we can detect one source of his dissatisfaction with us, in his misconception of our views, which, according to him, were, that "a particular knowledge of the Italian should be widely diffused in America." This he quotes and requotes with peculiar emphasis, objecting it to us as perfectly inconsistent with our style of criticism. Now, in the first place, we made no such declaration. We intended only to give a veracious analysis of one branch of Italian letters. But, secondly, had such been our design, we doubt exceedingly, or, rather, we do not doubt, whether the best way of effecting it would be by indiscriminate panegyric. The

* Essays on Petrarch, p. 93.

† Take two familiar examples:—that of Caro and that of Marini. The adversary of the former poet, accused of murder, heresy, &c., was condemned by the Inquisition, and compelled to seek his safety in exile. The adversary of Marini, in an attempt to assassinate him, fortunately shot only a courtier of the king of Sardinia. In both cases, the wits of Italy, ranged under opposite banners, fought with incredible acrimony during the greater part of a century. The subject of fierce dispute, in both instances, was a *sonnet*!

amplification of beauties, and the prudish concealment of all defects, would carry with it an air of insincerity that must dispose the mind of every ingenuous reader to reject it. Perfection is not the lot of humanity more in Italy than elsewhere. Such intemperate panegyric is, moreover, unworthy of the great men who are the objects of it. They really shine with too brilliant a light to be darkened by a few spots; and to be tenacious of their defects, is in some measure to distrust their genius. *Rien n'est beau, que le vrai*, is the familiar-reflection of a critic, whose general maxims in his art are often more sound than their particular application.

Notwithstanding the difficulty urged by Mr. Da Ponte of forming a correct estimate of a foreign language, the science of general literary criticism and history, which may be said to have entirely grown up within the last fifty years, has done much to eradicate prejudice and enlarge the circle of genuine knowledge. A century and a half ago, "the best of English critics," "in the opinion of Pope and Dryden, could institute a formal examination, and, of course, condemnation of the plays of Shakspeare, "by the practice of the ancients." The best of French critics,† in the opinion of every one, could condemn the *Orlando Furioso* for wandering from the rules of Horace; even Addison, in his triumphant vindication of the *Paradise Lost*, seems most solicitous to prove its conformity with the laws of Aristotle; and a writer like Lope de Vega felt obliged to apologize for the independence with which he deviated from the dogmas of the same school, and adapted his beautiful inventions in the drama to the peculiar genius of his own countrymen.‡ The magnificent fables of Ariosto and Spenser were stigmatized as *barbarous*, because they were not *classical*; and the polite scholars of Europe sneered at "the bad taste which could prefer an 'Ariosto to a Virgil, a Romance to an *Iliad*.'"§ But the reconciling spirit of modern criticism has interfered; the character, the wants of different nations and ages have been consulted; from the local beauties peculiar to each, the philosophic inquirer has deduced certain general principles of beauty applicable to all; petty national prejudices have been extinguished; and a difference of taste, which for that reason alone was before condemned as a deformity, is now admired as a beautiful variety in the order of nature.

The English, it must be confessed, can take little credit to themselves for this improvement. Their researches in literary history amount to little in their own language, and to nothing in any other. Warton, Johnson, and Campbell have indeed furnished an accurate inventory of their poetical wealth; but, except it be in the limited researches of Drake and of Dunlop, what record have we of all their rich and various prose? As to foreign literature, while other cultivated nations have been developing their views in

* "The Tragedies of the last Age, considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients," &c. By Thomas Rymer. London, 1678.

† "Dissertation Critique sur l'Aventure de Joconde." Œuvres de Boileau, tom. ii.

‡ "Arte de hacer Comedias." Obras Sueltas, tom. iv. p. 406.

"Y quando he de escribir una Comedia,
Encierro los preceptos con seis llaves;
Saco a Terencio y Plauto de mi estudio
Para que no me den voces, que suele
Dar gritos la verdad en libros mudos," &c.

§ See Lord Shaftesbury's "Advice to an Author;" a treatise of great authority in its day, but which could speak of the *Gothic* Muse of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Milton as lisping with stammering tongues, that nothing but the youth and rawness of the age could excuse! Sir William Temple, with a purer taste, is not more liberal. The term *Gothic*, with these writers, is applied to much the same subjects with the modern term *Romantic*, with this difference: the latter is simply distinctive, while the former was also an opprobrious epithet...

voluminous and valuable treatises, the English have been profoundly mute.* Yet for several reasons they might be expected to make the best general critics in the world, and the collision of their judgments in this matter with those of the other European scholars might produce new and important results.

The author of the *Osservazioni* has accused us of being too much under the influence of his enemies the French (p. 112). There are slender grounds for this imputation. We have always looked upon this fastidious people as the worst general critics possible; and we scarcely once alluded to their opinions in the course of our article without endeavouring to controvert them. The truth is, while they have contrived their own system with infinite skill, and are exceedingly acute in detecting the least violation of it, they seem incapable of understanding why it should not be applied to every other people, however opposite its character from their own. The consequence is obvious. Voltaire, whose elevated views sometimes advanced him to the level of the generous criticism of our own day, is by no means an exception. His *Commentaries on Corneille* are filled with the finest reflections imaginable on that eminent poet, or, rather, on the French drama; but the application of these same principles to the productions of his neighbours leads him into the grossest absurdities. "Addison's *Cato* is the only well-written tragedy in England." "*Hamlet* is a barbarous production, that would not be endured by the meanest populace in France or Italy." "Lope de Vega and Calderon familiarized their countrymen with all the extravagances of a gross and ridiculous drama." But the French theatre, modelled upon the ancient Greek, can boast "of more than twenty pieces which surpass their most admirable *chef-d'œuvres*, without excepting those of Sophocles or Euripides." So in other walks of poetry, Milton, Tasso, Ercilla, occasionally fare no better. "Who would dare to talk to Boileau, Racine, Molière, of an epic poem upon Adam and Eve!" Voltaire had one additional reason for the exaltation of his native literature at the expense of every other: he was himself at the head, or aspired to be, of every department in it.

Madame de Staël is certainly an eminent exception, in very many particulars, to the general character of her nation. Her defects, indeed, are rather of an opposite cast. Instead of the narrowness of conventional precept, she may be sometimes accused of vague and visionary theory; instead of nice specific details, of dealing too freely in abstract and independent propositions. Her faults are of the German school, which she may have in part imbibed from her intimacy with their literature (no common circumstance with her countrymen), from her residence in Germany, and from her long intimacy with one of its most distinguished scholars, who lived under the same roof with her for many years. But, with all her faults, she is entitled to the

* The late translation of Sismondi's "Southern Europe" is the only one, we believe, which the English possess of a detailed literary history. The discriminating taste of this sensible Frenchman has been liberalized by his familiarity with the languages of the North. His knowledge, however, is not always equal to his subject, and the credit of his opinions is not unfrequently due to another. The historian of the "Italian Republics" may be supposed to be at home in treating of Italian letters, and this is undoubtedly the strongest part of his work; but in what relates to Spain, he has helped himself "manibus plenis" from Bouterwek, much too liberally, indeed, for the scanty acknowledgments made by him to the accurate and learned German. Page upon page is *literally translated* from him. Sismondi's work, however, is intrinsically valuable for its philosophical illustrations of the character of the Spaniards, by the peculiarities of their literature. His analysis of the national drama, as opposed to that of Schlegel, is also extremely ingenious. Is it not more sound than that of the German? We trust that this hitherto untrodden field in our language will be entered before long by one of our own scholars, whose researches have enabled him to go much more extensively into the Spanish department than either of his predecessors.

praise of having showed a more enlarged and truly philosophical spirit of criticism than any of her countrymen.

The English have never yielded to the arbitrary legislation of academies ; their literature has at different periods exhibited all the varieties of culture which have prevailed over the other European tongues ; and their language, derived both from the Latin and the Teutonic idiom, affords them a much greater facility for entering into the spirit of foreign letters than can be enjoyed by any other European people, whose language is derived almost exclusively from one or the other of these elements. With all these peculiar facilities for literary history and criticism, why, with their habitual freedom of thought, have they remained in it so far behind most other cultivated nations?

THE END.

